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THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

D. N. DUNLOP.

VOLUME IV.—1895-'96.

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The Irish Theosophist.

THE WARRIOR ETERNAL AND SURE

THERE are times and seasons when old truths should be restated. Events suggest some line of thought which needs the presentation of its opposite. After applying a corrective to oneself one may properly suggest it as of use to others. But it should be remembered that any one view can only be a fragment of the whole horizon.

Those who are united in a bond of mutual aspiration must fall victims to each other now and then, even as at other times they share in the victories of their fellows. So when some on whom the hopes of many were centred fail in their greater promise, and seem to have lost all sense of honor and of right, others ask of themselves in wonder what chance have they to succeed where such as these have stumbled? Then forgotten fears return and the memory of sleeping sins, whilst the errors of to-day seem crushing. And the mind groans (a way it has) with the sudden weight of its burden and of the terrible path which awaits it. Darkness enshadows the soul and the heart turns to lead. How can the light be once more kindled?

Life will do it for us in the end, for the swing of life is eternal and night only screens the day. But we may work with the current of the Law and lead our own reactions; we may use that current as a means instead of idly drifting with its tide. We need not be slaves.

Consider, then, these shadows of fear and doubt which paralyze the will and prevent all progress as well as present service. One such shadow may be thrown on your heart by a sin, perhaps of the past, perhaps of the present. And you stop for that? But the sin is in you, it may be said, and you see no escape from its clutches. Are you then that sin? *You are not.* Sin and vice are universal properties; they spring from lower Nature and its qualities; they are energies which *belong* to us all: but we are superior to them. We are not bound to claim all or any part of them as personal possessions. The wise man

has no possessions. "He will find no pleasure in success, no grief in failure. He will not account a throne as his own private gain, nor the empire of the world as glory personal to himself. His glory is to know that all things are One, and that life and death are but phases of the same existence" (Chuang-tze). You grieve for your sin: do you grieve equally for mine? Do you grieve equally for the countless millions of sins committed in the past by you and all of us; being committed to-day throughout this and other worlds? You accept this world-wide record of crime, knowing that it must continue, knowing that with all your efforts you can only imperceptibly affect its course. Why, then, separate yourself from the universal and add to the waste of energy by selfish gloom for purely personal failings? You may use those very sins as a sacrifice to the Supreme: "Place all thy works, failures and successes alike, on Me, abandoning in Me the fruit of every action." But if, instead of that, you make your sin a fetish, you must ultimately become the horror that you worship by your grief. The wise man will offer it up to the Supreme, will treat it as a universal product, will turn his mind from its darkness to the living light of his true Self. For he knows that sin and what appears to be the opportunity for sin will fall away from him as he looks to that Light and leaves the result of every thought and act to be purged by It. He believes in the power of the soul. And I tell you that you may go down into the depths of hell; you may sink so deep that there seems to be no return, nor heaven, nor anything but hell and all its furies of hate and shame and viciousness, and that you may yet rebound from that and rise as a God in your majesty to be a lover and a comforter to nations. Trust, then, in that Self which is yourself. We need a wiser carelessness.

Nor should the failings of others give rise to self-distrust. Growth takes place by rise and fall, though with an ever upward tendency. We see the fall of to-day and forget the tendency of ages. Self-distrust! It is the devil's best ally. "I cannot succeed in that; it is absurd to suppose that I can become a chelâ or get into contact with Masters in this life." And yet you are so wise that you can use the word "impossible"? A little thought should show at least that it is folly to fix the mind in such an attitude. To say "I cannot," must close the door on success. "May not a man give life to a dead thing by constant motion . . . may not friction overcome cold?" are the words of the Tao. There is no need to strive to become a chelâ or any one thing, but there is every need that each should strive to become his *best*. No man can say what that best may be.

There was a time when many thought they only had to look

ecstatic to become Mahâtmas. (Some would even seem to think so still.) But that was an error. Then when they had tried for the proverbial seven years and had not been straightway lifted into Paradise as a *grande finale*, they prepared to sleep till they got "another body." Now there are some who wearily talk of another seventy lifetimes as preliminary preparation. So on all sides there are those who have deliberately cased themselves in with a thought, limiting their possible growth through a combination of laziness and unhealthy humility. This is madness. No man would fasten a steel band round the brain of a growing child, but what is that to an effort to confine the unknown but unlimited possibilities of soul within a fixed conception? He cannot say how great his past may not have been; he cannot say that in a year, or even to-morrow, through an agency now unforeseen, that past will not arise and sweep him upward to undreamed of heights of power and usefulness. He is in essence and in fact the Divine. He has but temporarily forgotten his divinity. Should not that fact give each of us a boundless Self-confidence—not in ourselves as apart from any, but in ourselves as a part of the whole, the All? We are THAT. We are the omniscient, the universal, the changeless. Then let us rekindle in our hearts the light of that eternal fact. From that light other flames would burst forth, and the slumbering Will would uprear itself in its ancient might to bear us on to unity. That Will is ours. You, each one of us, have that indomitable power which can and should be used. Using it, we would go on and conquer in spite of every adversity, and the more opposition and difficulty we might meet, the more would that incarnate, ceaseless Will be called forth—that Will which is ourselves. We will do it. We will use everything as an incentive to further work. We will use Fate itself and make it serve us; we will submit to it but to bind it and carry it with us. We will take a defeat and convert it into a most astounding victory. We will take Wisdom and the essence thereof, which is Patience, and make it our own. And when we die we will make even Death our tool for more fitting work and service, for more universal employments. We will go on and on till we have raised every atom in every universe to self-conscious sublimity. Then the one vast, silent Will may rest.

CHE-YEW-TSÄNG.

SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—III.

OUR LOST OTHERS.

IN the days of the new, Pó-shai-an-k'ia, the Father of our esoteric orders, lived with his disciples in the Mist-enveloped City in the true centre of the world. . . . And in the sacred lake there is a descending ladder, down which even the smallest may enter fearlessly, who has passed its borders in death. . . . That is the lake where dwell "our others," and whither go our dead.—*Archaic Sacred Poem of the A'-shi-wa-ni.*

Self of the Opal, Soul of the Ruby,
Diamond-hearted Child of the Sun,
Thine is the crimson-dyed robe of the Crucified,
Mine the dark garment of purple and dun;
Thou in the Wonder-world, I in the Under-world,
Yet we are one.
Do not forsake me, lovingly take me
Back to our olden home in the golden
City enwreathed in the silvery mist
Shining like opal and amethyst.

We were the careless jests of God,
In Chaos, ere the worlds began;
And when the stars sedately trod
Their circling paths, like them we ran
In winding ways, and mimicked them:
As globes of fire and glittering dust
We mocked the toiling worlds that stem
The streams of Space; and on the crust
Of cooling spheres we took repose
When wearied by our wanton chase
Of fleeting comets. Then we chose,
From lingering shadows we could trace
Of worlds that perished æons past,
The forms of men, and wore their pale
And silvery likeness, overcast
With shimmering colors, such as veil
The sun-kissed Daughters of the Dawn.
Then to a crimson globe of flame,

A starlike ruby, we were drawn,
    And wandering o'er its surface came
Before a cavern, dim, and yet
    Pulsing with waves of wondrous light
In luminous gold and violet—
    Sullenly dark, then shyly bright.
Lured by that mystic shine and shade
    We ventured in, and swiftly flew
Through labyrinths whose depths were sprayed
    With fires of iridescent hue.
We bathed in streams of molten gold
    And lakes of liquid amethyst;
Where glowing vapors took the mould
    Of coiling serpents, and the mist
Traced towering trees and trailing vines,
    And monstrous forms of living things,
That startled fled to dark confines
    Of clouded purple, where their wings
Showed dimly and their bright eyes gleamed.
    Far, far we journeyed, till we came
Within the great globe's heart where streamed
    The seven Breaths, the threefold Flame;
And there we took our rest, for peace
    Brooded within that central shrine
And wrapped us like the golden fleece
    Of the Sun-child, the Lamb divine.
And some through musing there alone
    Found wisdom deep and manifold,
And for the Sun-god raised a throne
    Of opal-mist and filmy gold
With sheen of rubies; yet no hand
    Upraised it; by their potent thought
The mist was carved, eterne to stand.
    And then in that same wise they wrought
A wondrous city; and they said:
    "The Sun-breath in this opal sphere
Endures when all the Gods are dead,
    When worlds dissolve and disappear."
But we who yet were all unwise
    Disdainful grew of peace and rest:
We longed to see above the skies

The great Sun-Father's plumèd crest.
"If go you will," our others said,
"Seek not the way we came, but one,
An inner path, that like a thread
Of subtile gold leads to the Sun.
This ruby globe whose heart we are
Has frozen from the moon's chill breath;
No longer gleaming like a star,
It wears the sombre hues of death."
We heeded not; we left behind
The city of the opal mist,
And sought the labyrinths that twined
Where cooling vapors writhed and hissed
Like angry serpents, and the waves
Of molten seas solidified
To mountains pierced with vaulted caves
And rent with chasms deep and wide.
Path there was none; we wandered on
For weary ages numberless,
Till, all our gleaming glories gone,
We bore the Under-world's impress:
Our forms became as bronze, more hard
Than adamant; our hearts grew stern
And cruel as the powers that warred
Against us, striving to return.
At last the outer world was gained:
We found it changed, as we were changed,
Its vesture stained, as ours was stained;
And while its wave-washed lands we ranged
The great Sun-Father, far away,
With waving plumes uplifted high
Paced the far shore beyond the grey
And azure ocean of the sky.
Our battling with the elements
Had maddened us, and we were torn
With savage passions; continents
And islands, desolate and worn
Would sink beneath the sheltering seas
In terror at our furious strife.
All forces turned to enemies
And joined against us, till our life

Grew feeble, and our forms as clods
    Of senseless earth; then came release
Through Sleep and Death, the only Gods
    Who pitied us and gave us peace.
And now when kindly Death divides
    The spirit from its form of clay
It blissfully awhile abides
    Where "our lost others" dwell alway,
And then returns, to don again
    Its prison-garb of hateful hue;
While some among the sons of men
    Whom Sleep has chosen, still may view
That opal City mist-enwreathed:
    For sometimes to the slumbering one,
Upon whose heart such love has breathed
    As charms the Children of the Sun,
A radiant being comes, of gold
    And amethystine light, Sun-crowned,
With opal glories aureoled,
    Who whispers to the sad earth-bound
And sorrow-stricken one, that he,
    The jest of Chaos, passion-torn,
Yet led the Dawn, and yet shall be
    The greatest of the Sons of Morn.

Self of the chanted Word that implanted
    Life in the melody Æons prolong,
Thine is the seven-toned lyre of the Heaven-throned,
    Mine but a tremulous murmur of song;
Far in the Mother-soul thou art mine other soul,
    Perfect and strong.
Do not reject me, lead and protect me,
Till the supernal city eternal
    Opens its welcoming portals of gold
    Unto the wanderer weary and cold.

ARETAS.

THE BOOKS OF HIDDEN WISDOM.

. . . Beheld the Gods all, sweatless, steady-eyed, their flower-wreaths fresh and dust-free, as they stood, touching not the ground; but he, doubled by his shadow, his flower-wreath withered, stained with sweat and dust, standing on the earth, with eyelids tremulous. . . .—*The Story of Nala.*

I HAVE a friend who, I think, has come back to us after many lives among the braves; has come back, wrapped in the breath of wild, mighty forests, touched with the bronzed twilight of gaunt mountain-summits, the whir of the eagles' wings still resounding in his ears. And dwelling among us somewhat aloof, still longing for his great rocky solitudes, a stranger though very welcome, he has found his way to our books, and is comparing their spirit a little curiously with the great earth-breath and air-breath and night-breath that coursed so gladly through his untamed heart.

Whatever this wanderer says of our books is well worth hearing; it is good for us to see how they look, mirrored in eyes that gazed across the western ocean from some lava-knotted precipice, as the sunset shot up molten over the rainless sea; good especially to hear what he says of our religions, and what aspect they bear, to him so newly come back from the heart of mother earth.

And one day he found together the Gospels and the Upanishads, books esteemed greatly holy, so different in time and age and tongue, yet so full of things dear to our hearts, as they turn back wearied by the commonplace of the world.

One knows not exactly why, perhaps because they are so much better translated, perhaps because of their very strangeness—the quality of sweet reasonableness being somewhat unknown in the lands of the braves—but at present my friend is altogether for the Gospels, and will not hear of the Upanishads at all. The Evangels of Israel, he says, are deeper and clearer and broader and longer than the Indian Books of Hidden Wisdom.

And as all things this sky-clad critic says are full of deep suggestion, even when they are the very opposite of what one expected from him, I fell a-thinking as to how the difference he so clearly feels between the Upanishads and the Gospels might be described; what names we could give the one and the other, so as to bring the truth about their natures to light.

First, the Gospels—to us a joy and a sorrow for so many generations, to him so new and strange. One need not enter at all into asking what persons or personages stand behind them; one can take them as they are, in themselves. And the first thing that is very clear about them is, that they are poetry, full of imagination and color, full of natural magic. This is pure poetry, and nothing else: Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

And again, what excellent poetry is this, spoken very likely among the vineyards: I am the vine, ye are the branches. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away; every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it that it may bear more fruit. Already ye are clean. . . .

What exquisite feeling and beauty in it all; in the goodly pearl, the prince's marriage, the lost sheep, the fig-tree, the wedding-feast. Each one of them a compact little poem, not a word out of place, with that perfect economy of beauty, from which the rough handling of the ages can break off no superfluous fragment.

Yet our life is concerned with other things than beauty, though it should be greatly concerned with beauty too. Our life is concerned chiefly with two things, that a quaint old document calls our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbor. And in weighing books like these we must chiefly ask what they have to say of these two things, of our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbor.

And here, it seems to me, the real difference between the Gospels and the Upanishads comes out.

The poet of the lilies and the vines was largely occupied with these two things, and found for each of them an expression full of sweetness and light. That wonderful power that approaches our hearts and minds from within, and kindles in them a strange, infinite light; that power that the framers of the quaint old document called God, the poet of the lilies called the Father, the Father of us, he in the heavens. And with abundant riches of sentiment, with the warmest color, with high poetic beauty, this is insisted on: that our duty is to love the Father of us, the Father in the heavens.

Then our second duty; here the quaint old document has borrowed from the poet of the lilies that happy phrase of his, our neighbor, taken from the poem of the pitiful Samarite and his olive oil and wine. Here again we have a precept of admirable beauty: to love our neighbors as ourselves.

So far the Gospels. Then the Upanishads. What is most potent

there, in the Books of Hidden Wisdom, is not rich imaginative beauty, warm coloring, the magic glow of poetry, though they are full of beauty too. What is most potent is a high, lonely intuition that wraps us out of ourselves, and calls us away into the great silent depths of being; where the wide waters of life roll for ever; where the fiery breaths of endlessness pour in upon us, and thrill us with a sense of new mightiness, pouring into us a power as of vast antiquity that is still for ever young with the youth of the immortals.

Verses like these: As from a glowing fire, kindred sparkles come forth thousandfold; so, from the Eternal, manifold beings come forth, and return again to the Eternal. That Seer is never born nor dies, nor is it from anywhere, nor did any become it. Unborn, everlasting, immemorial, ancient, smaller than small, mightier than mighty. In the highest golden veil is the stainless, partless Eternal; this is the shining, the light of lights, that the self-knowers know. The sun shines not there, nor moon and star, nor this lightning, nor fire like this; after the shining of that, all shines; from the shining of that, all else receives its shining.

Sentence after sentence like this one might gather, hour after hour, from the Books of Hidden Wisdom. Here is beauty, and high poetic force too, though not the trailing luxuriance of the poet of lilies and vines. Beauty and high poetic force, though these are not the chief things, but only secondary to the aboriginal light of intuition.

Yet, when this is said, all is not said; for the supreme worth of the Upanishads is the face they put on the two duties of the quaint old document, the duty to God, the duty to our neighbor. For they first, instead of the Father of us, he in the heavens, they give us the supreme Self, the lonely Eternal. And our duty to this most real Self is simple and splendidly natural; our duty is not to love, but to become that supreme Self; to realize that we are, and have ever been, that supreme Self; to enter boldly into our own infinite eternalness, to know that we are the All, the glowing Eternal, whence the kindred sparkles came.

And the second is like unto it; instead of our neighbor, receptive of olive oil and wine, we have the supreme Self in all beings: he who realizes all beings in Self and Self in all beings, thenceforth sorrows not any more.

Not so tender, so sweet, perhaps, as the Father and the children, even if these are some day to be perfected into one; not so tender, perhaps, yet, it seems to me, far fuller of potent reality, stirring the infinities within us, calling us forth to be, not children of the realm

but lords, or rather supreme Lord of the kingdom, by primeval birthright and inborn majesty.

Not so tender, perhaps, but far nearer to reality, to that great, strange power within us that is already stirring into limitless being.

The Gospels, with their message of humanity, like that mortal who, doubled by his shadow, his flower-wreath withered, stained with sweat and dust, stood on the earth with eyelids tremulous; the Books of Hidden Wisdom, the Upanishads, with their intuition of that dread primeval Self, like a message of the Gods, sweatless, steady-eyed, their flower-wreaths fresh and dust-free, touching not the ground.

C. J.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

(*Concluded from p. 220.*)

BUT when you deny yourselves, do not become, like the interpreters, of sullen face: for they cloud over their faces, that they may be seen by men to be self-denying. Amēn, I say to you, They fully have their recompense. But when *you* deny yourself, anoint your head and wash your face, that you may not be seen by men to be self-denying, but by your Father who is in the occult; and your Father who sees in the occult shall repay you in the manifested.

Treasure not up for yourselves treasures upon the Earth,* where moth† and rust‡ cloud over, and where thieves dig through and steal; but treasure up for yourselves treasures in a Firmament where neither moth nor rust clouds over, and where thieves do not dig through and steal: for where your treasure is, there also will be your heart.§ The lamp of the body is the eye. If, therefore, your eye be open,‖ your whole body will be luminous; but if your eye be useless,¶ your whole

* "Earth" is the psychic world, the bride of the "Firmament," the sidereal or spiritual. Knowledge stored up in the psychic nature is impermanent, nor can it be guarded against the followers of the "left-hand path," who dig through and steal.

† Gr. *sēs*, any small insect, as a clothes-moth or a book-worm.

‡ Gr. *brōsis*, eating, gnawing; its use in this passage is peculiar, and some good authorities translate it as "corn-worm" instead of "corrosion," or "rust."

§ The mystic "heart," whose throbbing opens that inner "eye" which is the "lamp of the body."

‖ Gr. *haplous*, unfolded, clear, open.

¶ Gr. *ponēros*, equivalent to "atrophied."

body will be dark. If, therefore, the Light which is in you is darkness, how great is the darkness!

No one can serve two Masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and disregard the other. You cannot serve the Holy One and Mammōnas.* Therefore I say to you, Do not be concerned about your ethereal body,† what you shall eat and what you shall drink; neither for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the ethereal body more than the food, and the body than the garment? Look at the birds of the Firmament, that they do not sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into granaries, yet your Father in the Over-world feeds them. Are not *you* of much more value than they? And what one among you by being concerned can add one single arm-length‡ to his height? And why then are you careful for a garment? Meditate on the lilies of the field, how they grow: they do not weary themselves with toil, nor do they spin; and yet I say to you, Even Solomōn in all his radiance§ was not arrayed like one of these [*Kings*, x. 1-29]. Now, if the Holy One so robes the plant of the field, which to-day lives and to-morrow is cast into the oven, (shall he) not much more (robe) *you*, O you of little wisdom? Do not be concerned, therefore, saying, "What shall we eat?" or, "What shall we drink?" or, "With what shall we be arrayed?" For after these things the outsiders‖ seek. For your Father in the Over-world knows that you need all these things. But seek first the Realm of the Holy One, and his right-conduct; and all these things shall be added to you. Therefore do not be concerned about the morrow; for the morrow will be concerned about itself: sufficient for the day is its own vexation.

Judge not, that you may not be judged: for with what judgment you judge you shall be judged, and with what measure you measure it shall be measured back to you. And why do you look at the splinter¶ in your brother's eye, but do not observe the beam which is in your

* The precise meaning of this word is unknown. It is supposed to signify "gain"; and some have supposed Mammōnas to be a God worshipped in Syria, and equivalent to Ploutōn, as god of wealth and of the Under-world.

† Gr. *psuchē*, the semi-material body. When it is clouded by food-fumes, psychic vision is obscured—a matter of consequence to psychics, but not to those who see with the "open eye."

‡ Gr. *pēchus*, elbow; the measure of the arm from the elbow to the finger-tips.

§ Gr. *doxa*, shining; the aura.

‖ Gr. *ethnē*, people; here denoting special castes of pseudo-occultists.

¶ Gr. *karphos*, a straw, a small chip or shaving; here contrasted with *dokos*, a beam or joist. As Iēsous was a carpenter's son, the simile is an artistic touch of local color.

own eye? Or how shall you say to your brother, "Let me pull the splinter out of your eye," and, look, there is the beam in your own eye? Interpreter, first pull the beam out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to pull the splinter out of your brother's eye.

Give not the sanctuary to dogs; neither throw your pearls in front of pigs, lest perchance they trample on them with their feet, and turn again and rend you.*

Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you: for everyone who asks receives; and who seeks, finds; and (to him) who knocks, it shall be opened. Or what man among you, if his son shall ask for a loaf, will give him a stone? Or if he ask for a fish, also, will give him a snake? If *you*, therefore, who are useless ones, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father who is in the Over-world give good things† to those who ask him? All things, therefore, that you wish men should do to you, even so do *you* also to them: for such is the ritual and the soul-inspired.‡

Enter in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate and spacious the path which leads to Death,§ and many are they who enter in through it; for narrow is the gate and hemmed in the path which leads to the Life,‖ and few are they who find it. But beware of the falsely inspired who come to you in sheep's clothing,¶ but within are plundering wolves. By their fruits you shall recognize them. Do they gather a bunch of grapes from thorns, or figs from prickly-plants? Even so every good tree produces useful fruits, but the rotten tree produces useless fruits. A good tree cannot produce useless fruits, nor a rotten tree produce useful fruits. Every tree which does not produce useful fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. Hence, surely, by their fruits you shall recognize them.

Not every one who says to me, "Master, Master," shall enter into the Realm of the Over-world; but he who does the Will of my Father who is in the Over-world. Many will say to me on that day: "Master, Master, in *your* Name have we not interpreted? And in *your* Name

* The inner life and psychic experience should be spoken of only to those who will understand what is said, and not to those who neither understand nor believe.

† *Luke*, xi. 13, reads, "give the holy Breath," etc.

‡ The outer form and the inner meaning.

§ The downward path of the Breath, leading to generation; the physical world being under the sway of Death.

‖ The upward path of the Breath, leading to the mystic second birth.

¶ Sorcerers simulating the auras of neophytes.

cast out spirits? And in *your* Name performed many magical feats?" And then I will confess to them, "I never knew you: depart from me, you who make a practice of sorcery."* Everyone, therefore, who hears these precepts of mine, and does them, I will liken to a sensible man who built his house upon the rock; and the rain descended, and the streams came, and the winds blew, and assailed that house; and it did not fall, for its foundation was laid upon the rock. And everyone who hears these precepts of mine, and does them not, shall be likened to a stupid man who built his house upon the sand; and the rains descended, and the streams came, and the winds blew, and assailed that house; and it fell, and great was its fall.

ARETAS.

CONTENT.

Who are exiles? as for me
Where beneath the diamond dome
Lies the light on hill or tree
There my palace is and home.

WE are outcasts from Deity; therefore we defame the place of our exile. But who is there may set apart his destiny from the earth which bore him? I am one of those who would bring back the old reverence for the Mother, the magic, the love. I think, metaphysician, you have gone astray. You would seek within yourself for the fountain of life. Yes, there is the true, the only light. But do not dream it will lead you further away from the earth, but rather deeper into its heart. By it you are nourished with those living waters you would drink. You are yet in the womb and unborn, and the Mother breathes for thee the diviner airs. Dart out thy furthest ray of thought to the original, and yet thou hast not found a new path of thine own. Thy ray is still enclosed in the parent ray, and only on the sidereal streams are you borne to the freedom of the deep, to the sacred stars whose distance maddens, and to the lonely Light of Lights.

Let us, therefore, accept the conditions and address ourselves with wonder, with awe, with love, as we well may, to that being in whom we move. I abate no jot of those vaster hopes, yet I would pursue that ardent aspiration, content as to here and to-day. I do not believe in a nature red with tooth and claw. If indeed she appears so terrible to

* Gr. *anomia*, lawlessness, as opposed to *dikaiosunē*, right-conduct; violation of the law or ritual (*nomos*) of the right-hand path.

any it is because they themselves have armed her. Again, behind the anger of the Gods there is a love. Are the rocks barren? Lay thy brow against them and learn what memories they keep. Is the brown earth unbeautiful? Yet lie on the breast of the Mother and thou shalt be aureoled with the dews of faery. The earth is the entrance to the Halls of Twilight. What emanations are those that make radiant the dark woods of pine! Round every leaf and tree and over all the mountains wave the fiery tresses of that hidden sun which is the soul of the earth and parent of thy soul. But we think of these things no longer. Like the prodigal we have wandered far from our home, but no more return. We idly pass or wait as strangers in the halls our spirit built.

Sad or fain no more to live?
I have pressed the lips of pain:
With the kisses lovers give
Ransomed ancient powers again.

I would raise this shrinking soul to a more universal acceptance. What! does it aspire to the All, and yet deny by its revolt and inner protest the justice of Law. From sorrow we shall take no less and no more than from our joys. For if the one reveals to the soul the mode by which the power overflows and fills it here, the other indicates to it the unalterable will which checks excess and leads it on to true proportion and its own ancestral ideal. Yet men seem for ever to fly from their destiny of inevitable beauty; because of delay the power invites and lures no longer but goes out into the highways with a hand of iron. We look back cheerfully enough upon those old trials out of which we have passed; but we have gleaned only an aftermath of wisdom and missed the full harvest if the will has not risen royally at the moment in unison with the will of the Immortal, even though it comes rolled round with terror and suffering and strikes at the heart of clay.

Through all these things, in doubt, despair, poverty, sick, feeble or baffled, we have yet to learn reliance. "*I will not leave thee or forsake thee,*" are the words of the most ancient spirit to the spark wandering in the immensity of its own being. This high courage brings with it a vision. It sees the true intent in all circumstance out of which its own emerges to meet it. Before it the blackness melts into forms of beauty, and back of all illusions is seen the old enchanter tenderly smiling, the dark, hidden Father enveloping his children.

All things have their compensations. For what is absent here there is always, if we seek, a nobler presence about us.

Captive, see what stars give light
In the hidden heart of clay:
At their radiance dark and bright
Fades the dreamy King of Day.

We complain of conditions, but this very imperfection it is which urges us to arise and seek for the Isles of the Immortals. What we lack recalls the fulness. The soul has seen a brighter day than this and a sun which never sets. Hence the retrospect: "Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, the jasper, the sapphire, emerald . . . Thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire." We would point out these radiant avenues of return; but sometimes we feel in our hearts that we sound but cockney voices, as guides amid the ancient temples, the cyclopean crypts sanctified by the mysteries. To be intelligible we replace the opalescent shining by the terms of the anatomist, and we speak of the pineal gland and the pituitary body in the same breath with the Most High. Yet when the soul has the vision divine it knows not it has a body. Let it remember, and the breath of glory kindles it no more; it is once again a captive. After all, it does not make the mysteries clearer to speak in physical terms and do violence to our intuitions. If we ever use these centres, as fires we shall see them, or they shall well up within us as fountains of potent sound. We may satisfy people's minds with a sense correspondence, and their souls may yet hold aloof. We shall only inspire by the magic of a superior beauty. Yet this too has its dangers. "Thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness," continues the seer. If we follow too much the elusive beauty of form we will miss the spirit. The last secrets are for those who translate vision into being. Does the glory fade away before thee? Say truly in thy heart, "I care not. I will wear the robes I am endowed with to-day." Thou art already become beautiful, being beyond desire and free.

Night and day no more eclipse
Friendly eyes that on us shine,
Speech from old familiar lips,
Playmates of a youth divine.

To childhood once again. We must regain the lost state. But it is to the giant and spiritual childhood of the young immortals we must return, when into their clear and translucent souls first fell the rays of the father-beings. The men of old were intimates of wind and wave and playmates of many a brightness long since forgotten. The rapture

of the fire was their rest; their outgoing was still consciously through universal being. By darkened images we may figure something vaguely akin, as when in rare moments under the stars the big dreamy heart of childhood is pervaded with quiet and brimmed full with love. Dear children of the world so tired to-day—so weary seeking after the light. Would you recover strength and immortal vigor? Not one star alone, your star, shall shed its happy light upon you, but the All you must adore. Something intimate, secret, unspeakable, akin to thee will emerge silently, insensibly, and ally itself with thee as thou gatherest thyself from the four quarters of the earth. We shall go back to the world of the dawn, but to a brighter light than that which opened up this wondrous story of the cycles. The forms of elder years will reäppear in our vision, the father-beings once again. So we shall grow at home amid these grandeurs, and with that All-Presence about us may cry in our hearts, "At last is our meeting, Immortal. Oh, starry one, now is our rest!"

Brothers weary, come away;
We will quench the heart's desire
Past the gateways of the day
In the rapture of the fire.

Æ.

METHODS OF WORK.

THE moot question of methods of Branch work is having full discussion at present, and especially in view of Mr. Judge's plan of "a Napoleonic propaganda, filling the air with Theosophy." The present moment is one highly favorable to all work and propaganda, for when the Theosophical Society is most in the mouths and minds of men (whether with favor or disfavor matters little, except that disfavor promises swifter reäction), then is the golden hour of opportunity and of success, according to universal Law. It matters nothing how or in what mood hearers come to Theosophy; what does matter is that they shall come. To this end the "air must be filled with Theosophy," so that the echoes from the past may reverberate, arousing the hidden thinker within. Many a man and woman, brought to a meeting by that hidden Ego and its attraction, has "come to scoff and remained to pray." One of the most devoted F.'s T. S. of my acquaintance studied Theosophy in order to "save a friend from its errors." The intention was sincere, and so the light broke through? Our opportunity being

what it at present is, and the ether being filled with the sound of our existence, it is to be hoped that suggestions for work will pour in from all directions—and I am sure THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST will offer its hospitality—for methods of work must differ in different countries and surroundings.

It would appear true that Branch work, in order to be helpful, must begin with individuals in a Branch, before it extends to the outside public. I mean, that the work should at first consist in an effort to fit the individual—each one of us—for his or her larger work in the world. To this end, I know of nothing so useful as a brief preliminary study of *The Bhagavad Gîtâ*, which should occupy the Branch for a short space—not more than half an hour—at the beginning of each meeting. For the whole practice of Life is there; the whole energic scheme, both of conservation and of multiplication of energy. Rightly understood, it is an immense help in daily, practical life. I have heard men in active business of the widest kind declare that those teachings, taken from that standpoint alone, enabled a man to go through the friction of daily life, strengthened his mind and nerve as nothing else did, and left him with a surplus of energy for theosophic work or study at night. Do not lightly think we have read and know it all. There are those who have studied and tried to live it for years who daily find new meaning in it. In the early volumes of *The Path* are some excellent and suggestive articles upon the *Gîtâ*, and Branch discussions, not upon the *Gîtâ* as literature or intellectual ambrosia, but upon its use in all the events of everyday existence, will develop fresh meanings rapidly. Members imbued with its spirit will do their work more wisely.

Another very good field of work has been pointed out by the Southport Branch. This Branch has issued a circular for debating societies, clubs and so forth, saying that a body of students interested in the various problems of life would be pleased to meet with them for discussion of various topics; a list of topics—not doctrinal—follows. This is an admirable idea. In America it has also been found that lectures on Eastern philosophies or teachings have been welcomed by educational bodies, whose members desire information.

Another most important field of work is that with the children. It can be undertaken by a Branch whenever there are three children to teach. This work has been very successful in America, and the Lotus Circle songs have been published there. The object is to teach the children the truths of Karma and of the Golden Rule, and to help them to trace the effects of these in their little lives. Many children appre-

ciate these truths, which even meet their brief experience of life in a way which cut and dried dogma has not at its command.

Hardly less important than the little ones are our fellow beings who suffer and those who "suffer from themselves" in an immediate and visible sense. The hospitals welcome visits; the prisons need our aid. No hard and fast rules can be laid down, for methods must differ —and it is a vital and a healthy difference—with the individual who takes upon himself a task for which he feels himself to be fitted.

Constant watchfulness upon the local Press, and the writing of letters or articles wherever acceptable; printed invitations to Branch meetings, issued in local newspapers or by circulars; the distribution of leaflets in various directions; series of lectures well prepared and advertised; addresses at labor churches, clubs, and at other societies; various kinds of work among the poor; all these have a place in our world-wide field.

It is of the utmost importance that we shall avail ourselves of the present opportunity to work, and publicly, so far as may be, "filling the air with Theosophy." Each one of us, whose Karma has brought him to the theosophic life, has some gift, some trait, some aptitude, some point of contact with the surrounding world, which can be used to promulgate all these ideas. If each one will go over the matter in the mind, asking, not "What shall I do to be saved?" but "What can I do to save others from materialistic thought?" then we shall be assured of success. Each one of us is a workman; each has his appointed instrument; let us find and use that instrument, which may be broadly named—OUR OPPORTUNITY OF SERVICE.

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

GOOD news has come to hand of a marked improvement in the health of Brother Judge.

The activity of members here at the public meetings is susceptible of improvement. There seems to be an absence of preparation to discuss the topic of the evening. "And some listened, perhaps, but never spoke at all." The subjects for these Wednesday evening meetings during the ensuing mouth are: Oct. 16th, *Theosophy applied to Life;* 23rd, *Masters and Disciples*, F. J. Dick; 30th, *Our Opportunity*, Chas. Johnston; Nov. 6th, *Rebirth and Preëxistence;* 13th, *Old Celtic Beliefs in Immortality*, Miss K. B. Lawrence.

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LETTERS TO A LODGE.

IX.

DEAR COMRADES,—These letters which have had from you a reception so kindly are now come to an end, and it only remains for me to answer questions which have arisen in the course of their reading. Some of these questions have had direct and personal replies, as requested; a remaining few are here dealt with.

One friend writes me:

In THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST of May, 1895, p. 1, paragraph three, of your interesting and helpful article entitled "Letters to a Lodge," you speak of Intuition as being frequently confounded with three other states of consciousness, viz., Intellect, Impulse and Instinct. It brought to my mind cases which probably may come under your head of intellect; cases in which certain impressions from other minds or from thoughts in the atmosphere around one were mistaken for intuitions, and more especially with sensitives or mediums.

For illustration. A woman, Mrs. W., engaged her passage in a European steamer while her best friend, Mr. S., was lying ill. As soon as she did so her conscience began to trouble her, although it was important to her interests that she should go abroad at the date fixed upon. She did not like to leave her friend ill. She did not know what to do about it. She waited, as she said, for her intuition to decide for her; but day after day passed by and no light came. Finally, one morning she seated herself quietly, holding herself passive to her inward voice, as she expressed it. Suddenly, in a flash of intuition, as she felt convinced, the idea was graven upon her mind that her friend would die, and that it was her duty to give up her intended trip and to adopt his only child, a little girl three years old.

She had not hitherto considered her friend seriously ill, nor had the idea of adopting his child ever before entered her mind; but she felt that strict obedience to so unmistakable an intuition was her only course, so she at once changed her plans.

She proceeded to the house of her friend. As she reached the door there flashed instantaneously before her a vision of him lying dead upon his sick-bed. She was admitted and sorrowfully proceeded to his room, but was surprised to find

him living and better. In sum, he entirely recovered, and she went abroad at the fixed date.

It appeared that the two women who attended the sick man fully expected him to die, and had freely discussed the subject of the child's future, deciding that it was clearly Mrs. W.'s duty to adopt her. It seems clear that she, Mrs. W., being *en rapport* with those two women, their thoughts were easily impressed upon her sensitive mind.

Now, the falsity of what Mrs. W. received was to her a conclusive proof that it was no intuition. But if her friend had died she would always have mistaken those mental impressions for intuition, and many cases daily occur, in which the only proof of genuine intuition will be in a more intimate knowledge of our inner constitution and its workings.

The above is an excellent example, to my thinking, of the way in which psychic instinct is frequently mistaken for intuition. The mistake is at once detected in the words, "holding herself passive to her inward voice." Unless she had been trained she could not know *how* to hold herself passive, in the first place. With untrained persons this sitting for passivity implies throwing the whole body and nervous currents into a relaxed and quiescent condition; this prepares the sitter, like a sensitized plate, for the reception of astral pictures and astral currents; those first received are, most often, the pictures and currents in their own sphere, either consciously or unconsciously engendered by themselves. There is a biblical and occult phrase, most unpleasantly translated, which expresses what is really done by the sitter: "returning like a dog to its own vomit." In our spheres are echoes, reverberations, refracted lights, the psychic mirage and what not else, cast off and out by the mind; to these we oft return.

Now body and astral (nervous) body are the appointed receptacles for forces of the psycho-physiological planes, which are their own planes, and if you render them passive what can you expect but that "their own waters shall fill them," to use the mystic phrase? Note that I say receptacles; not vehicles. Vehicle, with me, has quite another sense. Receptacles of the *pure* force of their own planes they are intended to be, and when thus filled with force pure to its own plane—relatively pure—they should then become vehicles for the higher forces, just as a vessel filled with pure water purely reflects the sun's brightness in a dazzle of rays, while a vessel filled with dark and turbid water gives forth a dense image contracted to a formed orb, which form gives a false idea of the true sun, while the darkness dims the radiance and obstructs the electric dazzle, absorbing the light into its foul depths, instead of giving it forth.

This explains one source of error. Another fact gives another

facet, to wit: there is a certain spot, and one spot only, which is to be "whitened" or "held for Mother Isis" by the trained seer. This act involves a use of some of the highest forces in Nature, spiritual forces, be it said, and is a power never attained except by the highly trained disciple, who by its very use becomes and is an Adept. He who can use these forces at will "in the home of Isis" can perform phenomena equally at will.

What then of ourselves, seekers after truth, catching now and then glimpses of real intuition? Are we to abandon all hope of such because we are not now in a time and place where we are able to lay strong hands upon our birth-right?

By no means. Abandon no hope. Do not sit for passivity nor stare into mirrors; but purify your motives, seek to do The Will, and your Father who seeth in secret, himself will reward you openly. Do not forget that the Self uses whom it will, and that flashes of truth can be, and are, sent to us. Positive meditation on sacred themes will help you. Not that you will receive the intuitive flash *at that time*, for you more probably will not, but when you are going about your daily work, then you will receive them, entertaining angels unawares.

We are told in *Isis* (and I cannot quote the place, being absent from my books) that the activity of the physiological senses alone prevents our cognizing the unseen truths. Many students have found that while these senses have mechanical employment, such as walking, dressing, copying, any occupation which holds them to a given point in a positive and not a passive manner—that at such times the intuitive flash will visit the brain all at once. When we have referred some question of the inner life to the Self, the Father of Lights, and have asked to know and to do the Will, we may go about our duties in serene confidence, dismissing from our minds the question asked, sure that we shall know the doctrine if we live the life. Only be sure that we are living the life so far as we do discern the Will. He who submits himself in thought and desire to the will of his Father in heaven, need have no fear that he will not know all that is good and necessary for him to know; let him aspire ardently and go his way peacefully; the Law in its entirety works for him, it provides him with all that sustenance for which his nature is now ripe.

Another question opens up another phase of the same subject:

I have just been reading your "Letters to a Lodge, VIII.," "The true Master is felt, not seen." This brings up a question I have often thought about. Take the case of, say, Emerson or Carlyle; to me "all that Narada and the seven sages knew" is found in the *Essays* ("Oversoul," "Spiritual Laws," etc.) and *Sartor*

Resartus ("Everlasting Yea," etc.), and this they both learnt inside, directly, from "the light that never shone on land or sea"; so that I would be most strongly inclined to say that if any men ever felt the true Master, these two did. Yet one hears nothing of any "Lodge connection" in the case of either of them, or of their knowingly coming into touch with any "adept," "magician," "occultist," or what you will. So that I think they were "children of the Kingdom" in a very real sense, and yet would have understood nothing, for instance, of what W. Q. J. wrote in THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST about "making a connection with the Lodge before the end of 1897," indeed would hardly have understood anything of the technicalities of occultism, as you put them forward in the "Letters to a Lodge" and elsewhere. Now the question is, had they fully and satisfactorily gained the one thing needful? or, on the other hand, is it that they ought to have done this, and not to have left the other undone? or, to put it another way, must the inner light be supplemented by an adept, the Holy Ghost *in partibus* be helped out by the Holy Ghost particularized and brought to a focus in some other person? or to put it yet another way, is it necessary to be *consciously* a "member of the Lodge" in order to be in reality one of the "children of the Kingdom"?

In order to reply to the above I must in some sort utter a personal Credo, and to one who knows as much as I do on the point under discussion. Would'st trap me, friend? But if my mistake might serve to illuminate thy knowledge, were not this tired old world by so much the richer? I adventure my Credo, thus.

(*a*) With the writer, I believe that all such inspiration comes from that source which we are agreed to call The Lodge, or the Oversoul, which Oversoul is specifically and fully embodied in the Sages of all time, is less fully embodied in the inspired ones variously working on this plane, and which "exists also apart." Emerson I regard as an especial instance of such inspiration. It is recorded that Emerson carried with him "as a *vade mecum*" a work of Jacob Boehme's.

(*b*) "Yet one hears nothing of any Lodge connection . . . or of their knowingly coming into touch with any Adept. . . ." Italicize the words "*one hears nothing.*" So; and did you expect so to hear, friend? How, and in what formula? Turn again to our well-beloved Emerson. There is that which he wrote of great teachers, sages. In our literature you yourself have pointed out to us his utterances as to the reality of those perfected men whom we call Masters. How did he know it, think you? Whence came the vision, the certainty? Believe me, many there be who touch, and consciously touch, that body of high Knowledge and Being known as The Lodge, who do not formulate their belief to the world because that which they touched was formless. Yet in his heart each gives it a name, and bows him to the sun.

(*c*) What Mr. Judge wrote in THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (to the best of my belief) had reference to a specialized connection with that

specialized Source or Focus of Knowledge known as the Lodge, which connection may be recognized or unrecognized by us, but which is recognized on the part of the Lodge.

(*d*) Then you ask if these men "had gained the one thing needed, fully, satisfactorily." Nay, friend, the plenitude thereof were Perfection's self; that is the one thing needed, these men are on the way to it. In the fullness thereof, in that only, is full satisfaction to be found, but it disappears as a sense of satisfaction because Being is complete, undivided, fulfilled. We pass along through many incomplete stages towards final Perfection; in one such stage—a Manâsic one, I take it—these men were. But they have not told us what passed in the inner closet of prayer, the meditation where the Father was met, although Tennyson, Emerson and a host of others have left word of a trance-like state and incommunicable visions.

(*e*) I do not think it necessary to be "consciously a member of the Lodge, in order to be in reality one of the children of the Kingdom." The poor, the ignorant, the helpless, and those who deem themselves forsaken of God and man, and those who know not the mystic terms, and those who dimly, dumbly strive to follow some sense of right which vaguely stirs the breast; all, all these and many another uncounted and unnamed, lost among earth's myriads yet seen by the light of their own heart rays, are of the glorious Kingdom; our friend is there, and there, too, many an honest foe. For the children are the doers of the Will, in so far as they are conscious of It. They pass through successive stages of Being; in time their Lodge connection, from being general, becomes specialized; thus, life after life, these lift themselves nearer to conscious Divinity.

There comes at last an hour when those who have learned, in the very depths of their nature, to merge the personal in the impersonal, and who can henceforward be trusted to work on with impersonal and greater Nature, must now begin to learn as a science that which has (to some extent, at least) been mastered as a devotional or religious truth. Those powers they traced in earth and sky they now must make their own, specializing now their connection with Mother Nature, who shall now become their helper as she was erst their instructor, for the powers which are most immediately helpful to the human race are those which are guided and wielded by perfect man. They do now require a wise guide, and of such each one has opportunity, whether he accept or reject it. His choice is conditioned only by his own mental limitations. If he has long ago abandoned his personal will and inclination, he now tastes the sweet fruition of such abandonment of the

self; the eyes of the mind are not blinded by prejudice and erroneous belief. When the great day of choice arrives, foregone conclusions and fixed mental concepts muster in to drag the soul of man back to the errors of its long, long past; he who has fettered the infinite possibilities of Nature by a rigid conception of THE IMPOSSIBLE, now mistakes the false guide for the true; his false beliefs lead him captive and Nature from her fastnesses mocks her would-be enslaver who is the prisoner of himself. This is why we find H. P. Blavatsky fighting creeds above all other things save one thing only—the most microscopic meanness in the earth-scale—the hypocrite. Both fetter the mind. The teacher of false doctrine is a poisoner of the worst description; the injection of mental virus infects the whole Mind-Sphere.

(*f*) In the "True Master," I dealt only with one key among seven keys, reading the sentences as from the standpoint of one who had entered upon the cycle of definite instruction. My purpose in so doing was to afford a glimpse of the real methods of the higher occultism as opposed to mistaken ones, and this with a view to counteracting some statements—dangerous because foolish—now being put forward elsewhere. Folly is more dangerous than vice, for vice is obvious, salient and more swiftly defeats itself in fierce reäctions, while the airy thistle seed of folly floats unregarded on the ambient air and sows itself unseen to strangle the crops of the future. I do but tell that which I have heard, and let me, as a final word, point out the obvious fact that I or anyone might have information of the real methods of scientific (because higher) occultism, without having necessarily reached that point where the cycle of training is definitely begun. Carrying out the idea of specialized vehicles for special states of Being, we can throw further light upon this subject in our minds, which light it would be difficult to voice correctly.

Another questioner, signing himself "A. S.," asks what I cannot answer. Reply involves controversial matter, into which I have not entered and will not enter. If he will give me an address, I will reply in part by giving certain facts which he and all are entitled to have of me, but I will not influence another; I cannot descend to that level. I can answer in the amplest negative the two questions, viz., "Does Judge teach psychism?" and, "Is Theosophy, as viewed in the States, largely psychic in its tendency?" Mr. Judge most strenuously combats, in all parts of the world, that psychism which will arise wherever men and women are evolving the double nervous system which will characterize the bodies of the new race. These absurd statements called out a peal of merriment from the Eastern to the Western coast,

and wherever it was known, as it is widely known, that the accusers numbered several most urgently remonstrated with by Mr. Judge on account of their psychic practices. Poor human nature! Like Yorrick, it is a fellow of infinite jest! The only psychic teachings I have ever seen originated with the chief promulgator of these rumors, and was instruction—among a page of other stuff—how to meditate on the stomach and other organs and "get in touch *with the dreadful inhabitants of Kâma-loka; this state is very dangerous; Master will protect you*" (! ! ! ?). This precious script was sent me from a foreign country, and with several such missives from similar sources will make a very pretty Theosophical Nonsense Book, which I have in preparation. Ah! good friends, our gentle brays betray us to the world's derision, despite the too short lion's skin we borrow. Let us bear with one another, for the world will not! As to the theosophical movement in the States, it has been and is of a firm, steady growth, increasing from month to month, from year to year. From the central headquarters comes over a firm propulsion towards the Philosophy. In rumors, as in fevers, there are types; I classify these two as "MALIGNANT."

A last question: "What is the 'power of Silence' spoken of by you? It seems more than refusing to speak."

It is more. Anyone who has no answer ready can look down their nose and keep quiet. This is a frequent trick of polemics, a "common or garden variety" of Expediency, used by those who know that silence is a weapon difficult to parry. Intense personal pride is often the cankered root of one order of silence. The true *power* of silence is an interior quiescence; an interior stillness invisible as such to the world. Thomas à Kempis warns that when we are in a state of sweetness and peace (to ourselves) the true peace is far away. This silence consists in a firm attitude towards the personal self. You ask: "How can I judge who has it?" Where is your need to judge? "Who art thou to judge another man's servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth." Our need is to develop it within ourselves, and it is that which maketh the bearer of that power "to appear as nothing in the eyes of men." And now, may the Law lift us ever nearer to that ideal Light of which we have a constant prescience, while yet we are too rarely able to see it.

JASPER NIEMAND.

SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—IV.

THE FREE.

They knew that which the rising of the sun conceals.—*Popol Vuh.*

THEY bathed in the fire-flooded fountains;
Life girdled them round and about;
They slept in the clefts of the mountains;
The stars called them forth with a shout.

They prayed, but their worship was only
The wonder at nights and at days,
As still as the lips of the lonely,
Though burning with dumbness of praise.

No sadness of earth ever captured
Their spirits who bowed at the shrine;
They fled to the Lonely enraptured,
And hid in the Darkness Divine.

At twilight as children may gather
They met at the doorway of death,
The smile of the dark hidden Father
The Mother with magical breath.

Untold of in song or in story,
In days long forgotten of men,
Their eyes were yet blind with a glory
Time will not remember again.

Æ.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students.]

VI.

"RELY within yourself on your Higher Self always, and that gives strength, as the Self uses whom it will. Persevere and little by little *new ideals* and thought-forms will drive out of you the old ones. This is the eternal process."

"A college course is not necessary for occultism. One of the best occultists I know was never in college. But if a man adds good learning to intuition and high aspiration he is naturally better off than

another. I am constantly in the habit of consulting the dictionary and of thinking out the meanings and correlations of words. Do the same. It is good.

"You cannot develop the third eye. It is too difficult, and until you have cleared up a good deal more on philosophy it would be useless, and a useless sacrifice is a crime of folly. But here is advice given by many Adepts: every day and as often as you can, and on going to sleep and as you wake, think, think, think on the truth that you are not body, brain nor astral man, but that you are THAT, and "THAT" is the Supreme Soul. For by this practice you will gradually kill the false notion which lurks inside that the false is the true, and the true the false. By persistence in this, by submitting your daily thoughts each night to the judgment of your Higher Self, you will at last gain light."

". . . H. P. B. then said it is by falling and by failing that we learn, and we cannot hope at once to be great and wise and wholly strong. She and the Masters behind expected this from all of us; she and they never desired any of us to work blindly, but only desired that we work unitedly."

"In answer to your questions:

"(1) Clothes and astral form.

"*Ans.*—You are incorrect in assuming that clothes have no astral form. Everything in nature has its double on other planes, the facts being that nothing visible in matter or space could be produced without such for basis. The clothes are seen as well as the person because they exist on the astral plane as well as he. Besides this, the reason why people are seen on the astral plane with clothes of various cut and color is because of the thought and desire of the person, which clothes him thus. Hence a person may be seen in the astral light wearing there a suit of clothes utterly unlike what he has on, because his thought and desire were on another suit, more comfortable, more appropriate, or what not.

"(2) What can true and earnest Theosophists do against the Black Age or Kali Yuga?

"*Ans.*—Nothing *against* it but a great deal *in* it; for it is to be remembered that the very fact of its being the iron or foundation age, gives opportunities obtained in no other. It is only a quarter as long as the longest of the other ages, and it is therefore crammed four times as full of life and activity. Hence the rapidity with which all things come to pass in it. A very slight cause produces gigantic effects. To

aspire ever so little now will bring about greater and more lasting effects for good than at any other time. And similarly evil intent has greater powers for evil. These great forces are visibly increased at the close of certain cycles in the Kali Yuga. The present cycle, which closes Nov. 17th, 1897—Feb. 18th, 1898, is one of the most important of any that have been. Opportunities for producing permanent effects for good in themselves and in the world as a whole, are given to Theosophists at the present time, which they may never have again if these are scattered."

"If you will rely upon the truth that your inner self is a part of the great Spirit, you will be able to conquer these things that annoy, and if you will add to that a proper care of your bodily health, you will get strength in every department. Do not look at things as failures, but regard every apparent failure after real effort as a success, for the real test is in the effort and motive, and not in the result. If you will think over this idea on the lines of *The Bhagavad Gîtâ* you will gain strength from it."

"As to the question about the disintegration of the astral body and the length of time beforehand when it could be seen. My answer was not meant to be definite as to years, except that I gave a period of two years as a long one before death of the physical body. There are cases —perhaps rare—in which, five years before the death of the physical, a clairvoyant has seen the disintegration of the astral beginning. The idea intended to be conveyed is, that regardless of periods of time if the man is going to die naturally (and that includes by disease), the corruption, disintegrating or breaking up of the astral body may be perceived by those who can see in that way. Hence the question of years is not involved. Violent deaths are not included in this, because the astral in such cases does not disintegrate beforehand. And the way of seeing such a death in advance is by another method altogether. Death from old age—which is the natural close of a cycle—is included in the answer as to death by disease, which might be called the disease of inability to fight off the ordinary breaking-up of the cohesive forces."

(To be continued.)

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

By Æ. and Aretas.

While our vision, backward cast,
Ranged the everliving past,
Through a haze of misty things—
Luminous with quiverings
Musical as starry chimes—
Rose a hero of old times,
In whose breast the magic powers
Slumbering from primeval hours,
Woke at the enchantment wild
Of Aed Abrait's lovely child;
Still for all her Druid learning
With the wild-bird heart, whose yearning
Blinded at his strength and beauty,
Clung to love and laughed at duty.
Warrior chief, and mystic maid,
Though your stumbling footsteps strayed,
This at least in part atones—
Jewels were your stumbling-stones!

I.

The Birds of Angus.

The birds were a winging rapture in the twilight. White wings, grey wings, brown wings, fluttered around and over the pine trees that crowned the grassy dun. The highest wings flashed with a golden light. At the sound of voices they vanished.

"How then shall we go to the plains of Murthemney? We ought not to be known. Shall we go invisibly, or in other forms? We must also fly as swiftly as the birds go."

"Fly! yes, yes, we shall—fly as the birds. But we shall choose fairer forms than these. I know where the Birds of Angus flock. Come, Liban, come!"

. . . . . .

The crypt beneath the dun was flooded with light, silvery and golden, a light which came not from the sun nor from the moon; a light not born from any parent luminary, and which knew nothing

opaque. More free than the birds of the air were the shadowy forms of the two daughters of Aed Abrait, as they gazed out from that rock-built dun upon a place their mortal feet had never trod. Yet timidly Liban looked at her more adventurous sister. Fand floated to the centre of the cavern, erect and radiant. Her eyes followed the wavy tremulous motion of the light as it rolled by. They seemed to pierce through earth and rock, and search out the secret hollows of the star, to know the vastness, and to dominate and compel the motion of the light. Her sister watched her half curiously and half in admiration and wonder. As the floating form grew more intense the arms swayed about and the lips murmured. A sheen as of many jewels played beneath the pearly mist which enrobed her; over her head rose the crest of the Dragon; she seemed to become one with the shining, to draw it backwards into herself. Then from far away came a wondrous melody, a sound as of the ancient chiming of the stars. The sidereal rivers flowed by with more dazzling light, and the Birds of Angus were about them.

"Look, Liban, look!" cried the Enchantress. "These of old were the chariots of the children of men. On these the baby offspring of the Gods raced through the nights of diamond and sapphire. We are not less than they though a hundred ages set us apart. We will go forth royally as they did. Let us choose forms from among these. If the Hound should see us he will know we have power."

With arms around each other they watched the starry flocks hurtling about them. The birds wheeled around, fled away, and again returned. There were winged serpents; might which would put to flight the degenerate eagle; plumage before which the birds of paradise would show dull as clay. These wings dipt in the dawn flashed ceaselessly. Ah, what plumage of white fire rayed out with pinions of opalescent glory! What feathered sprays of burning amethyst! What crests of scarlet and gold, of citron and wavy green! They floated by in countless multitudes; they swayed in starry clusters dripping with light, singing a melody caught from the spheres of the Gods, the song which of old called forth the earth from its slumber. The sound was entrancing. Oh, fiery birds who float in the purple rivers of the Twilight, ye who rest in the great caverns of the world, whoever listens to your song shall grow faint with longing, for he shall hear the great, deep call in his heart and his spirit shall yearn to go afar; whatever eyes see you shall grow suddenly blinded with tears for a glory that has passed away from the world, for an empire we no longer range.

"They bring back the air of the ancient days. Ah! now I have

the heart of the child once again. Time has not known me. Let us away with them. We will sweep over Eri and lead the starry flocks as the queen birds."

"If we only dared. But think, Fand, we shall have every wizard eye spying upon us, and every boy who can use his freedom will follow and thwart us. Not these forms, but others let us take. Ah, look at those who come in grey and white and brown! Send home the radiant ones. We will adventure with these."

"Be it so. Back to your fountains, O purple rivers! King-Bird, Queen-Bird, to your home in the hollows lead your flock!" So she spoke, but her words were shining and her waving arms compelled the feathered monarchs with radiations of outstretched flame. To the others: "Rest here awhile, sweet singers. We shall not detain you captive for long." So she spoke, but her hands that caressed laid to sleep the restless pulsation of the wings and lulled the ecstatic song.

. . . . . .

Night, which to the eye of the magian shows more clearly all that the bright day conceals, overspread with a wizard twilight the vast hollow of the heavens. Numberless airy rivulets, each with its own peculiar shining, ran hither and thither like the iridescent currents streaming over a bubble. Out of still duskier, more darkly glowing and phantasmal depths stared the great eyes of space, rimmed about with rainbow-dyes. As night moved on to dawn two birds shot forth from the dun, linked together by a cord of golden fire. They fled southwards and eastwards. As they went they sang a song which tingled the pulses of the air. In the dark fields the aureoles around the flowers grew momentarily brighter. Over the mountain homes of the Tuatha de Danaans rose up shadowy forms who watched, listened, and pondered awhile. The strayed wanderers amid the woods heard the enraptured notes and forgot their sorrows and life itself in a hurricane of divine remembrance. Where the late feast was breaking up the melody suddenly floated in and enwreathed the pillared halls, and revellers became silent where they stood, the mighty warriors in their hands bowed low their faces. Still on and on swept the strange birds flying southwards and eastwards.

. . . . . .

Still in many a peasant cot
Lives the story unforgot,
While the faded parchments old
Still their rhyming tale unfold.
There is yet another book

Where thine eager eyes may look.
There within its shining pages
Lives the long romance of ages,
Liban, Fand, their glowing dreams,
Angus' birds, the magic streams
Flooding all the twilight crypt,
Runes and spells in starry script;
Secrets never whispered here
In the light are chanted clear.
Read in it the tales of Eri
If the written word be weary.

(*To be continued.*)

THE YOUNG MAN.

DEAR young man:
Are your boots
With their long toes
Carefully polished
By your conscientious man-servant
Or haply by your own little hands?
Have you labored piously?
Do they shine luminously?
As to your trousers:
Are they exquisite?
Is the cloth,
Whereof your own tailor,
Hath anxiously fashioned them,
Of that description
Which hangs with utter grace
Upon the limbs?
(Your own limbs,
Dear young person).
And is the color of it
That much-desired,
Soul-agonizing,
Equivocal,
As it were,
Ambiguity—
No color at all?
And which cannot be imitated
In cheap material.
Do they, moreover,
Carry upon them
The faintest suggestion,
The *nuance*
Of a fold,
Negligently appearing
And again disappearing
(*Celare artem!*)
With every step of yours
Along the pathway—
The blessed
God-created
Respectable
Footpath?
But furthermore,
In regard to your coat:
Is it the correct thing?
Does it belong to you
Like an outer pelt?
Does it acknowledge
Immediately, infallibly,
Every movement
Full of grace
Of your own body—
Well-dieted, well-groomed,

Your own sweet body,
Superb young man?
Is it black?
In your opinion
Does it make of you
The Dark Angel?
And as a crown to all,
O sovereign young man,
And since the mason's ways are
A type of the hatter's,
Are you quite convinced
As to the build
Of your hat?
For if you have not conviction
Upon that head
How can you expect
To convince others?
Does your hat—
Having an originality of its own
Yet referring to the fashion—
Does your hat convince?
That is the capital question.
You are well aware
That as to your tie
Almost all depends
Upon your manner of tying it;
Everybody who is anybody
Having, as you know,
His own particular tangle;
Color being for the most part
Either as contrast or harmony,
A matter of complexion.
And so, finally,
O God-like young man,
With your crisp immovable hair
Smoothly cut and singed;
With your white linen,
Your cane and your gloves,
Your ring and your watch,
Your perfume and your pocket-handkerchief
And your money in your pocket—
Go forth, young man,
Issue forth upon the pavement,
You Apollo Belvidere
Of the nineteenth century,
Anno Domini.

CHARLES WEEKES.

METHODS OF WORK.

IN commencing propaganda work in a new field, I obtain a map of the district, marking with a colored pencil all places of over 5,000 inhabitants. Choose an important city, having neighboring ones easy of access. A week or ten days may be usefully spent there, preparing for and giving lectures. During that time insert in newspapers as much Theosophy as possible; it will be read and assist in the surrounding towns.

Upon arrival in a new place I call on the editor of leading newspaper, telling him I wish to give free public lectures, if a hall can be provided free of charge. This engages local interest. City halls or court rooms are public property, free from sectarian attachments. Call on the mayor, judge or official in charge and obtain his consent. Go yourself.

For advertising I place printed cards (fourteen inches by eleven inches) in shop windows, fifty in small towns, one hundred in large

ones. Short pithy paragraphs should be prepared for newspapers, giving outlines of Theosophy and containing notices of meetings. Editors and others can furnish the names of people thought to be interested; call on every one, follow up every clue very carefully. This is important, for the subject being unknown few will come unless interested by some friend.

I usually give two lectures in each place, reserving a night for meeting a class. Two towns a week can be visited, by making arrangements in advance. Lectures in new fields should be plain and practical, for the audience know nothing of the subject. I begin with Reïncarnation, treating it logically, using analogies and illustrations, and quoting authorities. Whatever subject is chosen, keep to it, and avoid giving too much. Make a point and get it home. The point should have a practical bearing on life. Let lectures suggest to the audience that Theosophy is worth attention, rather than endeavoring to epitomize the teachings.

At the close of lecture I call for questions from the audience. In presenting a novel theme the speaker must exhibit the utmost confidence in its truth. His conviction will influence the hearers far more than the arguments. Inviting criticism is evidence of confidence. Avoid appearing to force acceptance of your views; rather present them for approval, relying upon their own inherent weight. At each lecture invite those desiring to study Theosophy to meet in a class.

Abstracts of lectures must be prepared for each newspaper. The lecturer must attend to this personally. A few will hear the lectures, but thousands read the accounts.

This brings us to the next stage of work.

Those wishing to study, form a class to meet weekly. At the first meeting, I give three suggestions to be borne in mind.

(1) Perfect harmony. To recollect they have met to "help each other," not to "get," but to "give." That each is entitled to perfect freedom of opinion. To avoid argument, confining themselves to statement of opinion. This spirit of helpfulness being acquired in class will be applied to daily life, and bear fruit.

(2) The minds of class must be energized to act clearly and quickly. Short papers should be prepared on questions arising, to be discussed the following week. Acquire conciseness of thought and expression by writing, and by standing up to speak. The leader must not do all the thinking, but lead members to exercise their own minds.

(3) To get a knowledge of theosophical teachings. The books I usually suggest for class use are *Letters that have Helped Me*, and either

the *Seven Principles*, by Annie Besant, or *The Ocean of Theosophy*, the latter if some member has studied previously.

As interest in the work develops some will become members at large, and in a few months the nucleus for a Branch exists. It is best to let this develop normally.

The third point is work in Branches. Theosophy means active work for all. Some Branches are weak because they have no systematized method of study. Members return from meetings disappointed, saying they have "got" nothing. They forget that their office is to "give." Karma is just. Branches might all have a training class to fit members to take up active work whenever circumstances permit. A well-organized class is always attractive to members, and also to beginners. For its management suggestions one and two given above are useful. As to work, let a question be given out weekly, such as may be asked after public lectures. A rudimentary question, but requiring knowledge of the philosophy for reply. Each member should write about twenty lines (unsigned), giving reply and reasons in clear, concise terms. Every word used should be understood by the writer in its individual and collective sense. Words are empty or full as we put thought or meaning behind them. These papers should be read, and the members rise in turn to discuss, giving reasons for their remarks. This is excellent mental practice, teaches concise expression of thought, and gives confidence in speaking. All take part, and the subject becomes engrafted on the memory by repetition.

These suggestions as to methods of work arise from my experience in U. S. A. In each country and city the details will vary, but the general outlines sketched above will remain applicable for nearly all.

When entering the lecture field W. Q. J. said to me, "by your mistakes you will learn." This goes on all the time. The results of my mistakes up to date may help others. In all lecture work, especially as a pioneer, confidence in the truth of your mission is essential. This will carry you through all difficulties. Get the precepts of the *Gîtâ* past the head and into the heart and they will be found a sure foundation. Act upon them and rely on them.

The work is the Master's, not ours. "Make failure and success alike," apparent failures are seen later to be the greatest successes. We are but agents for the Master and must continue acting.

When a town is entered be assured the work is all planned and awaits our coming, so we must plod along until it is found. Sometimes our own resources are exhausted before help is given, but it never fails.

BURCHAM HARDING.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

THE central office of this Society, at 77, Great Portland Street, London, W., is now furnished. It is open for enquirers between the hours of 2 and 6 p.m. every week-day, and the H. P. B. Lodge of the Society meets there on Mondays at 8.30 p.m., and on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. The Society holds Conversaziones on the first Saturday in each month at 3 p.m., at which members interchange ideas and discuss plans of work. All members should take an opportunity of visiting their central office, as it is of the utmost importance to clearly understand that this is no residential headquarters, but the common property of the whole Society.

Any spare books suitable for a theosophical library will be welcomed by the Secretary, who is desirous of establishing the nucleus of a library at the central office. The Treasurer is prepared to receive donations towards the support of the office and other necessary expenses.

* * *

The reäction from the period of silence following the recent crisis is now becoming evident all through the work. From all parts comes news of increased attendances at Lodge meetings, of growing interest, of fresh impulse among the workers. Numbers of applications for membership are being received by most of the Lodges, Brixton getting nine in a single week. The Bow Lodge is particularly active, and the future of the work in the East-end looks very promising. One of the members, Mr. William Jameson, has started a new Centre at Ilford, which is making excellent progress and helps to swell the meetings at Bow.

The H. P. B. Lodge proposes to summarize the results of its study and circulate it for the benefit of other Lodges. It is also suggested that other Lodges should do the same with their work, and so help to consolidate the movement by unity of thought and action.

A supply of books and pamphlets will shortly be on sale at the central office, with the permission of the President of the English Branch.

Mr. Sidney Coryn is now in a position to do a considerable amount of printing, so that some new pamphlets will shortly be prepared and

possibly some small books, in accordance with the demand which may arise.

An offer by the H. P. B. Lodge to coöperate in work has been rejected by the Blavatsky Lodge T. S. (Adyar), but cordially accepted by Harrogate.

A NEW MAGAZINE.

YET another magazine! H. P. B.'s first appearance in literature was when "Isis" was "Unveiled"; twenty years after an effort was made to show "Isis very much Unveiled" in quite a different way. And now, the latter having proved of little or no account, we are promised that "Isis" herself will speak through the magazine which will appear under that name next month (December, 1895).

Dr. H. A. W. Coryn will be the editor of the new venture, and it will be managed by our English brothers, the office being at Billiter Buildings, Billiter Street, London, E. C. Many subjects on which we are anxious to be informed will be dealt with by the writers, and we see every reason why *Isis*, which "aims at throwing all side-lights on Theosophy," should find favor with all those, theosophical students and others, to whom it is particularly addressed. The annual subscription is 6*s*. 6*d*. post free.

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THE public continue to take an active interest in the weekly meetings here, and the discussions are recovering some of their old fire and spontaneity. So long as we remember the essential of toleration we need fear no calamity. For Nature, who, by the way, had some time at her disposal to learn how, has methods of her own for softly bowling over the intolerant without our kind assistance.

The programme for the month is: Nov. 20th, *Spiritualism and Theosophy;* 27th, *The Unknown Regions of Soul;* Dec. 4th, "*Our Lost Others*"; 11th, *The Death of Occultism in Europe.*

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener.*

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Vol. IV. DECEMBER 15TH, 1895. No. 3.

The Irish Theosophist.

THE COMING OF THE CHRISTOS.

[I *Corinthians*, xv. 35-57.]

But someone will ask, "How are the dead ones* raised up, and with what sort of body do they come?" Thoughtless one, that which you sow is not made living unless it dies, and that which you sow, you do not sow the *body* which will come into being, but naked grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other (grain); but the Holy One† gives it a body just as has been determined, and to each of the things sown its own proper body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one (kind) of flesh of men, another of animals, another of fishes, and another of birds. And there are bodies in the Over-world,‡ and bodies in the Earth-world;§ but there is a certain radiance‖ of those in the Over-world, and a different radiance of those in the Earth-world; one radiance of the sun, another radiance of the moon, and another radiance of the stars—for star differs from star in radiance. Thus, also, is the resuscitation of the dead ones. It is sown in a destroying, raised in indestructibility; sown in a discarding, raised in radiance; sown in a weakening, raised in force; sown as a psychic body, raised as a Breath body.¶

* The question is put literally, referring to those who are dead in the ordinary sense; but the answer is a play upon the word, applying it in a mystic sense to those who are prisoned in the physical body.

† Gr. *theos*, God.

‡ Gr. *ouranoi*, skies; the world of the Gods.

§ Gr. *gaia*, Earth; here referring to the psychic world, or Earth as the bride of Ouranos, and mother of the Titans.

‖ Gr. *doxa*, shining, the aura. The sun, moon and stars refer to auric forces and centres.

¶ Before man, the "dead one," can regain his divine state, and be "born from above" in the self-shining spiritual body, he must destroy his passional nature and rise to the permanent part of his being; discarding material desires, he rises to the astral life, in the aura or "radiance"; then through a "weakening," a renunciation of psychic powers, he rises in the magical "force" (*dunamis*) of the Paraklētos, or the Holy Breath acting as the mediator (*Metatron*) between individual man and the One Self. The man whose only conscious life is in his physical body is "dead"; his

There is a psychic body, and there is a Breath body; hence it is written, "The first man, Adam, came into being in a psychic form,* the last Adam in a life-producing Breath."† Yet the Breath-form was not first, but the psychic; afterwards the Breath-form. The first man is of the Earth-world, of dust;‡ the second man, the Master, is from the Firmament. As dust, so also are they who are of dust; and as that which is in the Firmament, so also are they who are of the Firmament; and as we have worn the likeness of that which is of dust, we shall also wear the likeness of that which is of the Firmament. Now, I say this, brothers, Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Realm of the Holy One, nor does the destructible inherit the indestructible. Lo, I tell you a Mystery: though indeed we shall not all sleep, yet we shall all be transformed, in the Atom, in an out-flashing of an Eye, in the last trumpet-call.§ For a trumpet shall sound, and the dead ones shall be

resuscitation begins in the psychic and is perfected in the spiritual, in the "Breath Body" (or, pneumatic body, Gr. *pneumatikos*, from *pneuma*, breath). Compare *John*, iii. 5-8, "Unless one be born of water and of Breath he cannot enter into the Realm of the Holy One. That which has been born from the flesh is flesh, and that which has been born from the Breath is Breath. Marvel not that I said to you, 'You have to be born from above.' The Breath breathes where it wills, and you hear its Voice, but you know not whence it comes and where it goes. So is everyone who has been born from the Breath." In New Testament nomenclature the bodies in the three manifested worlds are termed respectively "carnal" (*sarkikos*), "psychic" (*psuchikos*), and "pneumatic" (*pneumatikos*).

* Gr. *psuchē*, the astral body.

† This quotation, if taken from *Genesis*, ii. 7, is either not literal, or is better rendered by Paulus than by the more modern translators.

‡ Gr. *choïkos*, loose earth or dust heaped up; here used metaphorically for cosmic dust, or astral substance.

§ By rendering *atomos* "moment," and *ripē* "twinkling," the translators of the authorized version have added to the obscurity of the "mystery" told in this passage. For *atomos*, "uncut," "that which is indivisible," never means "moment"; and though the lexicons give it this meaning *for the New Testament only*, the word does not appear in the New Testament anywhere save in the above passage. Nor is *ripē* found in the New Testament elsewhere than in this passage, where a peculiar meaning has been attributed to it. The word signifies primarily the impetus or force with which anything is thrown or hurled. The whole passage relates to the mystery of the projection of the pneumatic body from the "open eye" at the "last trumpet-call," that is, the last of the seven spiritual sounds heard in the mystic trance. Thus in John's *Revelation*, after the opening of the last of the "seven seals," "the seven messengers who had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound;" and when the seventh messenger sounded his trumpet "there were great voices in the Firmament, saying: 'The Realms of our Master, and of his Christos, have come into being; and he shall reign throughout the Life-cycles within the Life-cycles.'"

raised indestructible, and we ourselves shall be transformed. For this destroyed must enter into indestructibility, and this mortal* must enter into immortality. Now, when this destroyed shall have entered into indestructibility, and this mortal shall have entered into immortality, then shall be fulfilled the Word which is written: "Death is swallowed up in victory. Where, O Death, is your goad? Where, O Under-world, is your victory?" The goad of Death is failure, and the force of failure is the ritual.† But thanks be to the Holy One, who gives us the victory through our Master, Iēsous Christos.

[*Matthew*, xxiv. 1-31.]

And Iēsous went out, and was going from the temple-courts;‡ and his pupils came to him to point out to him the buildings of the temple-courts. But Iēsous said to them:

"Do you not see all these things? Amēn, I say to you, There shall not be left here one stone upon (another) stone that shall not be thrown down." §

And as he sat upon the Olive-tree Hill, the pupils came to him privately, saying:

"Tell us: when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of your presence,‖ and of the Assembly of the Perfect¶ of the Life-Cycle?"**

And Iēsous, answering, said to them:

"Beware lest anyone lead you in wandering ways: for many shall

* Or, more literally, "this which is dead."

† That is, through failure to attain to the Christos, man remains under the sway of Death, who reigns over the material world and the psychic world—the Under-world (*hadēs*); and illusions of ritualistic and conventional religion are the magical force (*dunamis*) of Death, the distortions of the True due to man's atrophied moral and psychic natures.

‡ The temple-enclosure (*hieros*) as distinguished from the temple proper (*naos*). Thus in I *Cor.*, iii. 17, "Know you not that you are the temple (*naos*) of the Holy One (*theos*), and the Breath of the Holy One dwells in you? If one destroys the temple of the Holy One, him the Holy One will destroy; for sacred is the Holy One's temple which you are."

§ The outer temple being a symbol of the Mysteries established among the people, the prediction has been fulfilled literally during the Christian cycle.

‖ Gr. *parousia*, the being present; but it may equally well mean the "coming" or "arrival."

¶ Gr. *sunteleia*, the Company of the Perfect (*teleioi*); the Gods or Initiates.

** Gr. *aiōn*, any definite cycle in life and time; in this passage referring to the 2,155 years' cycle which comes to an end within a few years of the present time.

come in my Name, saying, '*I* am the Christos,' and shall lead many in wandering ways. And you shall be about to hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that you are not alarmed, for all things must come into being; but the Perfecting-period* is not yet. For class shall rise against class, and realm against realm; and there shall be privations of food,† and epidemics, and earthquakes, according to places.‡ But all these things are a beginning of birth-pangs.§ Then shall they deliver you up to a hemming-in,‖ and make you wretched; and you shall be hated by all classes because of my Name. And then many shall be ensnared, and shall deliver up one another, and shall hate one another. And many falsely-inspired ones shall arise, and shall lead many in wandering ways. And because sorcery shall be prevalent the love of the multitude shall become cold; but he who stands firm until the Perfecting-period, that (man) shall be saved. And this good magic of the Realm shall be proclaimed in the whole inhabited world for a witness¶ to all peoples. And then shall come the Perfecting-period. When, therefore, you shall see the loathsomeness of depopulation** (spoken of by Daniel the soul-inspired one) standing in the holy place (he who reads, let him understand!) then let those who are in Ioudaia flee to the hills; let him who is on the housetop not go down to take the things out of his house; and let him who is in the field not turn back to take his cloak. But alas for those who are with child and for those who give suck in those days! And pray that your flight may not be in the winter, nor on the Sabbath. For then shall be a great hemming-in, such as there has not been from the beginning of the world until now; no, nor yet shall be. And unless those days had been shortened, all flesh could not have been saved; but

* Gr. *telos*, completion, making perfect, initiation in sacred Mysteries; a term applied by classical writers to the Eleusinian Mysteries. Here it denotes the period for the initiation of those who, during the Life-cycle, have risen above the physical and psychic worlds and attained conscious spiritual individuality.

† Not famines only, but also a scarcity of food among the poorer classes.

‡ Epidemics and seismic phenomena being due to changes taking place in the earth's aura.

§ The birth of the new cycle.

‖ The intensification of forces increasing the bitterness of the psychically unpurified portion of humanity against the few purified ones.

¶ To "bear witness" is to remind men in the material world of that which they already know in the world of souls, even when they are unable to correlate the two worlds.

** Or, "the abomination which depopulates"; as Neo-Malthusianism and kindred forms of sorcery, which destroy the "holy place," the "open eye," and cause spiritual death.

through the chosen ones those days shall be shortened. Then if anyone shall say to you, 'Lo, here is the Christos,' or, 'there,' do not accept it as true. For false Christoi and falsely-inspired ones shall arise, and shall give great signs and wonders, so as to lead into wandering ways, if possible, even the chosen ones. Lo, I have foretold it to you. If, therefore, they shall say to you, 'Lo, he is in the wilderness,' go not forth; 'Lo, he is in the treasure-vaults,' do not accept it as true. For as the gleam comes out from the sunrise and shines until the sunset, even so shall be the presence of the Son of Man.*

"Wheresoever the fallen body is, there shall the eagles be joined in combat. And immediately after the hemming-in of those days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from the Firmament, and the forces of the Over-world shall be vibrated.† And then shall be manifested the sign of the Son of Man in the Firmament; and then shall all the tribes of the Earth-world‡ mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of the Firmament with great force and radiance; and he shall send his messengers with the loud sound of a trumpet-call, and they shall gather together his chosen ones from the four Winds,§ from the one end of the Overworld to the other."

ARETAS.

* "Man" (*anthropos*) is a technical term for a manifestation of the Word (Logos) during a particular Life-cycle. Thus Valentinus says: "When God uttered a revelation of himself, this was called a Man." Each of these "Men," or Life-cycles, lasts approximately 2,155 years, or the twelfth of a sidereal year, and each has its "Messenger," or "Man sent forth from God." Thus, the measurements of the New Ierousalēm are given according to "the measure of a Man, that is, of the Messenger" (*Rev.* xxi. 17). The Æonology is concisely given in *John*, i. 1-7: "In the First (*archē*, the first of the Æons) the Word *was* (existed), and the Word was in relation to the Holy One (*theos*), and the Word was the Holy One. It was *he* who in the First stood in relation to the Holy One. All things came into being through him, and without him not a single thing came into being. That which came into being in him was Life; and the Life was the Light of the Men. . . . There was born into the world a Man sent forth from the Holy One; his name (was) Ioannes. *This* (Messenger) came for witness, that he might bear witness about the Light."

† The eagles are the usual glyph for the positive and negative forces (whether of man or of the Earth); and through their being brought into equilibrium the centres from which they emanate will be darkened, the forces then rising to the next higher world.

‡ The souls who are still unable to rise above the psychic world, having failed to attain emancipation during the Life-cycle.

§ Those souls of the four manifested hierarchies who have earned their emancipation and are entitled to become of the number of the Perfect.

A TRAP FOR A FRIEND.

NOT exactly a trap, though, even if a very valuable truth has allowed itself to be caught therein.

It happened after this wise. It had long been on my heart that something seemed to be missing in what was generally said about Masters and men, teachers and pupils, the Lodge and the "outsiders" —to use what we now know as the true mystic term of old.

Something was missing; though where exactly was not so easy to say. Was it merely my own thick-headedness, that failed to see what everybody else saw perfectly well? Very possible, for there is many a thing round us waiting for eyes to see it, nay, the whole of this most entertaining universe, preening its feathers, so to speak, in the impatient desire to be looked upon. But if so, I must out with my misgiving, and unburden my heart, even at the risk of being laughed at, to me most disagreeable of all things.

Or, on the other hand, was it that a good old truth had had so many good old followers since the good old days, that it had come to be covered with a good old crust of gnarled desuetude, and half pathetic, half humorous, was asking all the time that worthy people should hide it away where mother earth could gently draw it forth again from its shell and send it up as green grass along the meadows? Again, very possible. For many a poor truth gets so sorely encumbered by the barnacles of the great deep, so hidden under astral dust, and tangled by the webs of cosmic spiders, that its best hope is a temporary occultation—laid to rest in a weakening and destroying, and finding a joyful resurrection in indestructibility and force.

Or was it merely that whirling words were at fault; that the matter had not been expressed properly? This is perhaps likeliest of all; and mindful of many a talk where the best part of the conversation never got embodied in speech at all, but flew hither and thither, as on the wings of celestial butterflies, I think that here is the truest explanation of the want—whirling words were to blame.

Therefore, wishing to make matters clear, I asked the question about the holy Breath, and the teachers who were breathed on by it; about impersonal inspiration and inspired men. Was there a difference

in kind, or one in degree only between the unconscious prophet and the conscious sage? This was the trap to catch my friend.

And the valuable truth that allowed itself to be taken was this: "that all such inspiration comes from that source which we are agreed to call the Lodge or the Oversoul"; the inspiration of prophet and sage alike. Here, I think, one might draw a distinction. The Lodge and the Oversoul are not quite the same, one would say; the Lodge is the vesture of the Oversoul; the Oversoul is the holy Breath in the Lodge, and in the just men made perfect who are the Lodge. So that the real thing is not so much the vesture, as the impersonal Divinity that wears the vesture. Will my friend consent to this distinction?

Here one may say a word about that much-contested word "impersonal." As someone said the other day, there is much to be said for a personal God. On the contrary, I think there is far more to be said for impersonal man. The distinction is a difficult one to make clear, because it goes deep into the nature of the heart; but the truth about it seems to be something like this:

In our spiritual non-age, which may last a thousand ages, we believe entirely in our personalities, not only as real, but as the most real and valuable things in the whole universe, to which all things are to be subjected, as the Father subjected all things to the Son. But the best personality is a little thing, a weak thing, and no match at all for all the rest of the universe. So that, in our spiritual non-age, we have rather a bad time of it; our best victories still leave us full of apprehension and inward quaking; we have always a suspicion that fate and the other people do not really reverence our personal selves as much as they pretend to, but are perhaps inwardly laughing at us, which, as I said, is extremely disagreeable. So that, taking it all in all, our personalities don't have a very good time. And, if you think of it a moment, it is hardly possible that they should. For there are ever so many myriads of them, each one trying to get the better of all the others; and try as they will, all the mountains cannot be the highest in the world.

But then there is the other side of our nature, that is very willing to have only a fair share of well-being, along with all others; willing to admit a general well-being, harmoniously bountiful. Ready also to admit a general well-being for itself, not merely the gaining of a few little treasures in a few little lives, but something big, fruitful and enduring. And, with this, a sense of beauty rather than of beautiful things; of the true, rather than of truths particular. All this makes the big, heroic side of us, self-shining, eternal. And one cannot but

call it our impersonal Self. And, as no man, following it up, has ever managed to come to the end of it, or mark its limits, the Oversoul is called the universal, the divine.

For the most part, during our non-age, it is thwarted and kept in the background, hidden behind the octopus-personality, that must ever be grasping something and darkening counsel to make good its own retreat. But from time to time the personality goes to sleep, and the divine man does something generous or valorous or beautiful, which personality, awakening, instantly appropriates, printing its name barefacedly on the hero's title-page.

And these odd chances of the divine man, of the Oversoul, are, I think, the "inspirations" which have given us every good gift and every perfect gift, while personality slept; at the risk of having them instantly snatched up and twisted out of shape, when the anthropoid slumbers are over.

But at last personality has a thoroughly lucid interval, and nothing in its life becomes it like—the leaving of it. Then the impersonal Oversoul has his own impersonal turn, to be used wisely and all through the ages. At the beginning, not much to be seen, perhaps, because this works as slowly as the life that made the mountains. But in the end will be made manifest the perfect shining of the everlasting fire.

So that, after we have spiritually come of age—when we do—our inspirations will not be different in kind from all our lucid moments of generosity and beauty, but there will be a great difference nevertheless —the anthropoid personality will have entered his long rest. It was the Oversoul all the while; but now it is the Oversoul only; the Oversoul alone, lonely, pure.

So that we need not so much the Lodge as the Oversoul, not so much the adept as the divine shining that makes the adept; the divine shining that we recognize from its oneness with the dim star that burns within ourselves. Nothing that has form, nothing that is out of the Eternal, can help us.

C. J.

SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—V.

THE SOLAR BARK.

Having asked the Deity whither he was to sail? he was answered, "To the Gods."—BEROSUS.

THE soul is like a glad canoe
Upon a sea of sunlight gliding;
Though crystal sprays its course bedew
No sail is set, no hand is guiding.

What breeze could drive the solar boat?
What hand direct, where ways are boundless?
They swiftest go who peaceful float,
They wisest teach whose voice is soundless.

The spirit needs no outward sign,
Nor guiding star of earthly seeing;
It seeks no port save the divine,
The Gods, beyond the sea of Being.

ARETAS.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

By Æ. and Aretas.

(*Continued from p. 35.*)

Never is there day so gleaming
But the dusk o'ertakes it;
Never night so dark and dreaming
But the dawn awakes it:
And the soul has nights and days
In its own eternal ways.

II.

Cuchullain's Dream.

The air was cool with the coming of winter; but with the outer cold came the inner warmth of the sun, full of subtile vitality and strength. And the Ultonians had assembled to light the yearly fire in honor of the Sun-God, at the seven-days' feast of Samhain. There the warriors of Ulster rested by the sacred fire, gazing with closed eyes upon the changing colors of the sun-breath, catching glimpses of visions, or anon performing feats of magic when they felt the power stirring within their breasts. They sang the songs of old times, of the lands of the West, where their forefathers lived ere the earth-fires slew those lands, and the sea-waves buried them, leaving only Eri, the isle where dwelt men so holy that the earth-fires dared not to assail it, and the ocean stood at bay. Lightly the warriors juggled with their great weapons of glittering bronze; and each told of his deeds in battle and in the chase; but woe to him who boasted or spoke falsely, magnifying his prowess, for then would his sword angrily turn of itself in its scabbard, convicting him of untruth.

Cuchullain, youngest but mightiest of all the warriors, sat moodily apart, his beardless chin resting in the palms of his hands, his eyes staring fixedly at the mirror-like surface of the lake upon whose sloping bank he rested. Laeg, his charioteer, lying at full length upon the greensward near by, watched him intently, a gloomy shadow darkening his usually cheerful face.

"It's a woman's trick, that," he muttered to himself, "staring into the water when trying to see the country of the Sidhe, and unworthy of a warrior. And to think of him doing it, who used to have the

clearest sight, and had more power for wonder-working than anyone else in the lands of the West! Besides, he isn't seeing anything now, for all the help of the water. When last I went to the dun some women of the Sidhe told me they had looked up Cuchullain and found he was getting too dim-eyed to see anything clearly now, even in his sleep. It's true enough, but to hear it said even by women!"

And the discontented charioteer glanced back contemptuously at a group of women a short distance away, who were following with their eyes a flock of wild birds circling over the plain.

"I suppose they want those birds," he continued, conversing familiarly with himself. "It's the way of women to want everything they see, especially if it's something hard to catch, like those wild birds."

But Laeg's cynicism was not so deep as to keep his glance from lingering upon the bevy of graceful maidens and stately matrons. Their soft laughter reached his ear through the still evening air; and watching their animated gestures he idly speculated upon the plan he felt sure they were arranging.

"Yes; they want the birds. They wish to fasten the wings to their shoulders, to make themselves look like the women of the Sidhe. They know Cuchullain is the only man who can get the birds for them, but even Emer, his wife, is afraid to ask him. Of course they will coax that patient Ethné to do it. If she succeeds, she'll get no thanks; and if she fails, she'll have all the blame, and go off by herself to cry over the harsh words spoken by Cuchullain in his bad temper. That's the way of Ethné, poor girl."

He was right in his conjecture, for presently Ethné left the group and hesitatingly approached the giant warrior, who was still gazing vacantly at the glassy surface of the water. She touched him timidly on the shoulder. Slowly he raised his head, and still half dazed by his long staring, listened while she made her request. He rose to his feet sleepily, throwing out his brawny arms and expanding his chest as he cast a keen glance at the birds slowly circling near the ground.

"Those birds are not fit to eat," he said, turning to her with a good-natured smile.

"But we want the wings to put on our shoulders. It would be so good of you to get them for us," said Ethné in persuasive tones.

"If it's flying you wish to try," he said, with a laugh, "you'll need better wings than those. However, you shall have them if I can get within throwing distance of them."

He glanced around for Laeg. That far-seeing individual was already yoking the horses to the chariot. A moment later, Cuchullain

and the charioteer were dashing across the plain behind the galloping steeds. As they neared the birds, Cuchullain sent missiles at them from his sling with such incredible rapidity and certainty of aim that not one of the flock escaped. Each of the women was given two of the birds; but when Ethné, who had modestly held back when the others hurried forward to meet the returning chariot, came to receive her share, not one remained.

"As usual," said Laeg stolidly, "if anyone fails to get her portion of anything, it's sure to be Ethné."

"Too true," said Cuchullain, a look of compassion softening his stern features. He strode over to Ethné, and placing his hand gently on her head said: "Don't take your disappointment to heart, little woman; when any more birds come to the plains of Murthemney, I promise to get for you the most beautiful of them all."

"There's a fine brace of them now, flying towards us," exclaimed Laeg, pointing across the lake. "And I think I hear them singing. Queer birds, those; for I see a cord as of red gold between them."

Nearer and nearer swept the strange beings of the air, and as their weird melody reached the many Ultonians at the Samhain fire, the stalwart warriors, slender maidens, the youthful and the time-worn, all felt the spell and became as statues, silent, motionless, entranced. Alone the three at the chariot felt not the binding influence of the spell. Cuchullain quietly fitted a smooth pebble into his sling. Ethné looked appealingly at Laeg, in whose sagacity she greatly trusted. A faint twinkle of the eye was the only sign that betrayed the thought of the charioteer as he tried to return her glance with a look of quiet unconcern. She hastened after Cuchullain, who had taken his stand behind a great rock on the lake shore which concealed him from the approaching birds.

"Do not try to take them," she entreated; "there is some strange power about them which your eyes do not see; I feel it, and my heart is filled with dread."

The young warrior made no reply, but whirling his sling above his head sent the missile with terrific force at the two swan-like voyagers of the air. It went far astray, and splashed harmlessly into the lake, throwing up a fountain of spray. Cuchullain's face grew dark. Never before in war or the chase had he missed so easy a mark. Angrily he caught a javelin from his belt and hurled it at the birds, which had swerved from their course and were now flying swiftly away. It was a mighty cast, even for the strong arm of the mightiest warrior of Eri; and the javelin, glittering in the sun, was well on the downward curve

of its long flight, its force spent, when its point touched the wing of the nearest bird. A sphere of golden flame seemed to glitter about them as they turned downward and disappeared beneath the deep waters of the lake.

Cuchullain threw himself upon the ground, leaning his broad shoulders against the rock.

"Leave me," he said in sullen tones to Ethné; "my senses are dull with sleep from long watching at the Samhain fire. For the first time since I slew the hound of Culain my right arm has failed me. My eyes are clouded, and strange music murmurs in my heart."

His eyes closed, his heavy breathing was broken by sighs, and anguish distorted his features. Ethné watched him awhile, and then stole quietly back to where the warriors were, and said to them:

"Cuchullain lies slumbering by yonder rock, and he moans in his sleep as if the people of the Sidhe were reproaching his soul for some misdeed. I fear those birds that had the power behind them. Should we not waken him?"

But while they held council, and some were about to go and awaken him, Fergus mac Roy, foster-father of Cuchullain, arose, and all drew back in awe, for they saw the light of the Sun-God shining from his eyes, and his voice had the Druid ring as he said in stern tones of command:

"Touch him not, for he sees a vision; the people of the Sidhe are with him; and from the far distant past, even from the days of the sunken lands of the West, I see the hand of Fate reach out and grasp the warrior of Eri, to place him on a throne where he shall rule the souls of men."

. . . . . .

To Cuchullain it did not seem that he slept; for though his eyelids fell, his sight still rested on the calm surface of the lake, the shining sand on the shore, and the great brown rock against which he reclined. But whence came the two maidens who were walking toward him along the glistening sand? He gazed at them in speechless wonder; surely only in dreamland could so fair a vision be seen. In dreamland, yes; for a dim memory awoke in his breast that he had seen them before in the world of slumber. One wore a mantle of soft green, and her flaxen hair, strangely white but with a glint of gold, fell about her shoulders so thickly it seemed like a silken hood out of which looked a white face with gleaming violet eyes. The other maiden had dark brown eyes, very large, very luminous; her cheeks were rosy, with just a hint of bronzing by the sunshine, a dimple in her chin added to the effect of

her pouting red lips; her dark brown hair was unbound and falling loosely over her deep crimson mantle, which reached from her waist in five heavy folds. The recumbent warrior felt a weird spell upon him. Powerless to move or speak, he saw the two maidens advance and stand beside him, the sunlight gleaming upon their bare arms and bosoms. They smiled upon him and uplifted their arms, and then from their fingers there rained down upon him blinding lightnings, filaments of flame that stung like whipcords, a hail of rainbow sparks that benumbed him, darting flames that pierced him like javelins; and as he gazed upward through that storm of fire, writhing in his agony, he saw still their white arms waving to and fro, weaving a network of lightnings about him, their faces smiling upon him, serene and kindly; and in the eyes of her with the crimson mantle he read a tenderness all too human. Eyes that shone with tenderness; white arms that wove a rainbow-mesh of torturing fires about him; his anguish ever increasing, until he saw the arms stop waving, held for an instant aloft, and then swept downward with a torrent of flame and a mighty crash of sound like the spears of ten thousand warriors meeting in battle, and then—he was alone, staring with wide-open eyes at the blue, cloud-mirroring surface of the lake and the white sand gleaming on the shore.

. . . . . .

"Trouble me not with questions," said Cuchullain to the warriors gathered about him. "My limbs are benumbed and refuse to obey me. Bear me to my sick-bed at Tete Brece."

"Shall we not take you to Dun Imrish, or to Dun Delca, where you may be with Emer?" said they.

"No," he replied, a shudder convulsing his strong frame; "bear me to Tete Brece."

And when they had done so, he dwelt there for a year, and on his face was always the look of a slumberer who is dreaming; not once did he smile, nor did he speak one word during that year.

. . . . . .

When the soul has many lives
Fettered by forgetfulness,
Hands that burst its long-worn gyves
Cruel seem and pitiless.
Yet they come all tenderly,
Loved companions of the past;
And the sword that sets us free
Turns our pain to peace at last.

(*To be continued.*)

AUTONOMY; SOLIDARITY; CRITICISM.

THE subject of autonomy has come so prominently before the theosophical public of late, that perhaps the expression of a few thoughts upon the subject may not be out of place.

In one sense, there is no such thing as autonomy, pure and simple. It does not exist. There is only interaction and interdependence. In manifestation all things are dual, are polar, and in the maintenance of equilibrium or circulation, health consists. Most of our mistakes in thought and action would appear to have their rise in undue insistance upon one pole or mode of action.

Autonomy in local affairs is all very well. Only those conversant with the local *statu quo* can wisely administer. But in their bearing upon the body corporate, upon the Society at large, a wider view is required. This seems trite enough. Yet the fact is often lost sight of in a craze for autonomy, which is the direct result of reäction from the undue use of official authority, self-styled. The relation of parts to the whole appears in danger of being forgotten. Not any organized body, from the simple nucleated cell to the man or the nation, but requires a centre, a pivotal point, and this pivot relates it to the world exterior to it, whether that pivot be the nucleolus of the cell, the heart of the man, the head of the nation or the Manâsic entity known to the Dzyan as "the pivot" of the race. As a wheel without a hub, relying on its tire alone; as a sphere without its "holding centre"; as a star without its fiery heart, so are we without our wider relation and central point, for lack of which all alike must fall into chaos. The ideal of the Republic of the United States (not its present outcome) gives the true conception. A congeries of States, autonomous in all that relates to local action; federated and acting as one complex but united body in all federal affairs relating to the outside world and to the whole.

This brings us at once to the idea of solidarity. There can be no solidarity for an organized body, as such, if it does not elect, vivify and maintain a common centre. Nature has provided her own, her sole mode of action and reäction. From centre to circumference, from circumference to centre, the forces play. There is, as well, a rotatory force playing around the circumference as around the centre, but were this mode of action to prevail, were the action to and from the centre to cease, the body as such must, and would, fall apart. In the bodies of

man and of the universe, no one organ, no one planet, can separate itself from the body of which it is a part and declare its autonomy. The word, like all our words, is a limitation, and expresses a partial idea only. In the Theosophical Society, the officers should be the centres of their Branch; the central office and the journals are the natural centres of the Branches, the Executive, of these; a President of the whole should be the centre for that whole, and he, in his turn, were he able to follow universal analogy, would be centred in the greater brotherhood, which in turn has a celestial centre which we know not, but which we reach in our dreams.

It were well for each and all of us if we considered, in every act, its dual bearings, for every act has these. "How will this work affect my Branch?" to be followed by: "What is the relation of this work to the whole?" And the same in regard to our method of beginning a work. Let us consult, not alone our friends and comrades with whom our daily work is done, but also those more distant comrades, distant in time and space as men view these, but upon whom our work and the methods of that work may have their primary effect. The sense of proportion, the harmonious interaction of the whole, the equilibrated circulation in which alone *healthy life* is found to lie, would then govern our thoughts and deeds. A finer, higher light than ever radiates from the brain, is shed upon those who thus take the broader view of action. Give autonomy and solidarity or centrality (to coin a word) each their due place and await the result with confidence, whatever that may be. I say "whatever that may be," because our failures are often the means and triumphs of a law above the human, a law divine. A thinker wrote: "Too great heed for results is poisonous and has damned many a good cause." Let a man do his duty and leave the results to the Law. How much friction, how much wasted energy we might be saved, and by how much more the Theosophical Society might flourish if we—each one of us—had regard to these elementary facts. If in face of every thought and deed we were to ask: "Is it my present instant duty to think thus? Is it my immediate duty to do this?" These simple tests would keep us from the dangerous trick of meddling with the duty of another, of judging of the duty of that other. Heart-whole, single-minded, we should bend all our energies to the work entrusted to us by a wise Karma. By thus looking to our duty alone, both in the private and in the larger action, we do call upon higher powers; we do receive reply.

From these thoughts ensues naturally a consideration of that criticism which may make or mar our work. Criticism is of two orders:

destructive and constructive. The former employs analysis as its sole mode. The latter analyzes but to synthesize. Destructive criticism really has its rise in the comparison of the work of another with our own work. Mental bias, mental configuration, inclines each one of us to some especial form of work, some given mode of doing that work and a particular view of its importance and relation to the whole. With these we compare the work of another and in so far as it differs with them, in so far we find it faulty, unwise, useless. This failure to recognize other points of view; this failure to accept the fact that Universal Mind acts along all channels, and provides for evolutionary work at every point by impelling all manner of minds to all kinds of work, is the creeping paralysis of our Movement. Its slow chill gains upon us. Its victims are crying out everywhere. Great Nature has even her destructive agents and agencies, and their duty is their duty, and not yours or mine to-day. Yet great Nature destroys but to build anew, and follows destruction with construction, which wider Being equilibrates in the end.

Constructive criticism, on the other hand, springs from universal sympathy. Whatever mode it uses, we feel that sympathy underneath. If it points out a weak place in our plan it offers help as well. If it refuses assistance it does so because itself is inapt at our idea or our work, and not because worker and idea are alike judged as faulty and mistaken. Or it frankly confesses inability without harsh prejudice. We feel the true brotherhood of it because it is simple, frank, and not related to self, not self-centred. If it analyzes it synthesizes also, and it is further from passing judgment upon us or our idea than the star is set from the glow-worm. How foolish we are when we think we can justly judge that which we do not understand. Now want of sympathy with any idea *is* want of understanding of that idea. Can we doubt that, were we in the thinker's environment and had we his precise mental equipment, we should think as he does? And if we honestly cannot see good in his plan why not confine ourselves to the statement that our line of work and thought seems to us not to lie in that direction? Are we afraid his plan may work harm? This mere assumption condemns us as self-worshippers and hypocrites, for it denies that Karma is with him as with us. Who are we to judge of the universal relation of things? Let us simply set forth our own inadequacy, our own inability to join his work, and wish him God-speed in all good things. This vice of criticism has nipped more buds of hope and promise than all the frosts of the century. How many workers has it not paralyzed? From every point of the compass we hear of it. Every-

where are energies unused, hands idle because of it. Whatever work we begin, however faulty that work, if we commend it and its results to the Divine, that Divine will perfect our work, use it to Its own ends, find a better work for us to do. Let us, then, fear to traverse the Divine plan by paralyzing the impulse of another. Let us do our own work and refrain from the duty of another. Suspicion is the sword of criticism. Let us cast that sword away. Who has not seen able workers—both ourselves and others—neutralizing all their own good work by the blight they cast upon the work of their fellows which to them seemed not good? It is not enough to do good work. We should be the cause of good work in others. We should all in turn play the part of inspirers, of evolvers. He who is the cause of the inaction of another; he who hinders the work of another—even though the hindering arise from ignorance of Self and the motives of Self—does his own good work in vain, for he has killed the work of his other, his larger selves.

There is an early letter of Master K. H. to the London Lodge, in which it is written that we should not think we now work together for the first time. We have so worked before, and will so work again, and upon the degree in which we work fraternally and harmoniously now, will depend our being helped or hindered by one another in future lives. Oh, my brothers! Which of us is ready to serve as a stumbling-block from life to life? Were it not better to refrain, to err, if need be, rather by refraining than by blighting the true impulse of another? For if his plan be mistaken, his impulse is true. There is a way of conserving that impulse while helping to modify the plan. I have found that those who wish to work are glad to be helped to work wisely if they feel that your criticism is of a constructive and synthetic nature. It is sympathy which conserves solidarity in autonomy.

J. C. Keightley.

THE STUDY OF THEOSOPHY.

What the study of Theosophy or Divine Wisdom is to each individual, must be answered to each individual by himself.

A casual glance at human nature would seem to show this: from birth to death we pass through many experiences, which leave impressions on what might be called the mental atmosphere. These impressions are used by the mind, and form a veil through which we view life. Many pass through the same kind of experience, but we find very different results left on the nature; and the mind uses these

impressions, left by the same experience, in widely different ways. After observing this, it then becomes a matter of individual opinion whether or not it is advisable to take the trouble to find out things for oneself, or remain satisfied with opinions gleaned from the efforts of people more often than not of quite a different disposition to our own. This applies just as much to what the study of Theosophy is, as to anything else in life. Perhaps more so. Books can be read without bringing all our nature into action, but the study of Theosophy demands more than the reading of books. It is the study of life itself, of human nature, of ourselves.

The more we study nature, the deeper will be the meaning and the greater the light shed on the books we read. Unfortunately we are all so much taken up with puzzling over other people's opinions that we have no time to observe life acting in our own nature, although it is generally believed that first-hand evidence is best. We want to know something about ourselves, about life; but ourselves and life are the last sources from which we think of taking our information. We want facts; out of books, or from the lips of someone else. But facts are not in books. Only a record of them is found there. The facts themselves have their existence in life itself, and have to be taken from life if we would understand.

If we think for a moment what it is that decides for us what is true and what is untrue, we will find ourselves relying on the decision of something we know nothing at all about. This unknown something looks through a veil of mental impressions, and the view we take of these impressions depends largely on the predominant quality giving a ruling tendency to the nature. The same qualities are in every human being, but expressed in different degrees. It then remains with us to find out whether we can change the degrees of these qualities. If we can, then the question of decision is anything but one we can dogmatize about.

To the mysteries of life there are many doors. They are opened or closed according to the will and attitude of the individual. Those who have opened them, and passed through, have left behind them keys. Each one must open the doors for himself because the life behind those portals requires the strength to turn the keys. One of the keys is toleration. The strength to turn it is gained by its practice in daily life. It develops by realizing that the opinions of others are of as much value as our own. Those who have given some attention to the riddle of the Egyptian Sphinx, "Know thyself," find this key easier to turn. Even a little self-knowledge clears away many obstacles, and

has a tendency to develop toleration. It clearly shows that no one but ourselves is responsible for our lack of knowledge; that other people's stupidity is but too often a reflection of our own ignorance, and that criticism reveals our own nature to an extent we but dimly realize.

Toleration is like a lamp of the mind. When we light it, instead of condemning what we do not believe or understand, its rays enable us to observe that an aspect of the Divine Life is placed before us. No matter how much we may condemn, jeer or ridicule, we cannot crush out of existence what does exist. What we believe and praise, what we condemn and think untrue, are both representations of a great mystery; and while the mind condemns anything it but reflects the opinion of a very small part upon a very large whole—something like an apple giving forth its views on the universe while remaining ignorant of the branch on which it grows.

Theosophy points out the way in which we may arrive at a truer standpoint of decision. The first step towards that end is to possess an open mind. Until we possess this we are not capable of giving a just amount of study to the things our natures are opposed to, and in the study of Theosophy everything has its place. And if one thing is left out of consideration it will be impossible to have a true conception of that of which it forms a part.

It is not what we *want* to believe that is true, but what *is*, whether we like it or not. So before the study of Theosophy can give us the light we seek, our minds must be in an attitude to reflect the truth Theosophy contains. Our minds must rise above our petty personal way of rejecting what does not suit us and accepting only what we think pleasant.

A. P. D.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

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Workers pass on and leave their places filled. The inspiring presence in the Irish group of our American brother is now to be withdrawn, as he has yet greater work before him in the West. May the deep bond between us never be broken, and may our efforts be redoubled to carry on a movement which has among its workers genuine Companions like Jas. M. Pryse.

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The Irish Theosophist.

GREETING!

READERS, friends, comrades, I send you greeting. For most, if not all of us, 1895 was indeed an eventful year. Great issues were at stake; but the result, if not yet fully realized, is at least known to you in part. The peculiar circumstances and events, prior to our reörganization, were dwelt with fully and as seemed necessary at the time. Since then, however, we have passed through a period of comparative silence. The work, though quiet, has, nevertheless, been steady and continued. Our old ship has weathered many a storm, and at such times we do not fear. It is when she seems in danger of being becalmed that we forget to wait on the return of the wind.

If I asked you what lies nearest to your hearts, you would answer, "the work." You think often of how best to help it forward, and regret your inability to do more. You feel you have energy and zeal, but doubt if you are directing it to the best advantage—there is so little apparently to show for it. And yet, what can anyone tell you but to do the best you can (and perhaps that is more than you think) and trouble not about results? Opportunities occur daily, momentarily; do you think you see them all, and wonder why you cannot do more? Think again, before you reply. More methods of work have been suggested than can be made use of.

Is it not clear, then, that the true theosophical life is not something apart from affairs of home or of business? No need, surely, to wait for the weekly meeting, or, it maybe, *The Secret Doctrine* class? *Feel* what is true, and rely on that at every moment; sustain it with a strong conviction, unobtrusively, and without any unnecessary dissipation of energy.

We are all engaged in this work, and yet sometimes because we overlook this close relationship, friction arises. This shows the need for a large toleration and tact always. Should we not refuse to take

offence at anything connected with our work, from one another? There is often a readiness to make suggestions about work, without considering their bearing on the methods being pursued; and when they are not immediately acted upon, the one from whom the suggestion comes gets, not unnaturally, disheartened. In all such cases the error may be traced to want of a due regard to one's own duties, and too much concern about the duties of others. We should not be too sensitive to the criticism of a comrade. Is it not sometimes, if not always, safer than approbation? Remember the "little foxes" are never far away, and you know, all of you, what most readily allures them.

Comrades, let us take a long, strong pull together, that will last through 1896—and after. Built strongly from within, harmony and peace prevailing there, what might we not accomplish in this work so dear to our hearts? In the midst of the late storm, I received a letter from the one around whom it raged so fiercely, in which occurred the following sentence: "Look not on life as a grey mist, but rather as a bright, opalescent air, wherein the buildings of the future may be seen shining far away, but not indistinctly." It is significant. Listen to the march of the future, and go forward undaunted.

D. N. D.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

Many are the voices that entreat and warn those who would live the life of the Magi. It is well they should speak. They are voices of the wise. But after having listened and pondered, oh, that someone would arise and shout into our souls how much more fatal it is to refrain. For we miss to hear the fairy tale of time, the æonian chant radiant with light and color which the spirit prolongs. The warnings are not for those who stay at home, but for those who adventure abroad. They constitute an invitation to enter the mysteries. We study and think these things were well in the happy prime and will be again in the years to come. But not yesterday only or to-morrow—to-day, to-day burns in the heart the fire which made mighty the heroes of old. And in what future will be born the powers which are not quick in the present? It will never be a matter of greater ease to enter the path, though we may well have the stimulus of greater despair. For this and that there are times and seasons, but for the highest it is always the hour. The eternal beauty does not pale because its shadow trails over slime and corruption. It is always present beneath the faded mould whereon our lives are spent. Still the old mysterious glimmer

from mountain and cave allures, and the golden gleams divide and descend on us from the haunts of the Gods.

The dark age is our darkness and not the darkness of life. It is not well for us who in the beginning came forth with the wonder-light about us, that it should have turned in us to darkness, the song of life be dumb. We close our eyes from the many-colored mirage of day, and are alone soundless and sightless in the unillumined cell of the brain. But there are thoughts that shine, impulses born of fire. Still there are moments when the prison world reels away a distant shadow, and the inner chamber of clay fills full with fiery visions. We choose from the traditions of the past some symbol of our greatness, and seem again the Titans or Morning Stars of the prime. In this self-conception lies the secret of life, the way of escape and return. We have imagined ourselves into forgetfulness, into darkness, into feebleness. From this strange and pitiful dream of life, oh, that we may awaken and know ourselves once again.

But the student too often turns to books, to the words sent back to him, forgetful that the best of scriptures do no more than stand as symbols. We hear too much of study, as if the wisdom of life and ethics could be learned like a ritual, and of their application to this and that ephemeral pursuit. But from the Golden One, the child of the divine, comes a voice to its shadow. It is stranger to our world, aloof from our ambitions, with a destiny not here to be fulfilled. It says: "You are of dust while I am robed in opalescent airs. You dwell in houses of clay, I in a temple not made by hands. I will not go with thee, but thou must come with me." And not alone is the form of the divine aloof but the spirit behind the form. It is called the Goal truly, but it has no ending. It is the Comforter, but it waves away our joys and hopes like the angel with the flaming sword. Though it is the Resting-place, it stirs to all heroic strife, to outgoing, to conquest. It is the Friend indeed, but it will not yield to our desires. Is it this strange, unfathomable self we think to know, and awaken to, by what is written, or by study of it as so many planes of consciousness. But in vain we store the upper chambers of the mind with such quaint furniture of thought. No archangel makes his abode therein. They abide only in the shining. How different from academic psychology of the past, with its dry enumeration of faculties, reason, cognition and so forth, is the burning thing we know. We revolted from that, but we must take care lest we teach in another way a catalogue of things equally unliving to us. The plain truth is, that after having learned what is taught about the hierarchies and various spheres, many of us

are still in this world exactly where we were before. If we speak our laboriously-acquired information we are listened to in amazement. It sounds so learned, so intellectual, there must needs be applause. But by-and-bye someone comes with quiet voice, who without pretence speaks of the "soul" and uses familiar words, and the listeners drink deep, and pay the applause of silence and long remembrance and sustained after-endeavor. Our failure lies in this, we would use the powers of soul and we have not yet become the soul. None but the wise one himself could bend the bow of Ulysses. We cannot communicate more of the true than we ourselves *know*. It is better to have a little knowledge and know that little than to have only hearsay of myriads of Gods. So I say, lay down your books for a while and try the magic of thought. "What a man thinks, that he is; that is the old secret." I utter, I know, but a partial voice of the soul with many needs. But I say, forget for a while that you are student, forget your name and time. Think of yourself within as the Titan, the Demi-god, the flaming hero with the form of beauty, the heart of love. And of those divine spheres forget the nomenclature; think rather of them as the places of a great childhood you now return to, these homes no longer ours. In some moment of more complete imagination the thought-born may go forth and look on the olden Beauty. So it was in the mysteries long ago and may well be to-day. The poor dead shadow was laid to sleep in forgotten darkness, as the fiery power, mounting from heart to head, went forth in radiance. Not then did it rest, nor ought we. The dim worlds dropped behind it, the lights of earth disappeared as it neared the heights of the Immortals. There was One seated on a throne, One dark and bright with ethereal glory. It arose in greeting. The radiant figure laid its head against the breast which grew suddenly golden, and father and son vanished in that which has no place nor name.

Æ.

Wonderful verse of the Gods,
  Of one import, of varied tone;
They chant the bliss of their abodes
  To man imprisoned in his own.

Ever the words of the Gods resound;
  But the porches of man's ear
Seldom in this low life's round
  Are unsealed, that he may hear.—EMERSON.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students.]

VII.

"THE Masters have written that we are all bound together in one living whole. Hence the thoughts and acts of one reäct upon all.

"Experience has shown that it is true, as said by Masters, that any sincere member in any town can help the T. S. and benefit his fellow-townsmen. It is not high learning that is needed, but solely devotion to humanity, faith in Masters, in the Higher Self, a comprehension of the fundamental truths of Theosophy and a little, only a little sincere attempt to present those fundamental truths to a people who are in desperate need of them. That attempt should be continuous. No vain striving to preach or prove phenomena will be of any value, for, as again Masters have written, one phenomenon demands another and another.

"What the people want is a practical solution of the troubles besetting us, and that solution you have in Theosophy. Will you not try to give it to them more and more and save —— from the slough it is in?

"I would distinctly draw your attention to Brother ——. There is not that complete sympathy and toleration between him and you there ought to be, and for the sake of the work it should be otherwise. You may say it is his fault. It is not wholly, for you must also be somewhat to blame, if not in this life then from another past one. Can you deny that for a long period he has held up the Branch there? For if he had not it would have died out, even though you also were necessary agents.

"Have any of you had unkind or revengeful feelings to him? If so, ought you not to at once drive them out of your hearts. For I swear to you on my life that if you have been troubled or unfortunate it is by the reäction from such or similar thoughts about him or others. Drive them all out of your hearts, and present such kindness and brotherliness to him that he shall, by the force of your living kindness, be drawn into full unity and coöperation with you.

"Discussion or proofs to show that you are all right and he wrong avail nothing. We are none of us ever in the right, there is always that in us that causes another to offend. The only discussion should be to the end that you may find out how to present to the world in your district one simple, solid, united front.

"As to the expression "seeing sounds," this you understand, of course, so far as the statement goes. It records the fact that at one time the vibrations which cause a sound now were then capable of making a picture, and this they do yet on the astral plane."

"I am sorry to hear that you are passing through what you mention. Yet you knew that it would have to come, and one learns, and the purpose of life is to learn. It is all made up of learning. So though it is hard it is well to accept it, as you say.

"Do you know what it is to resist without resistance?

"That means, among many other things, that too great an expenditure of strength, of 'fortitude,' is not wise. If one fights one is drawn into the swirl of events and thoughts, instead of leaning back on the great ocean of the Self which is never moved. Now you see that, so lean back and look on at the ebb and flow of life that washes to our feet and away again many things that are not easy to lose or pleasant to welcome. Yet they all belong to Life, to the Self. The wise man has no personal possessions."

"In reply to your question—Neither the general law nor the Lodge interferes to neutralize the effect of strain upon the disciple's physical energies when caused by undue exertion or want of regularity, except in certain cases. Hence the Theosophist is bound to see that his arrangement of hours for sleep, work and recreation, are properly arranged and adjusted, as he has no right to so live as to break himself down, and thus deprive the cause he works for of a useful and necessary instrument.

"Your friend's energies have been disarranged and somewhat exhausted by irregularities as to rest and recreation, since work has been hard and the required rest—whether asleep or awake—has not been had. This causes excitement which will (or has) reäct in many different ways in the system and upon the organs. It causes mental excitement which again raises other disturbance. He, like anyone else, should take measures so as to insure regularity as to rest, so that what work he does shall be better and the present excitement subside in the system. It is not wise to remain up late unless for good purposes, and it is not that to merely remain with others to late hours when nothing good or necessary can be accomplished. Besides other reasons, that is a good one.

"Excitement is heat; if heat be applied to heat, more is produced. Coolness must be applied so as to create an equilibrium. This applies in that case, and the establishment of regularity in the matter of rest

is the application of coolness. Second, the various exciting and 'wrongful' acts or thoughts of others are heat; coolness is to be produced by discharging the mind of those and *ceasing to refer to them in words*, otherwise the engendered heat will continue. It is needless to refer to reasons resting on the points of conduct and example, for those anyone is capable of finding and applying.

"As there is no hurry, it is easy to divest the mind of anxiety and the irritation arising from hurry. Again, comparison of one's own work or ways of doing things better than others is wrong and also productive of the heat above spoken of."

"I know that his absence is a loss to you, but I think if you will regard all things and events as being in the Self and It in them, making yourself a part of the whole, you will see there is no real cause for sorrow or fear. Try to realize this and thus gain confidence and even joy."

"It is true that day by day the effect of my philosophy is more apparent on me, as yours is and will be on you, and so with us all. I see it myself, let alone all I hear of it from others. What a world and what a life! Yet we are born alone and must die alone, except that in the Eternal Space all are one, and the One Reality never dies.

"If ambition slowly creeps up higher and higher it will destroy all things, for the foundations will be weak. In the end the Master will win, so let us breathe deep and hold fast there, as we are. And let us hurry nothing. Eternity is here all the time. I cannot tell you how my heart turns to you all. You know this, but a single word will do it: Trust. That was what H. P. B. said. Did she not know? Who is greater than our old and valiant 'old lady'? Ah, were she here, what a carnage! Wonder, anyhow, how he, or she, or it looks at the matter? Smiling, I suppose, at all our struggles. Again, in storm and shine, in heat and cold, near or afar, among friends or foes, the same in One Work."

"Am very sorry to hear that your health is not good. In reply to your question: A sound body is *not* expected, because our race is unsound everywhere. It is Karma. Of course a correct mental and moral position will *at last* bring a sound body, but the process may, and often does, involve sickness. Hence sickness may be a blessing on two planes: (1) the mental and moral by opening the nature, and (2) on the physical as being the discharge into this plane of an inner sickness of the inner being."

SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—VI.

THE MAGI.

The mountain was filled with the hosts of the Tuatha de Danaan.—*Old Celtic Poem.*

SEE where the auras from the olden fountain
Starward aspire;
The sacred sign upon the holy mountain
Shines in white fire:
Waving and flaming yonder o'er the snows
The diamond light
Melts into silver or to sapphire glows
Night beyond night;
And from the heaven of heavens descends on earth
A dew divine.
Come, let us mingle in the starry mirth
Around the shrine!
Enchantress, mighty mother, to our home
In thee we press,
Thrilled by thy fiery breath and wrapt in some
Vast tenderness.
The homeward birds uncertain o'er their nest
Wheel in the dome,
Fraught with dim dreams of more enraptured rest,
Another home.
But gather ye to whose undarkened eyes
The night is day:
Leap forth, Immortals, Birds of Paradise,
In bright array
Robed like the shining tresses of the sun;
And by his name
Call from his haunt divine the ancient one
Our Father Flame.
Aye, from the wonder-light that wraps the star,
Come now, come now;
Sun-breathing Dragon, ray thy lights afar,
Thy children bow;

Hush with more awe the breath; the bright-browed races
Are nothing worth
By those dread gods from out whose awful faces
The earth looks forth
Infinite pity, set in calm; their vision cast
Adown the years
Beholds how beauty burns away at last
Their children's tears.
Now while our hearts the ancient quietness
Floods with its tide,
The things of air and fire and height no less
In it abide;
And from their wanderings over sea and shore
They rise as one
Unto the vastness and with us adore
The midnight sun;
And enter the innumerable All,
And shine like gold,
And starlike gleam in the immortals' hall,
The heavenly fold,
And drink the sun-breaths from the mother's lips
Awhile—and then
Fail from the light and drop in dark eclipse
To earth again,
Roaming along by heaven-hid promontory
And valley dim,
Weaving a phantom image of the glory
They knew in Him.
Out of the fulness flow the winds, their song
Is heard no more,
Or hardly breathes a mystic sound along
The dreamy shore:
Blindly they move unknowing as in trance,
Their wandering
Is half with us, and half an inner dance
Led by the King.

Æ.

THE STUDY OF THEOSOPHY.

(*Concluded from p. 60.*)

To help us, theosophical works have divided man, metaphorically speaking, into seven principles: Atmâ, Buddhi, Manas or mind, Kama or emotional nature, Prana, astral body and physical body. These are names given to the different parts of man's nature, but they will not be understood if we *only* burn midnight oil reading books which remind us of the nature we possess. We must follow the action of the different principles themselves in our nature, if we want to place ourselves in the position of KNOWING whether the statements in the books are true or not. It is the *how* of attaining knowledge of life that has been taught by all great teachers in every age. But it is only by using the keys they leave that the life and knowledge they speak of can be known.

The practice of ethics, no matter what name is given to the particular teaching, brings out the same qualities and forces in human beings. If we take people professing different religions, and place them side by side, we will find that the only difference between them is the name of the religion. They are all human beings. Hatred, hypocrisy, love and generosity, form part of what we call human nature, and will show themselves no matter what religion is professed. It is only when a wider view is realized, which takes human nature as a whole, that the feeling of Brotherhood without distinction of race, creed, caste, sex or color becomes possible. The seven principles have been given different names in different philosophies, but the names make no difference to the principles themselves. They remain what they are, they act according to their own laws, quite regardless of what human beings call them. What is of importance is the principles themselves, the possibility of knowing something about them, and whether their study will in any way throw light on the mystery of existence. Also whether the absence of knowledge about them does not add greatly to the sum of human misery. Everyone knows the forces of anger, envy, hatred, selfishness. They belong to what is called in Theosophy the lower part of man's nature. The effect of these in life is only too evident. They surround us with our slums. They surround us with vice, crime, misery and sorrow; but if the forces did not control our minds the outward effects could not be there. They also have a contracting effect on the mind, and a contracted mind does not view life from quite the same standpoint as an expansive one.

Theosophy reminds us of the godlike power we have within, the power which makes us masters of these forces and not their slaves. But at present these forces are allowed to control us, while we *read* of the results known to those who have controlled the forces, expecting to understand; and if we do not, they are denounced as being absurd and untrue. The power and the knowledge is gained by those who have self-control and is only known to those—not to the people who read the results and argue about their truth. We are told if we would become wise we must plant the seed of unselfishness. When the seed expands and grows into the flower we will possess, in our own being, proofs of what unselfishness is able to recognize on that plane of consciousness where the sense of separateness does not exist.

Our predominant qualities, then, become of some importance in the study of Theosophy. So long as we do not want to give up personal desires, so long as we strive for the things that make this life pleasant, we will remain in the state of consciousness resulting from that standpoint. The attitude of continually deciding and judging from the small part of life we are able to perceive, has a tendency to keep all knowledge of what lies beyond out of our way.

Suppose we imagine a number of dewdrops, each only conscious of itself as a dewdrop. Looking outwards they will each see many glittering gems resembling themselves. No doubt some are grieved because their companions are placed on rosebuds, while they are on blades of grass. By-and-bye the sun shines and the dewdrops disappear. Not having expanded their consciousness beyond that of a dewdrop they cannot reflect more of life than can be contained in a dewdrop. But if instead of looking outwards they had looked inwards, and tried to understand their own nature, they would have expanded their consciousness into that of water, which has a much wider consciousness than a single dewdrop. They would then know that all dewdrops were the same in essence. One human being crushing out the sense of separateness is like the dewdrop looking inwards to its own nature. The forces which make up the personalities are universal, but we as personalities identify a small part with the feeling of "I," and so shut ourselves out from the wider consciousness in which the personalities are contained. It is the effect that all these forces have upon the intellect that is of the first importance in the study of Theosophy, because until we know something about them we are inclined to become dogmatic and to attach great importance to what "I" think. And it is only when this "I" sinks into a very small space indeed that the mind becomes free to observe, or awaken consciousness of, a larger

life. It is the absence of the study of life, and of ourselves, that keeps us from realizing our own weakness and our powers. Such study develops the necessary qualities for attaining wisdom, and the greatest one of all, *sympathy*. Then sympathy is given, not from the heights of our own superiority, but from the knowledge and heartfelt realization of that which calls it forth.

We are not told that wisdom is gleaned from a path of roses. Long before the goal is reached a wreath of thorns will be placed upon the brow. But it will be upon the brow of a godlike being, through whose heart divine compassion flows. A. P. D.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

By Æ. and Aretas.

(*Continued from p. 54.*)

What shadows turn his eyes away
Who fain would scale the heavenly heights;
There shines the beauty of a day,
And there the ancient Light of Lights.

And while he broods on visions dim
And grows forgetful of his fate,
The chariot of the Sun for him
And all the tribal stars await.

III.

The Slumber of Cuchullain, and the Message of Angus.

Within the door at Tete Brece, under the shadow of the thatch, the couch of Cuchullain was placed, so that if he willed he could gaze over the rich green fields to the distant rim of blue hills. Yet rarely opened he his eyes or gazed with outward understanding during that weary year. Often the watchers round his bed, looking on the white rigid face, wondered if he were indeed living. But they dared not awaken him, for the seers had found that his slumber was filled with mystic life, and that it was not lawful to call him forth. Was the gloom of the great warrior because he was but the shadow of his former self, or was that pale form indeed empty? So pondered Fergus, Conail, Lugard and Ethné, faithful companions. But he in himself was wrapped in a mist of visions appearing fast and vanishing faster. The fiery hands that smote him had done their work well, and his darkness had become bright with remembrance. The majesty of elder years swept by him with reproachful glance, and the hero cowered before the

greatness of his own past. Born out of the womb of the earth long ago in the fulness of power—what shadow had dimmed his beauty? He tracked and retraced countless steps. Once more he held sceptred sway over races long since in oblivion. He passed beyond the common way until the powers of the vast knew and obeyed him. As he looked back there was one always with him. Lu, the Sun-God, who in the bright days of childhood had appeared to him as his little feet ran from home in search for adventures. Remote and dim, nigh and radiant, he was always there. In solemn initiations in crypts beneath the giant hills he rose up, gemmed and starred with living fires, and grew one with the God, and away, away with him he passed into the lands of the immortals, or waged wars more than human, when from the buried lands of the past first came the heroes eastward to Eri and found the terrible Fomorian enchanters dwelling in the sacred isle. In dream Cuchullain saw the earth-scorning warriors rise up and wage their battles in the bright æther, and the great Sun-Chieftain, shining like gold, lead his glittering hosts. In mountainous multitudes the giantesque phantoms reeled to and fro, their mighty forms wreathed in streams of flame, while the stars paled and shuddered as they fought.

There was yet another face, another form, often beside him; whispering, luring, calling him away to he knew not what wild freedom. It was the phantom form of the child of Aed Abrait, with dark flowing tresses, mystic eyes, her face breathing the sweetness of the sun, with all the old nobility of earth, but elate and apart, as one who had been in the crystal spheres of the unseen and bathed in its immortalizing rivers and drunk the starry dews.

"Come, Cu. Come, O hero," she whispered. "There are fiery fountains of life which will renew thee. We will go where the Sidhe dwell, where the golden life-breath flows up from the mountains in a dazzling radiance to the ever-shining regions of azure and pearl under the stars. Glad is everything that lives in that place. Come, Cu, come away." And she passed from beside him with face half turned, calling, beckoning, till in his madness he forget the bright Sun-God and the warriors of Eri awaiting his guidance.

. . . . . .

It was again the feast of Samhain. About twilight in the evening a shadow darkened the door. A man in a blue mantle stood outside; he did not enter but looked around him a little while and then sat down, laughing softly to himself. Fergus, Conail and Lugard rose simultaneously, glad of the pretence of warning off the intruder as a relief from their monotonous watch.

"Do you not know," said Conail sternly, "that one lies ill here who must not be disturbed?"

The stranger arose.

"I will tell you a tale," he said. "As I was strolling through the trees I saw a radiance shining around the dun, and I saw one floating in that light like a mighty pillar of fire, or bronze ruddy and golden: a child of the Sun he seemed; the living fires curled about him and rayed from his head. He looked to the north and to the west, to the south and to the east, and over all Eri he shot his fiery breaths rainbow-colored, and the dark grew light before him where he gazed. Indeed if he who lies here were well he would be mightiest among your warriors. But I think that now he clasps hands with the heroes of the Sidhe as well, and with Druid power protects the Ultonians. I feel happy to be beside him."

"It is Lu Lamfada guarding the hero. Now his destiny will draw nigh to him again," thought Cu's companions, and they welcomed the stranger.

"I see why he lies here so still," he continued, his voice strange like one who is inspired while he speaks. "The Sidhe looked out from their mountains. They saw a hero asleep. They saw a God forgetful. They stirred him to shame by the hands of women. They showed him the past. They said to Fand and Liban, 'Awake him. Bring him to us. Let him come on the night of Samhain.' They showed the chosen one from afar, in a vision while hid in their mountains. The Tuatha de Danaans, the immortals, wish for Cuchullain to aid them. The daughters of Aed Abrait are their messengers. If Fand and Liban were here they would restore the hero."

"Who are you?" asked Laeg, who had joined them.

"I am Angus, son of Aed Abrait." While he spoke his form quivered like a smoke, twinkling in misty indistinctness in the blue twilight, and then vanished before their eyes.

"I wonder now," muttered Laeg to himself, "if he was sent by the Sidhe, or by Liban and Fand only. When one has to deal with women everything is uncertain. Fand trusts more in her beauty to arouse him than in her message. I have seen her shadow twenty times cooing about him. It is all an excuse for love-making with her. It is just like a woman. Anything, however, would be better for him than to lie in bed." He went off to join the others. Cuchullain was sitting up and was telling the story of what happened last Samhain.

"What should I do?" he asked.

"Go to the wise King," said Laeg, and so they all advised, for ever

since the day when he was crowned, and the Druids had touched him with fire, a light of wisdom shone about Concobar the King.

"I think you should go to the rock where the women of the Sidhe appeared to you," said Concobar when appealed to.

So Laeg made ready the chariot and drove to the tarn. Night came ere they reached it, but the moon showed full and brilliant. Laeg waited a little way apart, while Cuchullain sat himself in the black shadow of the rock. As the warrior gazed into the dark, star-speckled surface of the waters, a brightness and a mist gathered over them, and there, standing with her robe of green down-dropping to her feet and trailing on the wave, her pale flaxen hair blown around her head, was Liban. She smiled strangely as before, looking through him with her subtle eyes.

"I am one of the Sidhe," she said, and her voice sounded like a murmur of the water. "You also, O warrior, though forgetful, are one of us. We did not indeed come to injure you, but to awaken remembrance. For now the wild clouds of demons gather from the neighboring isles and we wish your aid. Your strength will come back to you exultant as of old. Come with me, warrior. You will have great companions. Labraid, who wields the rapid fires as you the sword, and Fand, who has laid aside her Druid wisdom longing for you."

"Whither must I go with you, strange woman?" asked Cuchullain.

"To Mag-Mell."

"I will send Laeg with you," said Cuchullain. I do not care to go to an unknown place while I have my duties here." He then went to Laeg, asking him to go with Liban.

"He is longing to go," thought Laeg, "but he mistrusts his power to get away. He has forgotten all he knew and did not wish to appear nothing before a woman. However, it can do no harm if I go and see what they do."

. . . . . .

Oh, marvel not if in our tale
The gleaming figures come and go,
More mystic splendors shine and pale
Than in an age outworn we know.

Their ignorance to us were wise:
Their sins our virtue would outshine:
A glory passed before their eyes:
We hardly dream of the divine.

(To be continued.)

RAJPUT AND BRAHMAN.

From the Brhad-Aranyaka Upanishad.

Aruna's grandson Shvetaketu came to the gathering of the Panchâlas. He came to Pravâhana the son of Jîbala, in the midst of his followers.

Looking up at him, he said: "Youth," said he.

"Master," he replied.

"Have you received from your father the traditional teaching?"

"Yes," said he.

"Do you know how these beings, on going forth, separate, and go on in different directions?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know how they enter this world again?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know why the other world is not filled too full by the multitudes that ever go forth?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know after what offering is offered, the waters, becoming man-voiced, stand up together and speak?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know the treading of the path, the way of the Gods or the way of the Fathers? Or through doing what, they tread the path of the Gods or the path of the Fathers? For the saying of the seer has been heard of by us:

"'Two goings have I heard—of the Fathers and of the Gods—for mortals going hence.

"'By these two all that moves here goes, whatever is between Father and Mother.'"

"No; I do not know even one of these," said he.

Thereupon he offered to him to dwell with him; but the youth, not listening to his offer, ran away. He came to his father and said to him:

"Did you not tell me before, Master, that I had received the traditional teaching?"

"Well, what now, wise youth," said he.

"Five questions that Rajput fellow has asked me, and I do not know a single one of them!"

"What were they?" said he.

He repeated the questions.

But he said to him: "You know us, dear, how if I was wise in

anything I told it all to you. But come, let us go to him, and dwell with him as his pupils," said he.

"Let my father go himself," said he.

So the descendant of the Gotamas came to the court of Pravâhana the son of Jîbala, who offered him a seat and had water brought for him, treating him honorably.

"We grant one wish to this worthy descendant of the Gotamas," said he.

"Here is the wish promised to me: Tell me the teaching you spoke of in the presence of my son!"

He replied: "Descendant of the Gotamas, that is one of the wishes of the Gods; mention rather a wish of men."

He replied: "I know there are plenty of cows and horses and gold and slave-girls; plenty of tapestries and robes. Do not be ungenerous as to the great, the endless, the universal."

"Son of the Gotamas, you desire worthily!"

"I choose thee as my master," said he; for they used to choose a master in these words. So he dwelt with him, honoring him as a master.

He said to him: "Henceforth, descendant of the Gotamas, be free from offence towards us, you and your fathers' fathers. As this wisdom before this never dwelt in any Brahman—yet I shall declare it to you. For who may deny you, speaking thus." C. J.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

"Our Hopes."

Here we are, seated round the fire, its ruddy light shedding a warm glow on our faces, and our hopes seem to loom larger in the mental horizon. Before us rise visions, without which, to quote an old book, "people perish." Such visions take, more or less, the forms of our hopes, and what a contrast they present to the life of to-day, with its "decadence" and "degeneracy," and its poor miserable specimens of a humanity once great and godlike. We had been talking of events of comparatively recent date, connected with the "child of our hopes," and one comrade remarked that sometimes the feeling came over him that "occultism in Europe is dead." He drew a black picture before those seated round the hearth; they felt sad, but their brighter visions were not dulled. Another comrade, who, perhaps, sees further than the others, told of the old fiery fountains being reöpened, and the return of the great ones with the garments of flame. And, as if by way of confirmation, a third comrade related a dream he had, which gladdened the heart of the far-seeing one.

A silence followed. "Let each one tell their hopes," said Fergus. "As for me, I have many hopes, much too many, as a rule. I find it comforting in a moment of solitude to dwell on them, to take them out and look them over. I attain self-respect at such a time. As I go along new ones are picked up, some old ones are dropped out, for, alas, after dwelling a while with me some of these big, big hopes seem to grow quite small, and have to be resigned."

"Yes, that is so," said Emer. "The forms of thought change so rapidly that before we can weave the magic web we find they have faded in something much greater. We can never fully or clearly formulate our hopes. At most we interchange with our comrades some passwords or symbol of that which we worship. We feel within ourselves that an untamable Titan struggles for release, demands a larger, freer life, and disdains to be appeased by the best of our imaginings; and so our hopes become more set on breathing the upper airs, than on minutely arranging what we shall do when we regain liberty——"

"Aye," broke in Fergus, "but we have other hopes besides the cosmic ones. They are small, hardly deserving mention, and yet they stay with us, seeming to keep quite fresh from lying unnoticed in the background of the soul. I have one such, and if it were taken away I should feel very bad indeed. I have some big ones too, which I will tell you about by-and-bye; but I would like to hear Roy say something."

At the mention of his name the pale and pensive one looked up from the fire.

"My hopes are that all men will become wise, and great with the powers of Gods."

"We all hope that," said Fergus, "but it is much too vague. I hope to see the old wisdom come back again to my native isle, and to see the wise men again walking in the sacred groves, or sitting in conclave in the bosom of the holy hills. All this I hope to see at some distant time."

"Why 'distant time'?" said Algol; "no one seems to think of it coming now. Our ordinary present-day life is really not life at all; we are half dead. Detached squeaks of petty life ending more or less suddenly, in fevers, railway collisions or battlefields, are really not life at all. We hug our offices, books, theatres, churches and what not, but live in black darkness, loving it, while the grand panoramas of celestial and infernal worlds, beings and forces, go on above, within, around and below us unheeded."

"Ah!" said the Red Man, "I love to think of the great possibilities. When I look around at the struggling mass of beings called Humanity, the hope that they will not always remain as they are now,

ignorant of their own souls and the God-home they quitted long ago; ignorant of the great beings who are watching over and helping them, bears me on to the future, and I see there this same Humanity, but how different! No longer struggling in the darkness of ignorance, but living in the light of the mystic vision and the Eternal Wisdom, strangers no more to the great overshadowing Soul."

"Yes," said Roy, always aroused from his dreaminess by any strong voice; "yes, this trust is a great hope, and has a magnetic power. It draws those who have it into really becoming what they hope for. It is best always to hope. We are not so wise now, that we know our impossibilities."

"You are all too serious," said Fergus. "Don't *you* think so, Opal?"

"Yes, indeed, Fergus. Are not our hopes bright-winged things to bear us into the fiery heart? I think despair arises through want of realizing sufficiently that we are children of the Divine, and that true life is in the eternal joy. We talk of our hopes——"

"But our present work," said Emer, "is simply to stretch out the hand of help to those within reach. There is no need to map out charts and plans for a future we have such a misty idea of. Better let our hopes be undefined, but still great——"

Angus interrupted. "I have been listening to all your talk, and very fine talk it has been, but I have been wondering why Pan, the far-seeing one, has been so long silent; his eyes were round and large as he looked into the fire; I think he was seeing things. Come along Pan, tell us something about your hopes. It is getting late."

"Of what hopes shall I speak? There are so many. Every desire shapes and follows some mystic ideal. Yet there are three which come again and again to me. There is a hope which thrills me with fire to think of. But it is hard to speak about. Something whispers within me: 'You shall be vaster than the spheres, more eternal than the ages, more transcendant than the divine.' That thought is the light of silent and sacred hours. But again I go out into the woods or on the mountains, and find a meaning in the rough and tumble play of wind and water, and out of the quiet of earth a voice speaks the most ancient language to the soul, and I know they are all alive, and I hope nothing better than that our poor, sickly people will some time flock out of their cities, becoming brother to these again. Earth, renew us with thy fires; take us again, dear trees; Gods, from your mountains breathe on us till our enchanted hearts grow one with myriad nature. There is also another hope which inspires in the midst of crowds. Out of the meanness, lust and hatred which parade themselves as human, I see

emerging, throwing off the burden of flesh, the winged mystic races, brilliant and spiritual figures, companions as at the dawn, but more rooted in wisdom, more radiant with power, more united in love. Come forth, fiery kings and seraph princes, for my heart burns for the coming time."

"After that," remarked Fergus, "I need not talk of my big hopes. They could all rattle about and have lots of breathing space in Pan's. We must meet again and talk further over what is in our hearts. Let the Red Man now poke out the fire before we go."

REVIEW.

OLD DIARY LEAVES. By Col. H. S. Olcott. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York. 1895.]

HE has borne the burden and heat of the day—something like this should be our judgment on Colonel Olcott; no one who has not seen years of active and unselfish service should criticize in a spirit of bitterness whatever difference in moral appraisements he may find in Colonel Olcott's book. His motive was, as the most continuous observer of a world-wide movement, and, even more, as the closest associate of a world-famous woman, to record all noteworthy events and sayings exactly as they occurred; to avoid the faults of exaggeration, whether of praise or blame. We may feel that he was too near to the events and persons he speaks of to see their full height; yet we cannot but admit that his testimony may be of the highest value for purposes of detail, once we have found the true perspective of the picture, seeing it from a point more distant in time and space. His friendship for Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was sincere and lasting; his loyalty in every act complete, through long years of strenuous labor.

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AT the annual business meeting held on 3rd inst. the officers for 1896 were elected as follows: *Pres.*, D. N. Dunlop; *Vice-Pres.*, G. W. Russell; *Treasurer*, F. J. Dick. Additional members of Council: R. E. Coates, J. J. Nolan, A. W. Dwyer, Miss E. M. White.

The public meetings were resumed on the 8th inst., after the holidays, and during ensuing month the topics will be: Jan. 22nd, *The Coming of Christ;* 29th, *The Functions of* The Secret Doctrine; Feb. 5th, *Paul, the Messenger;* 12th, *The Holy Ghost.*

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The Irish Theosophist.

FREEDOM.

Most of us who are connected with what is known in these days as Theosophy have, at one time in our lives, believed that all knowledge of the higher kind was to be found in a certain old book, and in the teaching of the religion which claims that book as its especial property. It is probable we would still be holding that belief were it not for that restless something in the mind which is ever wanting to know, to know. We did not silence that enquiring faculty, but let it lead us whither it would. We found the teaching did not contain all we wanted to know. Then we acted hastily. We blamed the book, concluding it was a dead book, a book without a soul, and we severed our minds from it and the teaching. We felt sure there was no secret in the keeping of great Mother Nature which could be withheld from the ken of one determined to know, and with this keynote to our thought we adventured into strange regions of soul, our vision widening in the new environment. But now, after the passing of years, the old associations have faded from our minds, and some of us are again reading the old book and finding in its pages many things wonderful and wise.

What, we enquire, is the new thing which has come into our lives, making us see more clearly; making the old words, beforetime a jargon only, bring a living fire with their enunciation? What is it that was lacking in the teaching, which we have now, in some measure, acquired knowledge of?

It is the Mysteries. We have seen the veil slightly lifted, and we find the book telling of hidden worlds of which we have learnt to know a little. It is now a long time since there was any school of the Mysteries connected with the religion of the West, the religion of the Cross. It has taught ethics only, and ethics alone cannot stand. The teaching became "goody-goody," and there were some whose rebel souls revolted, who preferred a forceful evil to a feeble-minded good.

But I said the veil has been slightly lifted. We have heard of those

Perfect Ones who are our elder brothers, and through much brooding have learned something of their nature. We get glimmerings of that great majesty of soul which must be his who would aspire to companionship with those Princes in the "realm of the Over-world." We know that they have risen above the virtues. I would not be misunderstood, but I tell you it is useless to preach ethics to me unless I feel that echo within which comes from the Divine. I say that it is not the virtues which count, but that imperial quality of soul which carries the virtues in its train as its proper attributes. And who will dare preach ethics whom the Self has not chosen and inspired? He whom the Self selects speaks, and lo! it is the voice of a lawgiver, who speaks that which he knows. Let us not suppose that this kingship of soul is a quality born of aught but the Self alone. It can only be his who is interiorly conscious that behind him opens the vast, who feels the beating of that great heart of love from which throbs the life of universes. If it is not common property with all of us it is because we are incarnate in an imperfect form. The divine man cannot work perfectly with a vehicle he is unable to ensoul. But if you and I cannot have the majesty of the great ones, we have odd moments, far apart, maybe, when we appear to draw nearer to the Self. We can look forward to them and be prepared. We may look back on them and be inspired. They are like great stepping-places, and he who strides along them is a walker of the skies.

Now of these Perfect Ones how shall we think? As Companions. Of all the names we give them this is the one I love best. I am not a believer in the seclusion of the Adept. Do they not call themselves the Brothers? And this brotherhood is full, sufficient, complete. I cannot conceive of their finding a necessity for rules of conduct. Their companionship is spontaneous and free. It is not the brotherhood which is at pains to define the rights of the individual. Its soul is that spirit of love which is ever giving, giving, and knows no sense of loss. Yet in the far past, when the choice was ours, we preferred this world of lust and petty worries to their companionship. Yes, we made such a choice, else we would not be here; we should have passed on with the rest of our race. But let us not dwell on this; it makes the heart too sad, and the Path is still open.

Yet we make barriers for ourselves. We have to give up this thing and that, and we speak of sacrifices made in order that the Path may be trodden. Alas! that we should magnify our difficulties, making virtues where there are none. I say there should be no talk of sacrifice. Weighed in the balance against the possibility of that high per-

fection there is nothing in this world worth the dignity of the name. Sacrifice is a word coined for a higher use. What is it we have to give up? What is this huge thing we call the personality? It is naught but a habit of mind, a mould in which we have allowed our souls to be shaped. What ages of sorrow and suffering we go through, all that this habit of mind may be altered! Yet when we reach one of those stepping-places I spoke of, the work of æons becomes for a brief instant an accomplished fact, and we see how thin and weak is the wall of adamant which separates us from the divine.

We have learnt this, then, from the Mysteries, which was not in the teaching, we have learnt of the possibility of perfection. Shall we endeavor to realize it? I say, Yes! Let us look for the goal which ever recedes, and follow it. What matters it how many lives await us here when the very determination to conquer sweeps the years aside, and we are again in the Golden Age? Let us recognize no barriers, no failures. If the way be beset with brambles let us take to ourselves wings and fly. Thus shall we be free: for him who follows that receding flame which burns in the heart Nature can forge no chain.

FINVARA.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

BY Æ. AND ARETAS.

(*Continued from p. 75.*)

IN mystic worlds may come romance,
With all the lures of love and glamour;
And woesome tragedy will chance
To him whom fairy forms enamour.

There slain illusions live anew
To stay the soul with coy caresses;
But he who only loves the True
Slays them again, and onward presses.

For golden chains are yet but chains,
Enchanted dreams are yet but dreaming;
And ere the soul its freedom gains
It bursts all bonds, destroys all seeming.

IV.

THE MAIDENS OF THE SIDHE.

"YES, I'll go with the maid in the green mantle," muttered Laeg to himself; "but I'll don the crimson mantle of five folds which it is

my right to wear in the land of the Sidhe, even though my earthly occupation is only the driving of a war-chariot."

He began chanting softly; a golden gleam as of sunshine swept circling about him; then as the chant ceased a look of wild exultation came to his face, and he threw up his arms, so that for an instant he had the aspect he wore when guiding the great war-chariot of Cuchullain into the thick of the battle. His swaying form fell softly upon the greensward, and above it floated a luminous figure clad in a crimson mantle, but whose face and bare arms were of the color of burnished bronze. So impassive and commanding was his face that even Liban faltered a little as she stole to his side. Cuchullain watched the two figures as they floated slowly over the dark expanse of the lake, till they suddenly disappeared, seemingly into its quiet surface. Then with his face buried in his hands he sat motionless, absorbed in deep thought, while he waited until the return of Laeg.

. . . . . .

The recumbent form of Liban rose from the couch where it had lain entranced. Before her stood the phantom figure of Laeg. All in the house save herself were asleep, but with the conscious sleep of the Sidhe, and their shades spoke welcome to Laeg, each saying to him in liquid tones such as come never from lips of clay:

"Welcome to you, Laeg; welcome because of her who brings you, of him who sent you, and of yourself."

He saw about him only women of the Sidhe, and knew that he was in one of the schools established by the wise men of Eri for maidens who would devote their lives to holiness and Druid learning; maidens who should know no earthly love but fix their eyes ever on the light of the Sun-god. But not seeing Fand among them, he turned with an impatient gesture to Liban. She read his gesture aright, and said:

"My sister dwells apart; she has more knowledge, and presides over all of us."

Leaving the room, she walked down a corridor, noiselessly save for the rustle of her long robe of green, which she drew closely about her, for the night was chill. An unaccustomed awe rested upon her, and to Laeg she whispered:

"The evil enchanters have power to-night, so that your life would be in danger if you had not the protection of a maiden of the Sun."

But a smile wreathed for an instant the bronze-hued face of the shadowy charioteer, as he murmured in tones of kindness near to pity, softening his rude words:

"Till now nor Cuchullain nor I have ever felt the need of a

woman's protection, and I would much rather he were here now than I."

Drawing aside a heavy curtain, Liban entered her sister's room. They saw Fand seated at a little table. A scroll lay on it open before her, but her eyes were not fixed on it. With hands clasped under her chin she gazed into the vacancies with eyes of far-away reflection and longing. There was something pathetic in the intensity and wistfulness of the lonely figure. She turned and rose to meet them, a smile of rare tenderness lighting up her face as she saw Liban. The dim glow of a single lamp but half revealed the youthful figure, the pale, beautiful face, out of which the sun-colors had faded. Her hair of raven hue was gathered in massy coils over her head and fastened there by a spiral torque of gleaming gold. Her mantle, entirely black, which fell to her feet, made her features seem more strangely young, more startlingly in contrast with the monastic severity of the room. It was draped round with some dark unfigured hangings. A couch with a coverlet of furs, a single chair of carved oak, the little table, and a bronze censer from which a faint aromatic odor escaping filled the air and stole on the sense, completed the furniture of the room, which might rather have been the cell of some aged Druid than the chamber of one of the young maidens of Eri, who were not overgiven to ascetic habits. She welcomed Laeg with the same terms of triple welcome as did the mystic children of the Sun who had first gathered round him. Her brilliant eyes seemed to read deep the soul of the charioteer.

Then Liban came softly up to her, saying:

"Oh, Fand, my soul is sad this night. The dark powers are gathering their strength to assail us, and we shall need to be pure and strong. Yet you have said that you feel no longer the Presence with you; that Mannanan, the Self of the Sun, shines not in your heart!"

Fand placed her hand upon her sister's flaxen head, saying with a voice of mingled joy and pathos:

"Peace, child; you, of us all, have least to fear, for though I, alas! am forsaken, yet He who is your Father and Yourself is even now here with you."

Liban fell on her knees, with her hands clasped and her eyes uplifted in a rapture of adoration, for above her floated one whom she well knew. Yet unheeding her and stern of glance, with his right arm outstretched, from which leaped long tongues of flame, swordlike, into space, Labraid towered above gazing upon foes unseen by them. Slowly the arm fell and the stern look departed from the face. Ancient with the youth of the Gods, it was such a face and form the toilers in the

shadowy world, mindful of their starry dynasties, sought to carve in images of upright and immovable calm amid the sphinxes of the Nile or the sculptured Gods of Chaldæa. So upright and immovable in such sculptured repose appeared Labraid, his body like a bright ruby flame, sunlit from its golden heart. Beneath his brows his eyes looked full of secrecy. The air pulsing and heaving about him drove Laeg backward from the centre of the room. He appeared but a child before this potent spirit. Liban broke out into a wild chant of welcome:

"Oh, see now how burning,
How radiant in might,
From battle returning
The Dragon of Light!
Where wert thou, unsleeping
Exile from the throne,
In watch o'er the weeping,
The sad and the lone.
The sun-fires of Eri
Burned low on the steep;
The watchers were weary
Or sunken in sleep;
And dread were the legions
Of demons who rose
From the uttermost regions
Of ice and of snows;
And on the red wind borne,
Unspeakable things
From wizard's dark mind borne
On shadowy wings.
The darkness was lighted
With whirlwinds of flame;
The demons affrighted
Fled back whence they came.
For thou wert unto them
The vision that slays:
Thy fires quivered through them
In arrowy rays.
Oh, light amethystine,
Thy shadow inspire,
And fill with the pristine
Vigor of fire.
Though thought like a fountain

Pours dream upon dream,
Unscaled is the mountain
Where thou still dost gleam,
And shinest afar like
The dawning of day,
Immortal and starlike
In rainbow array."

But he, the shining one, answered, and his voice had that melody which only those know whom the Sun-breath has wafted into worlds divine:

"Vaunt not, poor mortal one, nor claim knowledge when the Gods know not. He who is greatest among all the sons of evil now waits for the hour to strike when he may assail us and have with him all the hosts of the foes of light. What may be the issue of the combat cannot be foreseen by us. Yet mortals, unwise, ever claim to know when even the Gods confess ignorance; for pride blinds all mortals, and arrogance is born of their feebleness."

Unabashed she cried out:

"Then rejoice, for we have awakened Cu, the warrior-magician of old times, and his messenger is here."

Then he answered gently, pityingly:

"We need the help of each strong soul, and you have done well to arouse that slumbering giant. If through his added strength we conquer, then will he be the saviour of Eri; beloved by the Gods, he will cease to be a wild warrior on earth, and become a leader of mortals, aiding them on the way to the immortals. Wisely have you awakened him, and yet——"

He smiled, and such was the pity in his smiling glance that Liban bowed her head in humiliation. When she raised it he was gone, and Laeg also had vanished. She arose, and with a half-sob threw herself into the arms of her sister. So they stood, silent, with tearless eyes; for they were too divine for tears, although, alas! too human.

. . . . . .

Slowly the chariot rolled on its homeward way, for Laeg, seeing the weakness and weariness of Cuchullain, held the great steeds in check; their arched necks and snorting breath resenting the restraint, while the impatient stamping of their hoofs struck fire from the pebbly road.

"Well," said Cuchulain moodily, "tell me what happened after you went away with that woman of the Sidhe."

Briefly and without comment of his own Laeg stated what he had

seen. Then long Cuchullain pondered; neither spoke, and the silence was broken only by the stamping of the steeds and the rumble of the chariot wheels. Dark clouds drifted athwart the moon, and the darkness gave more freedom of speech, for Cuchullain said in measured, expressionless tones:

"And what do you think of all this?"

"What do I think?" burst forth Laeg with sudden fire; "I think you had better be leaving those women of the Sidhe alone, and they you. That Fand would lose her soul for love, and the spell they've cast over you is evil, or it wouldn't make a warrior like you as helpless as a toddling babe."

In letting loose his pent-up wrath Laeg had unconsciously loosened as well the reined-in steeds, who sprang forward impetuously, and the jolting of the car was all that Cuchullain could bear in his enfeebled state. Recovering himself, the charioteer drew them in check again, inwardly upbraiding himself for his carelessness.

Sorrowful and broken was the voice of the warrior as he said:

"On the morrow, Laeg, you shall bear a message to Emer. Tell her the Sidhe have thrown a spell of helplessness upon me while deceiving me with false visions of my aiding them in their war with the evil enchanters. Ask Emer to come to me, for her presence may help to rouse me from this spell that benumbs my body and clouds my mind."

Then Laeg sought to console him, saying:

"No, no; the Sidhe wrong no one. Their message to you was true; but their messengers were women, and you were a warrior. That is why the mischance came, for it is ever the way with a woman to become foolish over a warrior, and then there is always a muddle. And when Emer comes——," he checked his indiscreet utterance by pretending to have a difficulty in restraining the horses, and then added confusedly: "Besides, I'd rather be in your plight than in Fand's."

. . . . . .

"Has Emer come?" asked Cuchullain, drawing himself up on his couch and resting on his elbow.

"Yes," said Laeg dejectedly; "I have brought her. She has been talking to me most of the journey. Now she'll be after talking to you, but you needn't mind; it isn't her usual way, and she isn't as unreasonable as might be expected. She puts most of the blame of your illness on me, though perhaps that is because it was me she was talking to. Insists that as I can go to the Plain of Fire where the Sidhe live I ought to be able to find a way of curing you. She has expressed that idea to me many times, with a fluency and wealth of illustration that

would make a bard envious. Here she comes now. I'll just slip out and see if the horses are being properly cared for."

He had not overstated the case, for the sweet face of Emer was clouded with wrath as she approached the sick-bed of her husband. Bitterly she reproached him for what she claimed was only a feigned illness, and expressed her conviction that no theory would account for his conduct save that, faithless to her his wife, he had fallen in love. But Cuchullain made no answer, for not only was he invincible in battle, but also wise in the matter of holding his tongue when a woman warred against him with words.

"You are looking stronger," said Laeg, when next he saw him alone.

"Yes," he returned, "the speech of Emer has roused me a little from my torpor. I have been thinking that possibly we were wrong in disregarding the message brought by the women of the Sidhe. They surely have power to break this spell, and doubtless would have done so had you not fled from them so inconsiderately."

"I was thinking the same when Emer was coming here with me," observed Laeg. "Her speech roused me a little too."

Cuchullain was silent awhile and then said reflectively:

"Do you think we could find Liban again?"

"There would be no difficulty about that," Laeg replied drily.

"Then," said Cuchullain with sudden energy, "let us go once more to the rock of the visions."

. . . . . .

Our souls give battle when the host
Of lurid lives that lurk in Air,
And Ocean's regions nethermost,
Come forth from every loathsome lair:
For then are cloudland battles fought
With spears of lightning, swords of flame,
No quarter given, none besought,
Till to the darkness whence they came
The Sons of Night are hurled again.
Yet while the reddened skies resound
The wizard souls of evil men
Within the demon ranks are found.
While pure and strong the heroes go
To join the strife, and reck no odds,
For they who face the wizard foe
Clasp hands heroic with the Gods.

(To be concluded.)

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THERE are events common to human life, events small and inconsiderable in seeming, which, in their ulterior development and under the ripening hand of time, may affect the thought of the world or turn a nation's history. To leave a mark on the political or social life of a great country is, no doubt, the larger deed in the view of the man of action. But the thinker, more or less a seer by his use of the clairvoyance of thought, the thinker knows well that thought lies back of all action; that to give to that mightiest of tides a fresh impulse, a new direction, is to have impressed an individual mark upon life in its fluidic entirety; is to have propelled the Oversoul, by the energic power of the personified spark, into combinations and inter-correlations whose field is practically boundless, whose unspanned area embraces Time and Space.

One such embryonic event occurred at Dublin, Ireland, on April 13th, 1851, when Alice Mary Quan, wife of Frederick H. Judge, gave birth to a son. The parents were both Irish, the mother—a sweet and pathetic young figure, as now viewed by us—dying in early life on the birth of her seventh child. That other child, whose birth-date has just been given, was named William Quan Judge and was brought up in Dublin until his thirteenth year, when the bereaved father decided to emigrate with his motherless children to the United States, there to share in the wider activities and opportunities of American life. The impulse of the younger nation works swiftly in the Irish blood, and passage was promptly taken in the Inman Line steamship *City of Limerick*, which arrived at New York on July 14th, 1864.

Of the first thirteen years of the life of William Q. Judge we know but little, and may hence assume them to have been of that happy order which carves no deep, distinctive lines upon the memory. Life has its years of rarer vintage, which leave an aroma as of sunlight in the heart. The years of childhood should be such as these, that mature life may still feel them as an afterglow. So it is in this instance; the lad was a happy one, growing, playing, studying, waiting for his future life and destiny. But he was not only waiting—as we all must—for his destiny; he was also *preparing* for that watchful Argus, as we all should do. For destiny comes to each and all, and we must either tamely accept her, or *make* ourselves, in her despite, using her opposition to develop our power of withstanding and overcoming. We cannot

fashion the present fate, for she is the outcome of ourselves. We have earlier made her what she now is, and she stands before us, wearing our own unrecognized likeness—if we only knew it, at once a verdict and an opportunity. This the lad seems to have discerned in some dim way of his own, after a memorable illness of his seventh year, an illness supposed to be mortal. The little sufferer was moribund, was thought to be quite gone; but amid the natural outburst of grief it was suddenly found that the supposed dead breathed again, and that all was "well with the child." That this was true in some mysterious but very real fashion the sequence appears to show. During convalescence the boy evinced aptitude and knowledge which he had never before displayed, exciting wonder as to when and how he had learned these things, these rudiments of art and of literature. He seemed the same, yet other; had to be studied anew by his people, and from his recovery in his eighth year we find him interested in religion, magic, Rosicrucianism, and deeply absorbed in the *Book of Revelations* of the Christian Bible, trying to settle its meaning. He also devoured the contents of all the books he could lay hold of relating to mesmerism, character-reading, phrenology and so on, while no one knew when he had so much as acquired the art of reading at all. The emigration to America did not interrupt these interests, but broadened his thought and experience as the era of definite work and training came on. Perhaps the magnetic link so abruptly renewed in his illness was never fully vitalized in the physical sense, for the lad never acquired a strong physique. Without being sickly he was frail, but indomitable and persevering beyond his years. An anecdote of his boyhood illustrates these traits. He was with other boys upon the bank of a stream. His companions swam to an island a little way off from the bank, from which vantage ground they jeered and mocked their younger comrade, who could not swim. The small William's heart rose hot within him; he plunged into the water, resolved to get to that island or perish. When out of his depth he let himself sink, touched bottom, ran a few steps on the river's bed, rose, of course, kicked, sank, took a step and another, repeated the process, and thus struggling, rising, sinking, scrambling, and, above all, holding his breath, he actually reached the margin of the island, to be drawn out, half unconscious, by his astonished playfellows. Nothing could be more characteristic of the Mr. Judge of to-day, as he is known to his associates, among whom it is a common saying, "Judge would walk over red-hot ploughshares from here to India to do his duty."

The elder Judge, with his children, lived for a short time at the old

Merchant's Hotel in Cortlandt Street, New York; then in Tenth Street, and afterwards in the city of Brooklyn. William soon began work at a desk in New York, a clerkship having come his way, and his family being one of those whose members must all be self-supporting at a comparatively early age. This continued until he was induced to enter a law office as the clerk of Geo. P. Andrews, who for a long time has since been judge of the Supreme Court of New York. There he also studied law, living with his father, who died not long after. On coming of age he was naturalized a citizen of the United States in April, 1872. In May of that year he was admitted to the bar of New York, practising law in that city steadily for many years, and only relinquishing this work and the excellent position he had made for himself in the strange land of his adoption some four years ago, when the rapid growth of the Theosophical Society demanded at once *all* his time and a fresh sacrifice. His conspicuous traits as a lawyer, in the practice of commercial law, of which he made a specialty, were his thoroughness and his inflexible persistence, which won the respect of employers and clients alike. In 1874 he left the family roof-tree to marry Ella M. Smith, of Brooklyn,* in which city the couple continued to live until 1893, when they crossed the great bridge definitely to reside in New York city and to be nearer to the field of Mr. Judge's work at the T. S. Headquarters there.

That marriage gave no new complexion to the mind of the young man, and did not divert its course, is seen by his beginning the study of modern spiritualism in the scant leisure moments of that same year.

The period was a fateful one. The last quarter of the century was about to strike, and the specialized effort made in every century by the guardians of the Wisdom-religion was now due. At Rochester, New York, and at other points had occurred that first outbreak of raps and mysterious knockings which were later to resound round the world. The newspapers were full of the new manifestations; spiritualists were rejoicing and anti-spiritualists were denouncing; the air was full of sound and fury, and H. P. Blavatsky, taking advantage of the storm of public attention, was riding upon the whirlwind, seeking a point of vantage from which to guide events.

(*To be continued.*) 112

* Brooklyn, connected with New York by a great bridge crossing the Hudson river, is really like an annex or suburb to the larger city, and is the home of a large proportion of New York business men who do business there all day, returning across the bridge at night, both on account of much cheaper rents and more open character of the building spaces, and also because it is nearer to the business portion of New York city than is the upper portion of New York itself.

THE NEW "LIGHT."

To those who have long believed in the reality of clairvoyance and psychometry it must be a fact of great interest that science has now discovered a way of seeing through solid substances. And it can make "dead" matter perform this occult feat!

An agent in the process is the "radiant matter" of Crookes, and it would seem that its action, when thus *liberated* from "normal" states, corresponds with that of the second of the six nature-forces, mind, when *liberated* likewise from "normal" states. The analogy is complete, for in the former case we have the piercing rays which photograph, or "see," objects right through other solid objects; and in the latter, clairvoyance and all psychometric phenomena.

Professor Röntgen, of Würzburg University, has discovered this new kind of radiation which penetrates wood, flesh and some metals, but not bones and other materials. In *The Electrical Review* of 24th ult. is reproduced the photograph of a hand taken by this means, in which the detailed outlines of the phalanges are sharply defined. This photograph was obtained by Mr. A. A. C. Swinton, who has successfully repeated the experiments in England, and the results have already been corroborated by other physicists. The lamp used by Mr. Swinton is a vacuum bulb, within which are two platinum wire terminals connected with his well-known induction apparatus for producing rapid electric waves of high tension, such as have been produced by Tesla.

Glass is not so transparent to these rays as thin sheet aluminium. Copper is somewhat transparent to them, and students of esoteric philosophy and science may note the probable connection of this with the above-mentioned analogy. Lenard's theory is that these "cathode" rays are "waves in the ether when dissociated from matter." Considering the conflict of "scientific" definitions (*a*) of matter, and (*b*) of ether, this sounds a little funny. Professor Röntgen's views on the question remain to be heard.

F. J. D.

THE WHITE OF THE DAWN.

LONG after the passing of Cuchullain, when the father of Oscar, the old man eloquent, had again become young in the morning breath of the happy isles, there dwelt a meaner race of men in Innis Fail.

A meaner race of men dwelt there; and others like them in heart, though unlike in tongue and name, came to them across the waters to spy out the nakedness of the land. And to one of these strangers an incident befell.

For being very weary of the slow-moving ship, and much fraught with the tossing of the waves, sleep was upon him all day, and he could hardly be waked at even, when the vessel drew near the shore. So it came to pass that, standing once more on the yellow sand at landing, he found himself wrapped in shades and darkness, yet felt himself fully rested, as one who awakens long after dawn.

And feeling this morning vigor in his limbs and heart, while at the same time he saw nothing round him but darkness, he was greatly perplexed. And there were some there—being of the baser folk who inhabited the island—who marked his perplexity and made a mock of it; not openly but secretly and apart. And there was one among them, in wit like the race of the Firbolgs, more cunning and crafty than the rest; and he prompted them to a shrewd design, thinking, as indeed was so, that this man was come to spy out whether the land was indeed so naked, or whether there might not haply remain from old time something of price which he might carry away as a spoil across the waters.

So, putting this shrewd plan in motion, they approached the stranger, bidding him gaily good-morning, and saying that the day was fine. But the stranger, being carried by the composed demeanour of the man, was more perplexed, yet feared with a new-comer's fear, and knew not what to reply but that the day was good, though perchance somewhat overcast and cloudy.

But they replied that it was bright, and that they had long not seen a brighter, and, to shorten the tale, they made night day for him, and day night, he all the while believing that days were thus in the island; and thus they made great their sport of him, carrying him through waste lands and bad at midnight, and telling him they were hunting, and had good sport.

But at last, being one day gone too far afield, they could not win homewards in the darkness, and so, seeing the white of the dawn, he

understood his delusion, and the truth was made clear to him. And he turned upon those that tormented him, but they were gone, leaving him along with the sunrise.

This tale, like all the lore of Eire, has a deep and hidden meaning; or, to speak as one of the profane, this foolish story that we have clothed anew in heroic garments a world too wide, will serve as well as another to embody a truth that everybody knows and feels, though not everybody recognizes that he knows it.

The truth is this: That this plausible-grotesque life we lead from day to day is not real life at all. We always feel, sometimes intensely feel, that we are in some way being taken in; that we are being put off with the imitation, not the reality; that there is something wildly wrong about it all. We put up with it, we consent to take it seriously, because, for the life of us, we cannot find out how to lay hands on the real life we feel we are being kept out of.

Like the wight in the tale, we have had the misfortune to come to the island called the world, and the bigger misfortune to sleep the last stage of our journey; to lose the light that might have given us our bearings. And like him, too, we are instantly set upon by the people of the place, while we stand hesitating and uncertain on the beach, and, before we know it, we are caught up in the whirl of things, and carried along with the crowd.

How far the crowd that carries us along is a witty and malicious crowd, we shall better know in the white of the dawn. Now, it seems to us, they are as much taken in as we are; everybody keeping everybody else in countenance, though nobody quite believes in it all; nobody daring to say out loud what everybody thinks, for fear of—well, for fear of what, it is pretty hard to say; perhaps for fear of fear, the only thing that one is really afraid of.

It is curious to see how far this feeling of misgiving runs through people; how their lurking sense that there is something wrong with things as they are, prompts nearly all their activities. The wild, natural man, that we all once were, felt this misgiving, and, desiring at all costs to get out of things as they are, he took thought and became a hunter, and for a time was happy in his new race, until one day he discovered that things as they are had run along beside him, and kept up with him, and that he had not really escaped at all. Then he took thought again, and this time, they say, became a keeper of flocks. He had left the old behind, and went on rejoicing, till once he looked over his shoulder and saw the sardonic companion behind him still.

So we went on, from one thing to another, thinking each time that

we had got hold of real life in the material and physical life we built up for ourselves.

But somehow the remedy did not seem to work, for, no sooner was the world's housekeeping comfortably settled, than the world confessed itself disappointed with it all, by going beyond housekeeping to sciences and arts.

Now the proper end of real science, most people will say, is to find out how things really are—in itself a confession that they seem to be not what they really are. And if the sciences we know most about have succeeded in discovering rather what things are not, than what they are; and progress consists only in multiplying the things that any particular thing is not, then that is the misfortune of science, rather than its fault. We may not think much of such results, but we must agree that science means well. There was once a proverb that connected well-meaning people with the paving of the road to a certain place—or was it a state?—so we may not be surprised at the void in which all science's ultimates seem to disappear.

Then art is another confession that things as they are are not as they ought to be; even if that art sometimes only succeeds in seeing quite simple things through a grotesquely-colored cloud of hideousness. The main thing is, that art transforms what it touches, and, if things were quite right already, no one would dream of transforming them.

So that progress and art and science all cry out unrest. They are but the different ways in which our uneasiness shapes itself; our uneasiness, as of that wight in the island, that, though everyone says it is day, it seems to us pretty dark night all the same.

Then the white of the dawn, the first faint, cold breath of morning, the hidden stirring in everything; one envies him that magnificent surprise: at least one might if there were not, somewhere deep down in us, the premonition that a surprise not less magnificent awaits us too, one of these days, quite unexpectedly. That is what the white of the dawn says in our hearts.

C. J.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

Magic.

"What are your ideas about magic, Fergus?" said Angus, when we were all comfortably seated once more round the fire.

"I am always pleased when our talk is of magic and its mysteries. Since I was a child I have wanted to be a magician. I never doubted that it was possible for me to become one, for I believed that it was by

some interior process of the soul that the wonderful things we read of in the books of childhood were performed. That old belief of mine is with me still, and at the present moment I am convinced that I have all the powers inside, and that I will find out how to use them some day."

"Of course there is always a vague attraction about the thought of magic," said Omar, "but I wonder whether it is natural, and whether it possesses inherent dignity. What we really care about is power, life, reality. Give us magic, but let it be beautiful, gracious, tender; we are plain men and do not love tricks. We want the steady glow of divine powers, not the sheen and shining of meretricious fantasy; we want to grow a crop of godlike men, the baubles of wizardry and psychic pyrotechnics do not please——"

Then Pan, whose heart lingers in the past, broke in a little impatiently:

"As for me, I would like to uphold a little the old tradition of magic. The modern magian seems to me a consolidation of all the platitudes, thinly veneered over with a little shaky science. We are too tame and sober in our thoughts; the feeling for the beautiful doesn't thrive well under the tall silk hats of to-day. Oh, for something vast and unspeakable! I must confess I like to think of the serpents floating in the fiery rivers of space, of transcendent lights which make the daylight pale. All the while I am a toiler in the shadowy world, I keep feeling that I ought to have a body of fire, and move in the brotherhood of the Gods."

"I see," said Fergus, "that Pan likes a flare-up. I remember when I was young I developed the idea that the magicians performed their ceremonies for show, and I was quite prepared to do the same myself if ever I got any of the magical powers. I used to dream of how I should do things. No precipitation of the things I wanted would satisfy me. That would be too simple. No, I should pile mystery upon mystery, taking care that plenty of people were around to see."

Then Brannigan gravely delivered himself thus:

"Magic I conceive to be the uprising of the natural powers in man from a state of slumber into activity, not that this activity need be of a phenomenal nature, but rather that the awakening of these powers brings with it a knowledge of the godlike in man, which was the true wisdom of the magi of old. The beginnings of magic with us date, I think, from the time when we were able to arouse in ourselves a strong sympathy both for nature and our fellow-men, and to hold to it constantly."

"It seems to me," said the self we know as "Opal," "there is magic

everywhere; in the sunset glow and primrose dawn; magic in spring's return and in the fleeting bloom of summer. Magical are all the ways of our dear old Mother Nature—by magical I mean wonderful—full of mystery. We are like little children tired of playing with their toys; we want to 'see the wheels go round,' and so we lose all our old delight in outward things as we pass from infancy to youth——"

"I think we had better consider magic as forces working through the mind of man," interrupted Emer. "We have been too long like Ariel playing with the cowslips and such like. I would prefer to play the part of Prospero the magician."

"Emer, I know, is weighty with thoughts undelivered," remarked Angus. "Tell us of the magic of the soul."

"From the point of view of soul magic would be the out-realizing of its ideas and desires. As has been said, it is a potency passing into act; it is the emanation of something that would otherwise remain latent, and thus get atrophied, lost. In this the soul seems trying to imitate all the higher potencies and its own immediate Father, which emanated it. The Gnostics say that the great Æons project something of themselves downward, reflecting themselves in the next lowest grade of matter, and that this process is repeated on every plane. Each potency has to be called forth through an image in order that it may manifest in all its essence and virtue. This, of course, cannot go on for ever; the outbreathing must cease, and then all are updrawn with full consciousness and knowledge back into the eternal and infinite Potency."

"I know where Emer was in her last visit to the planet. I feel as if I was listening to a lecture by some eminent Neoplatonist," said Fergus. "Why can't you talk naturally?"

"Yes, Fergus; like most people, we have been associating magic with something apart, wonderful, miraculous, all too vague and ponderous. As some one said not long ago, we don't want to hear any more about magic until we can do a few things ourselves. To come to something definite, for example, we are told that the thinking of oneself as this or that is the chief factor in the production of phenomena; that the adept selects the abstract form, uses his will, and there you are—a rose or a world, according to his degree. I see Fergus laughing——"

"I don't see why he should laugh at Angus," said Algol. "I think we could do many of these things easily. We can command the services of the Gods. We have but to take the first step, and live to benefit mankind in general and our neighbor in particular. For a long

time it may seem that we are nothing but bundles of anger, envy, greed and vanity, and that the darker kind of magic is our only heritage. But we have the key given us to conquer. Brotherhood in thought and act to all beings will slay or eliminate the dragons and furies of the personal self, and, obeying diviner nature, nature will in turn obey us."

"I was laughing thinking what would happen if I woke up some morning with all my powers revived," said Fergus. "I should trumpet the fact abroad. I see many scornful looks around me, in spite of which I am not at all sure you would be free from the temptation yourselves."

"Why has the Red Man been quiet so long?" said Opal.

"What Emer said somewhat disheartened me. I like the part of Ariel among the cowslips. I know of no magic but that which raises man from the thraldom of the senses and releases the fettered powers within him; the magic that enables him to understand the message with which Nature is burdened. For all Nature is speaking to us, but until we have some knowledge of ourselves we cannot understand its many voices. These nature-tones are the things that make me feel better and more than a mere breathing being; they awaken something within me which never seems to be active when I live in cities. But, ah me! too soon it fades away, and I return to this dull world again."

Our grave and dreamy Roy said meditatively:

"I do not think that a line can be drawn between what is magical and what is not. Everything seems to be magical, but everyone is not a magician. The difference seems to be that we do magic unconsciously, and the magician controls and does all things consciously."

"I said that imagination plays a large part in the creations of the magicians," said Angus. "But the difficulty is to know where to begin. What do you imagine yourself doing, Pan?"

"Well, I imagine I am the Fire-self within the Heart. I look out through the many-orbed mirage twinkling with the lights of spirits so far wandered, where they are herded in the darkness together, or alone. I blow the ancient fires on them and renew them; I go out along the myriad ways; I am a peace older and hoarier than time to the troubled; I feed the timid with heroic dreams; as compassion I stay the strong; I conspire with their Selves within to defeat their selves without. Such, I imagine, in the sacred places are the deeds of the true magians among men, and so I try to imitate in thought the action of the Gods, as Emer puts it."

REVIEW.

FROM THE UPANISHADS. By Charles Johnston. [Whaley: Dublin. 1896.]

WE trust we are guilty of no indiscretion in saying that Prof. Max Müller has written to the author of these renderings of the Indian books of wisdom as follows:

"I hope your extracts may help to rouse a wider interest in what is, to my mind, a unique literature, and by no means appreciated as it deserves to be—in fact, hardly discovered as yet. I daresay you have found some passages in which you differ from my translation. Some verses cannot be rendered faithfully, the thoughts and words are too far away from us. We must do the best we can, and that is all I can say for myself."

The ideal translation should make the same impression as the original did on its first readers or hearers; should bring us into their mood, and make us feel as they did. Who will venture to say that this or that translation can do so fully, for in the Upanishads, where, after sympathy and intuition are exercised to the full, we still feel the profound old wisdom towering above us, like great, dim arches rising up into the twilight, while the stately music of the verse or measured prose resounds like the deep voice of an organ. Yet a translation, in a spirit of earnestness and fullest sympathy—the ideal the present rendering seeks to follow—cannot but kindle in us something of that light which gives the Upanishads their singular worth, lifting us up into the eternal shining, or, rather, opening our eyes to the light that shines through all the world; showing us the Self everlasting that gleams to us out of the eyes of our fellow-men.

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The Irish Theosophist.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

BY Æ. AND ARETAS.

(*Concluded from p. 89.*)

What is the love of shadowy lips
That know not what they seek or press,
From whom the lure for ever slips
And fails their phantom tenderness?

The mystery and light of eyes
That near to mine grow dim and cold;
They move afar in ancient skies
Mid flame and mystic darkness rolled.

Oh, hero, as thy heart o'erflows
In tender yielding unto me,
A vast desire awakes and grows
Unto forgetfulness of thee.

V.

THE MANTLE OF MANNANAN.

AGAIN Liban stood before them, and her eyes were full of reproach. "You doubt the truth of my message," she said. "Come, then, to the Plain of Fire, and you shall see the one who sent me."

"I doubt you not," said Cuchullain quietly; "but it is not fitting that I should go when the message is brought by a woman, for such is the warning I have had in vision from Lu Lamfada. Laeg shall go with you, and if he brings back the same message, then I shall do the bidding of the Sidhe, and wage war against the evil enchanters, even as when a lad I vanquished the brood of wizards at Dun-mic-Nectan."

"Where did Liban take you this time, Laeg? Have you brought back a message from the Sidhe?"

"I have seen the Chief," said Laeg, whose doubts had vanished and whose whole manner had changed. "Cuchullain, you must go. You remember how we went together to Brusna by the Boyne, and what wonders they showed us in the sacred crypt. Yet this is a place more marvellous—thrice. Well indeed did Liban call it the Plain of Fire, for a breath of fire is in the air for leagues and leagues around. On the lake where the Sidhe dwell the fishers row by and see nothing, or, mayhap, a flicker of phantasmal trees around the dun. These trees are rooted in a buried star beneath the earth; when its heart pulsates they shine like gold, aye, and are fruited with ruby lights. Indeed this Labraid is one of the Gods. I saw him come through the flaming rivers of the underworld. He was filled with the radiance. I am not given to dread the Sidhe, but there was that in him which compelled awe; for oh, he came from the homes that were anciently ours—ours who are fallen, and whose garments once bright are stained by the lees of time. He greeted me kindly. He knew me by my crimson mantle with five folds. He asked for you; indeed they all wish to have you there."

"Did he say aught further?"

"No, he spoke but little; but as I returned by Mag Luada I had a vision. I saw you standing under the sacred Tree of Victory. There were two mighty ones, one on each side of you, but they seemed no greater than you."

"Was Fand there?" asked Cuchullain.

"Yes," said Laeg reluctantly; "I saw her and spoke to her, although I did not wish to. I feared for myself. Ethné and Emer are beautiful women, but this woman is not like them. She is half divine. The holiest of Druids might lose his reason over her."

"Let us go thither," said Cuchullain.

. . . . . .

The night was clear, breathless, pure as a diamond. The giant lights far above floated quietly in the streams of space. Below slept the lake mirroring the shadowy blue of the mountains. The great mounds, the homes of the Sidhe, were empty; but over them floated a watchful company, grave, majestic, silent, waiting. In stately procession their rich, gleaming figures moved to and fro in groups of twos and threes, emblazoning the dusky air with warm colors. A little apart, byond the headland at the island's edge, two more commanding than the rest communed together. The wavering water reflected head-

long their shining figures in its dark depths; above them the ancient blue of the night rose as a crown. These two were Labraid and the warrior of Murthemney restored to all his Druid power. Terrible indeed in its beauty, its power, its calm, was this fiery phantasmal form beside the king of the Sidhe.

"We came to Eri many, many ages ago," said Labraid; "from a land the people of to-day hold no memory of. Mighty for good and for evil were the dwellers in that land, but its hour struck and the waters of the ocean entomb it. In this island, which the mighty Gods of Fire kept apart and sacred, we made our home. But after long years a day came when the wise ones must needs depart from this also. They went eastward. A few only remained to keep alive the tradition of what was, the hope of what will be again. For in this island, it is foretold, in future ages will arise a light which will renew the children of time. But now the world's great darkness has come. See what exhalations arise! What demons would make Eri their home!"

Away at the eastern verge a thick darkness was gathering; a pitchy blackness out of which a blood-red aerial river rolled and shot its tides through the arteries of the night. It came nigher. It was dense with living creatures, larvæ, horrible shapes with waving tendrils, white withered things restless and famished, hoglike faces, monstrosities. As it rolled along there was a shadowy dropping over hamlet and village and field.

"Can they not be stayed? Can they not be stayed?" rang the cry of Fand.

The stern look on Cuchullain's face deepened.

"Is it these pitiful spectres we must wage war against? Labraid, it is enough. I will go—alone. Nay, my brother, one is enough for victory."

Already he was oblivious of the Sidhe, the voices of Fand and Laeg calling him. A light like a wonder-mist broke dazzling about him. Through a mist of fire, an excess of light, they saw a transcendent form of intensest gold treading the air. Over the head of the god a lightning thread like a serpent undulated and darted. It shed a thousand dazzling rays; it chanted in a myriad tones as it went forward. Wider grew the radiant sphere and more triumphant the chant as he sped onward and encountered the overflow of hell. Afar off the watchers saw and heard the tumult, cries of a horrible conflict, agonies of writhing and burning demons scorched and annihilated, reeling away before the onset of light. On and still on he sped, now darkened and again blazing like the sun.

"Look! look!" cried Laeg, breathless with exultation as the dazzling phantom towered and waved its arms on the horizon.

"They lied who said he was powerless," said Fand, no less exultant.

"Cu, my darling," murmured the charioteer; "I know now why I loved you, what burned within you."

"Shall we not go and welcome him when he returns?" said Liban.

"I should not advise it," Laeg answered. "Is it to meet that fury of fire when he sinks back blind and oblivious? He would slay his dearest friend. I am going away from here as fast as I can."

Through the dark forests at dawn the smoke began to curl up from dun and hamlet, and, all unconscious of the war waged over their destinies, children awoke to laugh and men and women went forth to breathe the sweet air of morning.

. . . . . .

Cuchullain started from a dream of more ancient battles, of wars in heaven. Through the darkness of the room he saw the shadowy forms of the two daughters of Aed Abrait; not as before, the mystic maidens armed with Druid power, but women, melting, tender, caressing. Violet eyes shining with gratitude; darker eyes burning with love, looked into his. Misty tresses fell over him.

"I know not how the battle went," he sighed. "I remember the fire awoke. . . . Lu was with me. . . . . I fell back in a blinding mist of flame and forgot everything."

"Doubt it not. Victory went with thee, warrior," said Liban. "We saw thee: it was wonderful. How the seven splendors flashed and the fiery stars roved around you and scattered the demons!"

"Oh, do not let your powers sink in sleep again," broke forth Fand. "What are the triumphs of earthly battles to victories like these? What is rule over a thousand warriors to kingship over the skyey hosts? Of what power are spear and arrow beside the radiant sling of Lu? Do the war-songs of the Ultonians inspire thee ever like the terrible chant of fire? After freedom can you dwell in these gloomy duns? What are the princeliest of them beside the fiery halls of Tir-na-noge and the flame-built cities of the Gods? As for me, I would dwell where the great ones of ancient days have gone, and worship at the shrine of the silent and unutterable Awe."

"I would go indeed," said Cuchullain; "but still—but still——; it is hard to leave the green plains of Murthemney, and the Ultonians who have fought by my side, and Laeg, and——"

"Laeg can come with us. Nor need Conchobar, or Fergus or Conail be forgotten. Far better can you aid them with Druid power

than with the right arm a blow may make powerless in battle. Go with Laeg to Iban-Cind-Trachta. Beside the yew-tree there is a dun. There you can live hidden from all. It is a place kept sacred by the might of the Sidhe. I will join you there."

A month passed. In a chamber of the Dun of the Yew-tree, Fand, Cuchullain and Laeg were at night. The two latter sat by an oaken table and tried by divination to peer into the future. Fand, withdrawn in the dark shadow of a recess, lay on a couch and looked on. Many thoughts went passing through her mind. Now the old passion of love would rise in her heart to be quenched by a weary feeling of futility, and then a half-contempt would curl her lips as she saw the eagerness of her associates. Other memories surged up. "Oh, Mannanan, Father-Self, if thou hadst not left me and my heart had not turned away! It was not a dream when I met thee and we entered the Ocean of Fire together. Our beauty encompassed the world. Radiant as Lu thy brother of the Sun we were. Far away as the dawn seems the time. How beautiful, too, was that other whose image in the hero enslaves my heart. Oh, that he would but know himself, and learn that on this path the greatest is the only risk worth taking! And now he holds back the charioteer also and does him wrong." Just then something caused her to look up. She cried out, "Laeg, Laeg, do you see anything?"

"What is it?" said Laeg. Then he also looked and started. "Gods!" he murmured. "Emer! I would rather face a tempest of Fomorian enchanters."

"Do you not see?" repeated Fand scornfully. "It is Emer the daughter of Forgall. Has she also become one of the Sidhe that she journeys thus?"

"She comes in dream," said Laeg.

"Why do you intrude upon our seclusion here? You know my anger is no slight thing," broke out Cuchullain, in ready wrath hiding his confusion. The shadow of Emer turned, throwing back the long, fair hair from her face the better to see him. There was no dread on it, but only outraged womanly dignity. She spake and her voice seemed to flow from a passionate heart far away brooding in sorrowful loneliness.

"Why do I come? Hast thou not degraded me before all the maidens of Eri by forsaking me for a woman of the Sidhe without a cause? You ask why I come when every one of the Ultonians looks at me in questioning doubt and wonder! But I see you have found a more beautiful partner."

"We came hither, Laeg and I, to learn the lore of the Sidhe. Why should you not leave me here for a time, Emer? This maiden is of wondrous magical power: she is a princess in her own land, and is as pure and chaste to this hour as you."

"I see indeed she is more beautiful than I am. That is why you are drawn away. Her face has not grown familiar. Everything that is new or strange you follow. The passing cheeks are ruddier than the pale face which has shared your troubles. What you know is weariness, and you leave it to learn what you do not know. The Ultonians falter while you are absent from duty in battle and council, and I, whom you brought with sweet words when half a child from my home, am left alone. Oh, Cuchullain, beloved, I was once dear to thee, and if to-day or to-morrow were our first meeting I should be so again."

A torrent of self-reproach and returning love overwhelmed him. "I swear to you," he said brokenly, through fast-flowing tears, "you are immortally dear to me, Emer."

"Then you leave me," burst forth Fand, rising to her full height, her dark, bright eyes filled with a sudden fire, an image of mystic indignation and shame.

"If indeed," said Emer softly, "joy and love and beauty are more among the Sidhe than where we dwell in Eri, then it were better for thee to remain."

"No, he shall not now," said Fand passionately. "It is I whom he shall leave. I long foresaw this moment, but ran against fate like a child. Go, warrior, Cu; tear this love out of thy heart as I out of mine. Go, Laeg, I will not forget thee. Thou alone hast thought about these things truly. But now—— I cannot speak." She flung herself upon the couch in the dark shadow and hid her face away from them.

The pale phantom wavered and faded away, going to one who awoke from sleep with a happiness she could not understand. Cuchullain and Laeg passed out silently into the night. At the door of the dun a voice they knew not spake:

"So, warrior, you return. It is well. Not yet for thee is the brotherhood of the Sidhe, and thy destiny and Fand's lie far apart. Thine is not so great but it will be greater, in ages yet to come, in other lands, among other peoples, when the battle fury in thee shall have turned to wisdom and anger to compassion. Nations that lie hidden in the womb of time shall hail thee as friend, deliverer and saviour. Go and forget what has passed. This also thou shalt forget. It will not linger in thy mind; but in thy heart shall remain the memory and it will urge thee to nobler deeds. Farewell, warrior, saviour that is to be!"

As the two went along the moonlit shore mighty forms followed, and there was a waving of awful hands over them to blot out memory.

. . . . . .

In the room where Fand lay with mad beating heart tearing itself in remorse, there was one watching with divine pity. Mannanan, the Golden Glory, the Self of the Sun. "Weep not, O shadow; thy days of passion and pain are over," breathed the Pity in her breast. "Rise up, O Ray, from thy sepulchre of forgetfulness. Spirit, come forth to thy ancient and immemorial home." She rose up and stood erect. As the Mantle of Mannanan enfolded her, no human words could tell the love, the exultation, the pathos, the wild passion of surrender, the music of divine and human life interblending. Faintly we echo—like this spake the Shadow and like this the Glory.

THE SHADOW.

Who art thou, O Glory,
In flame from the deep,
Where stars chant their story,
Why trouble my sleep?
I hardly had rested,
My dreams wither now:
Why comest thou crested
And gemmed on thy brow?

THE GLORY.

Up, Shadow, and follow
The way I will show;
The blue gleaming hollow
To-night we will know,
And rise mid the vast to
The fountain of days;
From whence we had passed to
The parting of ways.

THE SHADOW.

I know thee, O Glory:
Thine eyes and thy brow
With white fire all hoary
Come back to me now.
Together we wandered
In ages agone;
Our thoughts as we pondered
Were stars at the dawn.

My glory has dwindled,
My azure and gold:
Yet you keep enkindled
The Sun-fire of old.

My footsteps are tied to
The heath and the stone;
My thoughts earth-allied-to—
Ah! leave me alone.

Go back, thou of gladness,
Nor wound me with pain,
Nor smite me with madness,
Nor come nigh again.

THE GLORY.

Why tremble and weep now,
Whom stars once obeyed?
Come forth to the deep now
And be not afraid.

The Dark One is calling,
I know, for his dreams
Around me are falling
In musical streams.

A diamond is burning
In depths of the Lone
Thy spirit returning
May claim for its throne.

In flame-fringed islands
Its sorrows shall cease,
Absorbed in the silence
And quenched in the peace.

Come lay thy poor head on
My breast where it glows
With love ruby-red on
Thy heart for its woes.

My power I surrender:
To thee it is due:
Come forth, for the splendor
Is waiting for you.

THE END.

CYCLES AND "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

We usually look at cycles, rather too much as merely the recurrence of events at particular times, instead of the wider view of them in their relation to us *as individuals* and in this life. And in so doing we are led to minimize their importance, as far as they affect ourselves. H. P. B. constantly impressed the importance of analogy; as above, so below—as on one plane, so on all. Referring to cycles she says: "As every sub-race and nation have their cycles and stages of developmental evolution, repeated on a smaller scale, it must be more so, in the case of a Root-race," and again, "Every Round is but the repetition, in a more concrete form, of the Round which preceded it" (*S. D.*, I. 232).

We shall have gained much when we can realize that the history of past races given in *The Secret Doctrine* is not merely the history of ourselves in the past, but the history of ourselves in the present; when we can realize that the ebb and flow of the great cosmic cycles, bringing in their wake the mighty changes affecting a world's or a race's life, have their corresponding ebb and flow within the span of human life; that the centennial wave, sweeping over a nation, is the microcosmic copy of greater waves affecting wider and wider areas, and it itself is the macrocosm of smaller waves ebbing and flowing, yearly, daily and hourly, around the individual; that the work of the Lunar Pitris, or the incarnation of the Solar Dhyanis, are the epoch events of cycles, which—cycles and epochs—are repeated to-day in all human life.

Let us briefly examine some analogies, and see how far the analogy is correct. We shall expect to find in man, both in his passage through life and in his consciousness, similar ebbing and flowing of spiritual forces as are found in the passage of a cycle; we shall expect to find his life marked by the same epochs which have marked the growth of nations or of races, we shall expect to find his consciousness disturbed by the same forces which have affected the consciousness of the larger nation or race. And we shall find it to be so; we shall see the same ebb and flow on each and every plane from the spiritual to the physical; we shall find the processes shown in the formation of a world, or in the past evolution of a Monad, displayed in miniature in each human incarnation, and having read the past we can from it read the future. Taking for analogy the evolution of the early races, given in *The Secret*

Doctrine, and the formation and development of the human being in this incarnation, we shall find in both the gradual growth and development of that which is to serve as the body for the incarnating Monad, its gradual passage up through the elemental kingdoms, from stone to animal; we shall find that in the growth of the physical embryo the same process is followed in miniature as was followed on an infinitely larger scale, and spread over enormous periods of time, in the case of the race; and we shall find, at a certain stage, the partial incarnation of the Manas, corresponding to the similar event chronicled of the Second Root-race; the full incarnation of the Manas, after the first few years of life, when the body has arrived at completion, corresponding to the incarnation of the Dhyanis into the perfected bodies of the Third Root-race.

Passing to the growth of character, we shall see in early races, as in childhood, simple animal life, becoming, as childhood and the race advance, more and more human; more and more human characteristics displaying themselves, and as in the race, the growth of Kâma accompanying that of Manas, the individual no longer passively obeying the bodily impulses, but exercising the faculty of choosing or rejecting them, and the simple *impulses* become passions and desires.

Then the gradual subsiding of the animal, giving place to the more intellectual period of middle life, and that, in its turn, yielding to the ideal old age, in which the desires, ambitions and strivings of earlier life have given place to a peaceful serenity, which has passed beyond the passions and pleasures of the world, and the groping of intellect has given place to the *knowledge* of intuition. And lastly, where the purpose of Nature has been fulfilled, the peaceful dying and death from old age, and this, says Mr. Judge, is the natural close of a cycle; the cyclic disturbances are the diseases marking an ill-spent cycle.

To take one other illustrative analogy, there is the cycle of day and night, with its sleeping and waking states of consciousness; the life cycle of rebirth and its accompanying devachanic rest; the activity and succeeding pralaya of races and worlds; the day and night of Brahmâ's manifestation. And probably a knowledge of the process of awakening would show, in the reëntry of the Ego, in the condition of the body before and during awakening, and in the coming into activity of the various senses, a process analogous to that pursued in the evolution of the race, and in the return to manifestation after a pralaya.

Lastly, we will turn to various other cycles often referred to—the solar cycle, the 19-year lunar cycle, the 600-year cycle, the centennial cycle, etc. Without entering into the question of the sense in which

the figures given of the duration of cycles is correct, we may say that time, as the term is understood, has no place in cycles as regards the individual. The Kali Yuga cycle, for example, has 400,000 years to run, yet, *vide Secret Doctrine*, the sixth sub-race, already forming, and shortly to begin, will be in its Satya Yuga. The duration of Kali Yuga, for the individual, is determined *by* the individual. To find the cycles in human life, corresponding to those referred to, we must turn to our everyday experiences.

We are all familiar with the startling and unexpected changes which come upon some men, the sudden "conversion," as it is called, of a man of hitherto evil or indifferent life, an event paralleled in the race only by the mighty energy liberated at the cycle of the incarnation of a Buddha or a Mahomet, and utterly inexplicable unless we see in it the crisis of a cycle within that one man, for which his fellow-men will yet wait many incarnations, perhaps, and which in time measurement is not due for many hundreds or thousands of years. Similarly we have the sudden collapse of the man of tried uprightness.

Who has not noticed the erratic movements of the weak, impulsive man—the man, that is to say, who is at the mercy of the smaller cyclic changes going on within him—his ready enthusiasm and noisy energy, suddenly aroused, as suddenly evaporated, his work of the morning tired of by night, who, each hour and each day, has new and more brilliant plans, all begun on the crest of the cyclic wave, and all abandoned with its ebb.

We have all felt the waves rising and falling within us; when we have made any resolution, we undertake it, seeing clearly its wisdom, and with strong confidence, or at least hope, that we shall succeed, and for a time all goes well. But before long we are conscious that the enthusiasm has died out somewhat, and then, step by step, we go down. We become despondent, and the carrying out of the resolution becomes irksome, and at last hateful. The darkness thickens, intellect steps in to show us the wisdom of abandoning the effort, the folly of the reasons which prompted it, until, at last, we can see no valid reasons for holding on. Perhaps we fail, but if we succeed it is only by the resolute *faith* that we *are* right, and the constant recognition that the darkness is only temporary, and that the dawn will come again with the turn of the cycle. And it comes and for a time the impulse is strong again, until once more the cyclic wave ebbs. But the effort which carried us successfully against the opposing stream is not lost, and with each new conquest our hold upon ourselves becomes more firm, and we are more ready to take advantage of a new wave of spiritual energy.

Our study, then, of *The Secret Doctrine* will become more and more valuable as we can translate its history into terms of human consciousness and experience; when we can apply the names of the various actors therein to our own states of consciousness, and see in the events not only history but psychology. And our study of cycles will assume a new value as we see in them not events of the past, or of the hereafter, and not of the less importance to us that they are timed for another generation or another race.

The cycle is not measured by time, the human life is not measured by years. To the happy, careless child the day has passed almost before it has begun; to the weak, pleasure-loving man the life has ended before he has lived it, and he may try, as he looks back over it, to remember *what* he was doing through the years, as a spendthrift may ask himself on *what* he has spent his wealth.

The measurement of a life is experience, and the experience of a life may be gained in an hour, the experience of a race gained in a life. The cycles are as landmarks on a journey, and he who travels fast, passes them quickly. Or, to use another simile, the cycles of the race are measured by the beats of a pendulum, and its vibrations are in our own hands. We may, if we will, progress slowly with the race, peacefully enjoying the animal life as long as it gives us pleasure, slowly and in many lives casting our animal skins; or summoning our courage, taking the advice of Nature before it is enforced, we may take in one life the pains and strugglings that for the race are spread over many lives, and by so doing bring to us, by the increased speed of the karmic pendulum, the cyclic waves of spiritual help, that in its normal beat would yet be far off.

EDGAR A. CORYN.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(*Continued from p. 92.*)

ALREADY she had met, at the Eddy house, her future colleague in the person of Col. H. S. Olcott. Yet the triad was not complete. Each age has known a triumvirate of visible agents of the mysterious Lodge; where was the third point of the triangle? At that moment in a bookshop, very probably, for he felt the current impulse of the tidal wave of the nineteenth century, and being a cautious and a quiet young man, did not adventure forth, but bought a book for his information. That book was *People from the Other World*, by H. S. Olcott.

Its perusal interested Mr. Judge, who determined to investigate a

bit for himself. He wrote to Colonel Olcott, asking for the address of a good medium. Colonel Olcott replied that he did not then know the address of any medium, but that he had a friend, Madame Blavatsky, who asked him to request Mr. Judge to call upon her.

The call was paid at 40, Irving Place, New York, and H. P. Blavatsky then for the first time in this life met her most devoted pupil and friend face to face, in a relationship which continued unbroken and justified that which H. P. Blavatsky herself wrote of it—"*till death and after.*" Storms there were, no doubt, as well as fullest sunshine; for the pupil was a powerful mind and the teacher was the sphinx of her era, so that intellectual tussles followed as a natural sequence, but whatever the pupil thought of the teacher was said *to her*, boldly; not a doubt or a fear concealed when these arose, as arise they must when the hour of occult teaching and trial dawns. That H. P. B. honored this openness is evidenced by her long letters—there are some of forty-eight pages—in which many a puzzle is explained with profound affection. There has been a recent attempt to make capital out of some such passing episode, turning it into a prolonged enmity on the part of Mr. Judge toward H. P. B. New, perhaps, to their odious trade, the slanderers were more silly than expert; they were unaware of the existence of these letters of H. P. B., which not only show how complete was the final understanding, but which also show through what arts, and of what individual, the temporary want of comprehension arose. It is indeed most instructive to find that one person, who, like the worm in the bud, acted as the hidden canker in two crises in India, as H. P. B. (and an official of the "Indian Section") bluntly shows, also played the same part in the recent troubles, now so healthily ended. Disappearing, now emerging, now again in stealthy hiding, never did leopard cling closer to its spots; never was paw more alert to caress, to strike, to propel its victims here and there; never was karmic line more plainly marked out or karmic tool more mercifully—yet plainly—exposed by H. P. B. But in this instance it met with complete failure; it was as vain as will be every other attempt to separate that teacher and that pupil. Even the outside public has grasped that fact by now, turning scorn upon it, unable to realize its hidden beauty. The final verdict of H. P. B. upon the relation is an ample one. It extends over the ten years previous to her departure from our midst and is replete with a noble gratitude constantly poured forth. The splendid friendship went on its rejoicing way, a thing of life immortal, destined to pass beyond the confines of the tomb, as beyond many a mortal life, and to look with large compassion upon the self-substitution, the weighing and

counting, the trimming and checking and paring with which smaller souls, hemmed in "the mirror-lined prison of self-consciousness," adjust their balances and re-measure their gratitude when gifts have ceased to flow visibly toward them, swallowed up by the silence of the inner world. In our commercial era, there is a solemn rite known at each season's close, a rite performed with bated breath by the money-worshipper and called "Taking Stock." All errors of financial judgment are then corrected in the light of self-gain and self-loss. Can we feel surprised that souls not yet born into the free ether should thus reädjust any instinctive generosity of theirs towards the dead which might tend to imperil their worldly standing? Not so; we had hoped other things, yet cannot feel surprise, but only a larger tolerance of the common human nature, which is capable, further on in evolution, of an instinctive trust, more swift than the lightning, more enduring than the everlasting hills. To have given proof of such a trust, in the teeth of all the lying testimony of material life, is to have done the world a lasting service, had no more than this been done by Mr. Judge.

After this first meeting, Mr. Judge became deeply interested in the work and teachings of Madame Blavatsky. He spent much of his time at her rooms, a witness of many of her wonderful phenomena, and ultimately, as we now know, became her disciple in the deeper arcana of Theosophy. Very soon after the acquaintance began, Mr. Judge was one of a gathering of people at the rooms of Madame Blavatsky, when she told him to ask Colonel Olcott, who was then on the other side of the room, "to found a Society." Mr. Judge did as he was requested, then called the gathering to order, assumed the chairmanship, and nominated Colonel Olcott as permanent chairman, on which he was duly elected. Colonel Olcott then took the chair, and nominated Mr. Judge as secretary. Mr. Judge was elected, and this was the beginning of the Theosophical Society. How it continued and how it grew are matters of common knowledge. When Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott sailed for India with their roving commission, they left Mr. Judge to sustain, as best he could, the parent body, the *three* being, as H. P. B. subsequently wrote, the only founders who remained true to the Cause and the Society.

Let us realize the situation. A young man, twenty-three years of age, newly married, poor, and at that time obscure, not of robust health, soon to have the future of an infant child added to his responsibilities, Mr. Judge was left virtually in charge of the interests of the Theosophical Society at its most important post, the land of which H. P. B. and himself were naturalized citizens, and for which each had

given up all rights in other countries; the land where the century's effort was duly and well inaugurated; the land which was by cyclic law predestined to bear the new race, a race grander, said H. P. Blavatsky, than any ever yet born; a race not purely local, but wholly composite as to the physical and nervous bodies, the bearers of universal influences.

It was a position in which the young lawyer seemed quite overweighted, but he did all that he could. Much or little it might have been on the external plane, and at that time. We cannot say. He was a disciple under trial, soon to be accepted and recognized, but already, so far as this life goes, a neophyte, one of a band who have taken the vow of interior poverty, and whose unseen and unrecorded work is regarded as being of far more importance than exterior, visible work. The main current of such lives runs underground. Already H. P. Blavatsky had written and said that he had been a part of herself and of the Great Lodge "for æons past" (her exact words), and that he was one of those tried Egos who have reïncarnated several times immediately after death; assisted to do so, and without devachanic rest, in order to continue his Lodge work. It is a matter of record that, when the seven years' probation of this life were over, the Master best known in connection with the T. S. sent to Mr. Judge, through H. P. B., His photograph, inscribed upon the back "to my colleague," with a cryptogram and signature; and, a little later, a letter of thanks and advice, delivered to Mr. Judge in Paris by H. P. B. A message sent to him through H. P. B. in writing from the Lodge at about this time ends by saying: "Those who do all that they can and the best they know how do enough for us." Hence, though recent mushroom criticisms of that period of Mr. Judge's work have sprung up like poisonous fungi, it would appear that H. P. Blavatsky, and Those whom she served, passed quite other judgment upon it, as abundant evidence shows.

In this period, when the young man was left thus alone, there were, all about him, the ranks of materiality densely set; Science had just recorded some of her most brilliant verdicts against Religion; Religion, thus pressed, was fierce in denunciation of Spiritualism and Theosophy, classing them with Agnosticism and Atheism. Persons who had joined the T. S. in the hope of learning more of the unseen forces of Nature, fell away upon the departure of Madame Blavatsky for India, most of them being Spiritualists, many of them still active and prominent workers along spiritualistic lines. The parent body dwindled to a mere handful of earnest souls, but it kept alive; its records were kept up by the unflagging zeal of Mr. Judge—the secretary, as will be remembered—and the sustained devotion of General Abner Doubleday.

This gentleman had been elected President of the T. S. on Colonel Olcott's departure for India. He was an officer of the regular army, and had served with conspicuous gallantry on the northern side during the war for the Union and was a man honored by the entire nation, an enthusiastic Theosophist and esotericist until his death about four years ago. He had a very great friendship and respect for the younger man who later outranked him in Theosophy, and was a representative of the type of men whom Mr. Judge then and later gathered about him, and who, without exception, are still his firm supporters and friends. This refers, be it understood, to men of the same standing as General Doubleday.

In the Convention of 1895, some ninety persons out of four thousand or thereabouts, were found, after six months' active work and search, to sign a species of memorial unfavorable to Mr. Judge. Not half a dozen of these were active workers. With a single exception they could not be said to be persons of any marked standing. They had, as against them in judgment, men and women whose names are as well known in foreign cities, or upon the great foreign exchanges, or through the United States, as they are known in the cities of their residence. Commenting upon this fact, a party of such men were lunching in New York, just after the Convention, 1895, and said to an English guest: "Here are we, whose word is our bond in the communities where we live and beyond them; we can raise thousands of dollars upon our mere word at half an hour's notice, and that financial test is the great test of the present time. We know Judge intimately; we have seen him almost daily for years. He can have anything he wants of us, and he wants nothing for himself. We know his character and daily life; the whole community knows it, and we know these charges are untrue. A man is known where he lives as he is known nowhere else. We are by no means fools, as our business contemporaries can tell you, and we stand by Judge to a man."

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD AND EVIL.

To hate what is bad and wrong: of course you know that is not wise, yet even knowing such a thing it is often difficult to act up to our beliefs. Why? Is it not because we do not really understand and cannot therefore sympathize? I think that is the reason. We cannot love what is evil, but what we can do is to accept it all as part of the whole. There is so much in ACCEPTATION. It is not necessary, I

think, to "penetrate with the power of love" what is evil. But this does not mean persons; it means actions. Persons are but masks for the divine which lies behind. We are one with that divine. But wrong actions we cannot and should not love. Still we can accept them, we can tolerate them. But it is difficult. Will you think of this: Every virtue embosoms a sleeping vice, and just in the same way every vice contains within itself a potential virtue. Now that sounds terrible at first, yet what does it mean? I think this: We come in time to think no longer of good and evil in the ordinary way. We come to see that vice and wickedness is but misdirected energy or power. We look at things universally, and instead of judging persons we look on them as centres in and through which there manifests the One Life, the One Consciousness, the One Substance. Here one may take the One Life as meaning the same as the One Spirit.

And we further know that all things are dual in manifested nature; that they are polar. Also that force, the universal force, is in itself pure and without color, but that our own minds color that force and turn it to either what we call good or evil purposes. So we can come to look upon evil as so much perverted force, so much misdirected energy. It loses its personal character. We cannot hate a force. We can accept it as part of the whole.

PROPAGANDA.

Fergus. WHENEVER I hear of propaganda I always think of Humanity as a great, helpless being which has to be coaxed and taken care of, even as a little child. This attitude of mind tends to lower my opinion of the race, and therefore I dislike propaganda. I should explain that I associate with the word a militant spirit, which loves argument and controversy. I cannot think that such a spirit is necessary. I believe that our duty is to "bear witness of the Light," and no more. The Self, finding expression in the soul of everyone, will do the rest. I believe all controversy, for the reason that it creates a desire to prove another at fault and hence fosters disharmony, to be a wrongful waste of energy which might be used for greater good on inner planes of being. What do I mean? I mean that the pure man, even though he live on a desert island, is a greater power in the world than any other, though the latter be our greatest orator or man of letters.

* * *

Emer. What zealous propagandists we were truly when Theosophy first showed us the Path. Later, perplexities, pitfalls and obstacles increased with the hot glare of the day. Propaganda! What can we tell of this labyrinth? We get some help from comrades' voices floating back. Is it these, half understood, we shall reëcho, or are we to try to reäwaken our first wonder at what is now to us so obvious? The confidence and knowledge we have gained are not expressible. What says the Law? "Freely ye have received, freely give." Pausing, desirous to serve, we look back. Numberless tiny branching paths converge to where we stand. Some rules of the road become clear. It was foolish to wish to drag every other person to our starting-point, each one having his own. Instead of our previous trumpetings that *we* had found the Path, we try to rouse some slumberers to see it shining at their feet too; to comrades close behind we can give some hint of warning, and encouragement and sympathy to all. Propaganda is much more than stating unfamiliar truths.

* * *

Omar. For me propaganda means propaganda in Ireland, and what I have to consider is the spirit of Theosophy in relation to the genius of the Celt. By Theosophy I mean the divinity and the brotherhood of man, and as the notes of the Celt are rich imaginings, glow, natural magic, vivid affections, we must translate our beliefs from philosophy into poetry—by which I mean the art of uttering truth at white heat—if we would reach him. And as his feeling is for magic rather than for law, we should be better employed in firing his nature through the presentment of ideals of transcendent perfection than by proving to him the justice of life on this plane; and by fixing his affections on the divine in man than by demonstrating the reasonableness of Reïncarnation, for it and Karma do not reveal their full value until the need for an intellectual statement of spiritual beliefs has arisen, and our work is rather to direct into wider channels than they find at present the aspirations and dreams which are our nation's heritage.

* * *

Alecto. The main work of H. P. Blavatsky was to show the identity of the various world-religions and philosophies, in their original aspects, with the archaic Wisdom-Religion. That is a line of effort she by no means exhausted. Armed with the teachings, rightly understood, of *The Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled*, *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, *Patanjali*, etc., and with some intuition, what enormous fields of exegesis, retranslation and illustration still remain unutilized by students of

Theosophy! Many Sacred Books of the East have been dealt with by competent students, but what about the Sacred Books of the West? Some recent translations which have appeared in these pages from both Greek and Mexican manuscripts give a clue to the extensive field of work still almost untouched. Continual restatements of cardinal points of occult philosophy from various standpoints are needed, *e.g.*, Anderson's works on *Reïncarnation* and *Septenary Man*. Vast realms of ancient knowledge, accumulated by such men as Gerald Massey or Lord Kingsborough, await the application of the keys which H. P. B. has given us; as well as the Hebrew and Greek writings of Old and New Testaments, canonical and apocryphal, not to mention the Celtic manuscripts of Ireland.

* * *

Pan. I think the real thing to be remembered amid all this endeavor, which expresses itself in so many ways in speech and literature, is that none of these things really convince or illuminate unless we ourselves are what we speak of. Do words ever convey thought of themselves? Is there not an interior clairvoyance of the soul which, while we look at the printed page or listen to the oration, seeks beyond and gazes at the living original? If it finds a darkness there and not a light, is it really sustained by eloquent words? I think not. We cannot exert more power than we have got. "Though I speak with the angelic tongue and have not love, it is nothing." The man who tells some comparatively simple truth, some impulse of the self-conscious spiritual nature, often inspires far more than the intellectual range which begins somewhere back of the First Logos, and yet refers to books as authority. The reference to authority does not become those who would teach that within us is the Light of the World. Before we speak of these grandeurs let us seek for their august counterparts, their resting-place within our own souls, and let us ever after speak and act from that consciousness and we shall do our work well and may leave the rest to the Warrior eternal and sure.

* * *

Red Man. I cannot say that I feel qualified to speak on this subject of propaganda, for I have never taken any direct part in the propagation of Theosophy. As far as spreading the principles of Theosophy in Ireland is concerned, lectures seem to be of more use than anything else. To these a few enquiring spirits always come. Sometimes they are opposed to Theosophy, sometimes not. Whichever way it is, they listen to the—to them—new and strange teachings put forward, and then go away and talk about them afterwards. And they

are really helping us by so doing. Also it seems to me well that Theosophy should be kept before the public by means of the press, particularly at the present time, when a great number of people are beginning to feel the need of something more than they have; are growing tired of words and ritual, and want something for the soul.

But we may go deeper than lectures or the press. I believe that where a few sincere Theosophists are grouped together, their thoughts form a great power in the city, or wherever they may be, and that gradually others around them will come to have those thoughts and ideas, and become Theosophists in heart. So we had better all go on and think, and in that way do what we can for Theosophy.

* * *

Opal. "To stop working for brotherhood and humanity would be awful," and service is the law of our true being. What we receive that we must give, or death and stagnation results. Humanity being united on every plane we serve by mood and thought, thus we are unconscious propagandists, helping or retarding the progress of our fellow-pilgrims. The universe is yoked to the service of man; naught but ignorance would cause us to formulate a new law—that of disunion. Knowledge of our nature and destiny dispels that illusion. The truths of Theosophy have altered our outlook on life, opening up for us ever-widening vistas of power and service; they have put a new song in our mouths and new joy in our hearts, which we needs must share with others. Thus propaganda becomes the most natural thing possible, not meaning for us Foreign Missions or Friendly Societies, but brotherly love and sympathy for all that wears the garb of humanity.

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VOL. IV. APRIL 15TH, 1896. No. 7.

The Irish Theosophist.

W. Q. J.

O hero of the iron age,
Upon thy grave we will not weep,
Nor yet consume away in rage
For thee and thy untimely sleep.
Our hearts a burning silence keep.

O martyr, in these iron days
One fate was sure for soul like thine:
Well you foreknew but went your ways.
The crucifixion is the sign,
The meed of all the kingly line.

We may not mourn—though such a night
Has fallen on our earthly spheres
Bereft of love and truth and light
As never since the dawn of years;—
For tears give birth alone to tears.

One wreath upon thy grave we lay
(The silence of our bitter thought,
Words that would scorch their hearts of clay),
And turn to learn what thou hast taught,
To shape our lives as thine was wrought.

ABOUT 9 a.m. on Saturday, the 21st of last month, our beloved leader left us. As we go to press no details are to hand. Meantime we cannot let this issue appear without a few words from one or two who knew that heart thought by many to be "something else."—ED.

The claim of William Q. Judge upon us is impersonal and universal, for it is the claim of work, and of work only.

Not the man then, but his work. The Work was his ideal. He

valued men and women only by their work and the spirit in which it was done; he held right thought to be the best work of all; he worked with anyone who was wishful or willing to do work in any real sense, whether such persons were enemies or friends.

Slowly, under the moulding touch of time and suffering, his character evolved before the eyes of the community whose estimate is the estimate of twenty years' experience and is not to be shaken. If there be little said about him as an occultist, it is because such men, in such relations, leave no visible, material traces. Of them it may be said, in the language of paradox: They are known to be what they are because they are unknown; they are recognized because they are misunderstood; they are honored in the inner world because they are dishonored in the outer world; they have suffered that other men may rejoice; hatred is their portion because they have loved much; sorrow is their lot until that day when the whole world shall rejoice. Such men, in their unrecorded deeds, wear the likeness of the rootless Root, the unevolved Evolver, in the sense that, being themselves obscure, they are the source of greatness in others. Themselves silent, they are the cause of eloquence in others. Theirs are the thoughts which spur others to great deeds. Theirs is the quietness which overcomes everything, just as water, the softest thing, overcomes all hardness. They, and they alone, come into this world of ours with one idea, one ideal, which they carry out along a hundred lines with unwavering purpose, never pausing, never resting, never changing, knowing no alteration of mind, no lesser deity than the One Self, no other service than the service of that Self hidden in humanity; childhood, youth and manhood sees them pursuing the same changeless purpose, and when the wearied body falls and dies and the fire-soul frets through the frail, ethereal casing, these men, these Egos cannot rest in the grave of the ether: they know no heaven; Death itself cannot stay them; the blissful life of the spheres cannot give them pause; they return—they, the disembodied and free, turn from the free and glorious starry airs, they take again the fetters of the body, and for what? For what end? Only for this; that they may work, work, and serve the Self eternal.

J.

It is with no feeling of sadness that I think of this withdrawal. He would not have wished for that. But with a faltering hand I try to express one of many incommunicable thoughts about the hero who has departed. Long before I met him, before even written words of his had been read, his name like an incantation stirred and summoned

forth some secret spiritual impulse in my heart. It was no surface tie which bound us to him. No one ever tried less than he to gain from men that adherence which comes from impressive manner. I hardly thought what he was while he spoke; but on departing I found my heart, wiser than my brain, had given itself away to him; an inner exaltation lasting for months witnessed his power. It was in that memorable convention in London two years ago that I first glimpsed his real greatness. As he sat there quietly, one among many, not speaking a word, I was overcome by a sense of spiritual dilation, of unconquerable will about him, and that one figure with the grey head became all the room to me. Shall I not say the truth I think? Here was a hero out of the remote, antique, giant ages come among us, wearing but on the surface the vesture of our little day. We, too, came out of that past, but in forgetfulness; he with memory and power soon regained. To him and to one other we owe an unspeakable gratitude for faith and hope and knowledge born again. We may say now, using words of his early years: "Even in hell I lift up my eyes to those who are beyond me and do not deny them." Ah, hero, we know you would have stayed with us if it were possible; but fires have been kindled that shall not soon fade, fires that shall be bright when you again return. I feel no sadness, knowing there are no farewells in the True: to whosoever has touched on that real being there is comradeship with all the great and wise of time. That he will again return we need not doubt. His ideals were those which are attained only by the Saviours and Deliverers of nations. When or where he may appear I know not, but I foresee the coming when our need invokes him. Light of the future æons, I hail, I hail to thee! Æ.

"It is a cry of the soul," were the words in which he summed up the meaning and purpose of the theosophical movement when initiating us in 1888. There was nothing of the maudlin sentimentalist about him. Clear, simple and powerful are all his utterances, for the strong light of soul shone through all he did and said. One more has been added to the long list of the world's crucified saviours. It is almost like presumption to essay an appreciation in words of great souls like these. We cannot measure, weigh, or sound their depths. How inadequate, then, any attempt of the kind. We can but point to the work achieved even in these few years and realize dimly that we have entertained angels unawares; that the Great Ones of the earth have been among us and we knew them not. F. J. D.

"YE ARE GODS!"

Know that thou too art a God, to abide mid the hurry and haste,
A God in the sunlit hall, a God on the rain-swept waste,
A God in the battle triumphant; . . .—*Norse Legend.*

THESE words, found in an old, old legend of the North, we find repeated in the Vedas of India, the legends of the American Indians, and the Bible of Christianity. This idea, spread through the length and breadth of the land, should not be strange to us of the present sceptical age, for, though clothed in a slightly different robe, it has been placed before us again and again within the last few years, but how many of us have realized it in ever so slight a degree? We had got into a slipshod way of thinking of the immortal part of ourselves —when we *did* think about it—and it needed words of fire to rouse us from our torpid condition; to make us feel that we are something more than body; that of a truth a bright spirit ensouls the frame which walks about on earth; that from all time the soul has existed, ever taking and wearing other and other bodies, and trying to train those bodies to live *its* life, instead of living the life of the animal. Recognizing the working of the soul, and recognizing the working of the body, we see that, in the vast majority of cases, the body is dominant. Our minds are absorbed by the trivialities of daily life. Sometimes we glimpse something far ahead of us; light is rayed on things that heretofore were puzzles, and sometimes we hear the voice of the soul speaking to us and guiding us when we are anguish-torn and writhing from the forces that seem to be making a playground of us; forces that appear to be wholly evil and from which we can see no loophole of escape.

But the soul makes itself heard through the fury and storm of this internal strife; then, appearing to stand outside ourselves, we view these forces at work, and we know that the soul has power to conquer them, for they belong to a fleeting nature, and the soul is immortal, eternal, imperishable. Realizing this, there comes a cessation from the storm, and then the whole being seems to burst forth into a song of joy, for every time that we conquer ourselves we are helping others to conquer themselves.

Still, we do not always want to fight. Sometimes we feel so tired, and an inclination to drift along on the tide arises in our nature. But having once called on the God within to help us in our struggles towards the divine, drifting, for any length of time, is no longer pos-

sible to us. The soul cries: "Arise, mortal, take up thy Godhood. Art thou weary? I will support thee. One longing thought cast upward is sufficient to draw me down to thee, for I am ever watching over thee." Then once again we take up the burden of material thoughts and desires, and instead of giving way to them, we determine to make them subservient to us.

Is it not time we grasped some of the knowledge and wisdom awaiting us? It is ours by right of the long-past ages, when we helped to gather and to garner it. Some mighty ones of the race have gone on before us and found this Wisdom of the Gods; but we—weak mortals—lack the high purpose, the steadfastness and the undaunted will which are absolutely necessary for all those who would walk in the path of the soul. We stretch out our hands feebly, to grasp even the hem of the robe of Wisdom. *Never*, NEVER shall the feeble hand and the faint heart know aught of it. Only the heart burning with love for humanity, and the hand stretched out to help those who are struggling on, can ever hope to approach near to the great white Flame that burns throughout the ages.

Then let us rise out of our sorrowful state. *We* are the makers of it, and *we* have to be the masters of it. We can do it any time that we will. We may fail often, but we will not be discouraged; *apparent* failure is often success. Do we say that it needs mighty efforts to do this? Who is capable of making those efforts if not we? we who ruled the winds and the waves and the fire and the earth before we forgot our Godhood. And I say we can do it now. Our ancient powers are not lost, they but sleep in us. We may make them living, shooting, burning fires embracing the whole universe.

This great teaching of our immortality, of our divinity, dwarfs all other teaching. It spurs us on to greater endeavor; we want to lose the selfishness which is part of our nature now and gain the selflessness which was ours long ago; we want to free ourselves from the garment of flesh and put on the mantle of many colors, "the mantle of flame which sweeps the ends of the universe."

Now is the time to strive towards perfection; now is the time to work with our minds and our hearts in order that the divine may once more manifest through us, that we may indeed become shining as the stars in the blue vault above us.

All you who are endeavoring by earnest effort and unselfish life to reach the goal, I clasp hands with you in brotherhood; we will go, we will work together in peace and unity throughout all time.

LAON.

The Wings of the Dove.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE EAGLE.

[*St. John*, i. 1-33.]

In the mighty Mother's bosom was the Wise
With the mystic Father in æonian night;
Aye, for ever one with them though it arise
Going forth to sound its hymn of light.

At its incantation rose the starry fane;
At its magic thronged the myriad race of men;
Life awoke that in the womb so long had lain
To its cyclic labours once again.

'Tis the soul of fire within the heart of life;
From its fiery fountain spring the will and thought;
All the strength of man for deeds of love or strife,
Though the darkness comprehend it not.

In the mystery written here
John is but the life, the seer;
Outcast from the life of light,
Inly with reverted sight
Still he scans with eager eyes
The celestial mysteries.
Poet of all far-seen things
At his word the soul has wings,
Revelations, symbols, dreams
Of the inmost light which gleams.

The winds, the stars, and the skies though wrought
By the one Fire-Self still know it not;
And man who moves in the twilight dim
Feels not the love that encircles him,
Though in heart, on bosom, and eyelids press
Lips of an infinite tenderness,
He turns away through the dark to roam
Nor heeds the fire in his hearth and home.

They whose wisdom everywhere
Sees as through a crystal air
The lamp by which the world is lit,

And themselves as one with it;
In whom the eye of vision swells,
Who have in entrancèd hours
Caught the word whose might compels
All the elemental powers;
They arise as Gods from men
Like the morning stars again.
They who seek the place of rest
Quench the blood-heat of the breast,
Grow ascetic, inward turning
Trample down the lust from burning,
Silence in the self the will
For a power diviner still;
To the fire-born Self alone
The ancestral spheres are known.

Unto the poor dead shadows came
Wisdom mantled about with flame;
We had eyes that could see the light
Born of the mystic Father's might,
Glory radiant with powers untold
And the breath of God around it rolled.

Life that moved in the deeps below
Felt the fire in its bosom glow;
Life awoke with the Light allied,
Grew divinely stirred, and cried:
"This is the Ancient of Days within,
Light that is ere our days begin.

"Every power in the spirit's ken
Springs anew in our lives again.
We had but dreams of the heart's desire
Beauty thrilled with the mystic fire.
The white-fire breath whence springs the power
Flows alone in the spirit's hour."

Man arose from the earth he trod,
Grew divine as he gazed on God:
Light in a fiery whirlwind broke
Out of the dark divine and spoke:
Man went forth through the vast to tread
By the spirit of wisdom charioted.

There came the learned of the schools
Who measure heavenly things by rules,
The sceptic, doubter, the logician,
Who in all sacred things precisian,
Would mark the limit, fix the scope,
"Art thou the Christ for whom we hope?
Art thou a magian, or in thee
Has the divine eye power to see?"
He answered low to those who came,
"Not this, nor this, nor this I claim.
More than the yearning of the heart
I have no wisdom to impart.
I am the voice that cries in him
Whose heart is dead, whose eyes are dim,
'Make pure the paths where through may run
The light-streams from that golden one,
The Self who lives within the sun,'
As spake the seer of ancient days."
The voices from the earthly ways
Questioned him still: "What dost thou here,
If neither prophet, king nor seer?
What power is kindled by thy might?"
"I flow before the feet of Light:
I am the purifying stream.
But One of whom ye have no dream,
Whose footsteps move among you still,
Though dark, divine, invisible.
Impelled by Him, before His ways
I journey, though I dare not raise
Even from the ground these eyes so dim
Or look upon the feet of Him."

When the dead or dreamy hours
  Like a mantle fall away,
Wakes the eye of gnostic powers
  To the light of hidden day,

And the yearning heart within
  Seeks the true, the only friend,
He who burdened with our sin
  Loves and loves unto the end.

Ah, the martyr of the world,
  With a face of steadfast peace
Round whose brow the light is curled:
  'Tis the Lamb with golden fleece,

So they called of old the shining.
  Such a face the sons of men
See, and all its life divining
  Wake primeval fires again.

Such a face and such a glory
  Passed before the eyes of John,
With a breath of olden story
  Blown from ages long agone

  Who would know the God in man,
  Deeper still must be his glance,
  Veil on veil his eye must scan
  For the mystic signs which tell
  If the fire electric fell
  On the seer in his trance;
  As his way he upward wings
  From all time-encircled things,
  Flames the glory round his head
  Like a bird with wings outspread,
  Gold and silver plumes at rest;
  Such a shadowy shining crest
  Round the hero's head reveals him
  To the soul that would adore,
  As the master-power that heals him
  And the fount of secret lore.
  Nature such a diadem
  Places on her royal line,
  Every eye that looks on them
  Knows the Sons of the Divine.

Æ.

THE WORLD-WITHOUT-END HOUR.

Time is endlessly long.—GOETHE.

SOMEBODY made the remark, the other day, that Providence must be an Irishman, because, in the celestial economy, there is such a total ignoring of the value of time. And certainly, the more we look at it in that light, the more this judgment seems to be justified by events; for it seems as if most of time was simply thrown away, without any profitable result whatever, and, it must be added, without any visible harm coming from all this lavishness either—which is the most disappointing thing to people who are deep in the secrets of Providence, for if much evil seems to be piled up, they know at once that it has all to be expiated in a future birth, and so their utilitarian claims are satisfied, and they are content.

But time goes on and on, and nothing seems to come of it, neither good nor evil. This is particularly evident, if we watch the moments and hours and days of our own particularly valuable lives. We take this extreme case, because, as we are interested in justifying Providence, we like to give Providence every possible advantage by choosing the best possible materials. To begin, then, with our own particularly valuable lives; who will not admit that, looking back over ten years or so, only ten hours of it all, if so much even, were of real and permanent value; some ten hours of real insight into this very perplexing universe; some ten hours in which we felt our own real power and the greater powers behind and above us? We are immortal spirits—in those good hours we are as certain of that as we are that the sun shines—but most of the time we neither feel like immortal spirits, nor, one may hazard the conjecture, do we quite give people the impression that we are. The hours go drifting onward uninspired, packed full of portentous trifles, heavily weighted with all kinds of nothings; we even hesitate to remember that we once felt like archangels, because the contrast would be too appalling. But, in the dispensation of Providence, we are not keenly conscious through most of these unelevated days; there is a kind of dreamy enchantment over them, so that we are not resentful at their emptiness, and let them go by even with something of contentment. But that only makes it all the worse, at least so far as Providence is concerned, for the less we feel the wastefulness of time, the more utterly wasted that time evidently is.

By another dispensation of the same inscrutable Providence, most

of the people we know have to spend most of their time in simply keeping up with time. They work all the time to supply necessities that time is perpetually bringing, by providing things that time as perpetually takes away, to put them, perhaps, in that wallet on his back, wherein he keeps alms for oblivion. All that does not seem to be very profitable. And all that emphasizes the conjecture we started with, as to the nationality of the planetary spirit of this world-period. Then there is a most perplexing thing; time does not seem always to go on at the same rate. There were sixty minutes, so at least the chronometer said, in each of two hours. But one of the hours was gone before we thought it had well begun, and the other was so slow about it that we have a lurking misgiving that there is some of it left, still lingering somewhere, lying in wait for us. So there are bad quarters of an hour, though I do not remember that anyone has so far put on record any class of good quarters of an hour.

Then we can dream seven years, seven good years as full of plenty as those the Egyptian's corn-ears foretold, while people close beside us, in the next room, are living only seven minutes; or, in deeper sleep, seven minutes may pass between the evening and the morning of the next day, while some luckless mortal, overtaken by evil works done in a former birth, is dragging through a night that seems months long. So that, before formulating that grievance of ours about the waste of time, and Providence's complicity therein, we shall have to settle what time is; and the more we work at it, the less satisfactory to the lean ancient with the scythe our settlement is likely to be.

For we shall surely arrive at the result that all the other sages came to long ago—but we must here allow ourselves a moment's digression, to suggest another problem that utilitarian minds may make themselves miserable over—how about the waste of space? What of the unprofitable fields between planet and planet, between star and star, in which absolutely nothing grows, as far as we can tell, not even the new light, which is darkness visible? But we must not stray too far away from the solar system, so we shall come back to the question of time, and the solution already reached by our predecessors, the philosophers. The truth about time seems to be, that there is not any. We couch our result in these terms, in order to fall in with the presumed spirit of the present planetary genius. Time seems to be, but is not; it is in us, who imagine, and not in the things outside us. We make it for ourselves, and so we can make it of exactly the length we want, and this accounts for its being of different lengths for different people. So that the real truth about all the flat, stale, and unprofitable

hours in our own most exemplary lives, is that there is, in ourselves, a large capital of fairly enjoyable fatuity, which we are anxious to make the most of, and would on no account consent to diminish.

Most people enjoy their misery. Look at the relish with which pessimists prove their theme. Our lives are precisely what our entire wills choose them to be; we do not suffer a single pin-prick without our own consent. We are, minute for minute, precisely where we ought to be, where our own wills put us, without the slightest reservation or exception whatever. All these seemingly waste years are the weaving of our own fancies, which make the warp and woof of every day of our lives. For ages and ages this spider-web spinning has been our only and altogether soul-satisfying occupation, and we have ourselves to thank for it, not only touching the past, but the present also; for, as far as we can honestly tell, those fancies of ours are as lively and busy as ever.

We are beginning to get a little tired of it at last, as we show by talking about waste of time and unprofitable days, and impeaching Providence, and the time will perhaps come soon when our wills will consent to something better. There has really been no time-waste at all; only endless weaving of fancy, which has held our souls enchanted by their own misdemeanours. The celestial hours are not separated from each other by years of uselessness, but go on continuous; the life in a better part of us is quite unbroken.

Some day, the coming of which our own wills shall decide, we shall we able to laugh ourselves out of our fancies and begin our real lives; or rather continue those celestial hours in which we really were, and really knew ourselves to be, immortal.

C. J.

"CASTING THE LEAD."

To adapt a phrase from Paul—he is not a Theosophist who is one outwardly. Much, if not everything, depends on the inner attitude; too great emphasis cannot be laid on this. A time comes, has come, perhaps, when we can no longer look to our leaders, for one by one they leave us for a while, to renew at another time their self-imposed tasks. Standing in the midst of many broken hopes so vast, so full of promise, we no longer hear the voices of those strong ones amongst us, who were undaunted by a thousand failures. We have to rely on something else, something we have made our own. We can only pass on with any benefit to others what we have coined out of our experience;

only a strong reliance on an inner principle will stand the test of time. It is quite true that character alone tells in the long run.

The world looks with a cold, critical eye on those who seek to reform its ways, nor does it readily overlook or forget even their slight mistakes. A Society with Universal Brotherhood as its avowed first object has to maintain a very high standard of excellence indeed, if it is to come up to the expectations of those who are watching for every fall in order to renew their scorn and ridicule.

It would be good to know where mistakes have been made in order that they should be avoided in the future. What have we been doing? Have we not uttered boldly many things about life in almost every aspect since the first feeble stir within the "bosom of the Infinite"? Have we not voiced anew the old truths uttered by the great Teachers? Has not brotherhood been our first object for twenty years? If so, why is the world's heart still perishing—why its cold and gloom? Perhaps, as some say, we have been explaining too much, and leaving something more important lacking in ourselves. And our literature, what of that? Has not much of it been influenced by the tendency of the age? In a period of doubt have we not resorted too much to the methods of the dissecting room, in order to prove our claims? It is true we have spoken often of the old text, that "what a man thinks, that he is"; but what *have* we been thinking? Much of the time accusing or excusing one another, perhaps.

A great deal of the literature now being produced is evidently intended to meet the momentary stimulus for novelty, and gets too much attention. "Thrilling experiences" in the realms of borderland will not do away with the necessity for men knowing themselves, before they can unravel truly the mysteries of life. The aroma of the graveyard will not revive a knowledge of the soul.

The big world is hard to move; many ages have left their marks on it, but still there it is, to all appearance, prepared for as many more. People in the mass are not prepared to accept all we have to say about reïncarnation and karma and the seven principles. The ideas we seek to impress upon the thought and life of humanity must inevitably take time to meet with general recognition. It is well to work with a deep purpose in view, not expecting success to-day or to-morrow. What we do will then be better done and of more enduring quality.

An obstruction often is racial prejudice. A slight breeze fans into flame old embers lying smouldering in ourselves, of which, it may be, we have till then been unaware. These differences must be overcome. But how? Has it not been said so often that personality

must disappear? What were H. P. B.'s words? "Know at once and remember always, that true Occultism or Theosophy is the 'Great Renunciation of self,' unconditionally and absolutely, in thought as in action." No uncertainty here. Nothing very "thrilling," but a plain statement indicating clearly the only path along which we can reach the end in view. "There is no other path to go." It is not something remote from the human life of to-day; not an airy abstraction. Here and now it has to be interpreted quite literally, and carried out to the letter if progress is to be made. Has not this thing, considered so simple, been our greatest stumbling-block?

The living light is its own witness; it shines forth wherever a way is made clear for its shining; it quickens others, calling forth in them the heroic ardors of the prime. Our duty, then, is clear. Let us join hearts and hands and form a *living* wreath to the memory of those great ones who have been with us for a time, who have led us through so many dangers to within sight of the promised land. Inspired by their example may we *embody* the principles they held sacred. We have read, written, and spoken of them freely enough, but in practice they are their own best demonstration, and need no argument to support them. Thus may we form a nucleus of light-bearers through the dark years yet to come, and make straight in the world the path of the Master. Our leaders again returning will find their task, so nobly begun, made easier; they will be able once more to go about teaching the mysteries to the people as in times gone by.

D. N. D.

PEACE.

Ah! how we workers in cities long for the country and for summer-time. We want the peace of the summer eve when the shadows are stretching themselves over the waving meadows; we want to lie in the long grass with the world far away, and in our minds a sweet sense of the absence of care which is borne along on the quiet breeze. But it cannot always be summer and holiday-time, and so we turn again to our work with a sigh.

There is a parallel to this in the life of the soul. We became aware that we had been forging chains for ourselves. We knew we were losing our freedom, and we set to work to undo the labor of many lives. The knowledge of the high estate from which we had fallen inspired us to great effort. We remembered that we were working for many comrades the world over and took up our task with joy. The road was uphill and stony but we would not be daunted. We determined that

all the powers of Chaos should not stay the onward march of the warrior soul. But we soon became weary, overcome with the languor of living. We have travelled a long road down the ages from the mighty past, and in our journeyings we have lost much energy. The idea of separateness from the Divine has set a bar between us and the resources of the Cosmos. Although the root of our nature is set in primeval being we cannot apply the primal force. And so we are soon tired and want to get away from it all; away from joy and sorrow, laughter and tears; away from striving and responsibility, away from ourselves. A sense of despair creeps over us, a vast, vague despair, and all the voices of the soul unite in one cry, a cry for peace.

Yet there is an inner region which we sometimes enter, where we know that peace. There are times when the Unknown opens its arms to us that we may lean back and be rested, and it is as if the great World-soul itself were crooning us a lullaby. Over the soul there steals a tenderness and quietude, and a knowledge of the singing silences whose hushed voices breathe a sweeter music than all the songs of men. And when that hour of peace passes, as it must, we turn refreshed and strong to our work for Humanity's perfection.

Ah, my comrades! who can point out the way to that resting-place of the soul? It is not open to the beck and call of our little wills, but in the hour of greatest need, behold! we are there unawares. I know not in what part of our nature it is, but this I know, that in such a time I stand at the gateway of the Divine, and the memory of that vision of peace abides with me many days.

FINVARA.

OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS.

Alecto. THERE are no "other people's problems" which are not also our own. If one asks you: "Why is there evil?" is not the question also yours? If another asks: "Have I a soul?" that too is your question. Other people are Ourselves, and that which thinks of them as other people is often something of which the main characteristic is personality, and of which the mathematically accurate equivalent is vanity. One of our problems, then, might well be: Why are we vain? And the light Theosophy sheds on this point is great indeed. It shows that just in proportion as we in our hearts believe ourselves separate from each other, just in proportion to our ignorance of the true nature of soul is the extent of our vanity. And it shows us moreover, that this Great Heresy—the belief in the separateness of one's own soul from other souls—is deep-rooted in our natures, how

ever much we may to ourselves deny it. Its final phase is spiritual pride. Theosophy shows us, also, that personality being an inevitable effect of our now limited consciousness, what we may do is to subdue and use vanity, transmuting its action in ourselves to higher ends continually, till the last garment of personality is thrown aside. A stupendous task, but one by no means impossible of achievement.

* * *

Red Man. Duty is a very great problem for many people. Somehow we feel we would much rather do the duty of others and leave our own alone. I notice that is the way of human nature. It is somewhat difficult to find out what duty is, where it begins and where it ends. I would broadly define duty as "living the very highest life possible." The teaching of Theosophy is that we should bear in mind the unity of all things, and this I imagine to be the keynote to all problems of life. Remembering this, we see that we not only owe a duty to our fellow-beings, but to ourselves. Believing in unity, we recognize the fact that what affects one affects all. Gradually the discerning faculty of the mind awakes. From a lack of discrimination how many, rushing blindly hither and thither, sacrifice themselves on what they think is the altar of duty, and so foster in others the seeds of selfishness and ingratitude, which are ever ready to spring to life in the heart of man. But how to determine our duty? The flowers turn to the sun for light, shall we be less wise than they? Let us turn to the soul, the sun of humanity, for guidance. Listening to its voice, we shall know the road to travel; we shall do both the pleasant and the unpleasant duties that lie before us, and the performance of duty will not be narrowed down to those immediately around us. We shall not only think of ourselves and our circle of friends, but of the nation, the race, and the whole universe, of everything living, from the smallest of the small to the greatest of the great. And from considering and trying to understand the nature of this unity linking all things and beings together, we shall be able to form a conception of what our duty is. We know that we are not justified in doing for the apparent good of one or two what is harmful to the many.

The untrained heart has many tendrils, which, more often than not, serve as stumbling-blocks in the path of duty. They are ever ready to twine themselves around objects, causing us to follow many will-o'-the-wisps and to lose ourselves in many a marsh of perplexities; then we have to find our way back again to the starting-point. Of a certainty, the path of duty is exceedingly hard to tread, and in the pursuit of duty many blossoms that the heart shoots out have to be trampled

underfoot; but in the end, trying everything by the keynote of unity, this path leads us to a wider peace, a more universal love, than was ever ours before.

* * *

Roy. Why there is any need for Theosophy when we have a religion so simple as Christianity is a problem hard to understand by many. The reason is not very difficult to find if we allow the natural action of the observing faculty, and recognize the fact that all human beings think and act from within according to their conception and knowledge of life. We all have our different opinions, and who has the right to tell another that he is wrong?

Some people can accept the religion they have been taught to believe; others cannot. To them all the great religions of the past cannot be brushed aside and one alone accepted as true. Theosophy, then, appeals to them from that aspect, because it shows the underlying truths in each, uniting all as being the vehicle for expressing at different times the same message to the soul.

There is need for Theosophy, Divine Wisdom. It casts not into darkness the doubting mind for rejecting the one because it includes not the many.

* * *

Emer. Perhaps no one ever solves a problem for another. But people come with their difficulties. Some bring algebraic formulæ, in which x and y are quantities unknown to their experience, and require us to work out solutions. If we are able, it might be well to do so, and then present the completed operation in all its naked uselessness. More often it is a question of words, and we are given some printed matter to paraphrase, translate into divers terminologies, and help to correlate the same with facts in our friend's consciousness. Other troubles are more inward: the light is growing faint in its struggles against darkness. Our opinions can make no difference; but by intelligent sympathy we may strengthen the desire to know, the will to persevere. Our friend's appeal to us arises from weariness or impatience in the pursuit of self-knowledge, and is in reality a call for encouragement. We speak as wisely as we may, but what really goes out from us and helps is the Power awake within.

* * *

Omar. It is of the problems of individual people I wish to speak, and to me it seems that the darkest feature in these is the sense of isolation which they bring; and although treading the wine-press *alone* is one of the surest modes of gaining spiritual strength, the

cost is so great that all loving souls must wish to lessen the agonies of others by sharing them.

Now the touch whereby we can best unravel each other's problems must bear with it a sympathy enwrought of tense and high imagination and of rich and tender strength. To the ideals, therefore, that will yield us these we naturally turn, and I know of no teaching more deeply fraught with them than the doctrine of Theosophy that Humanity, on its divine side, is one in the Supreme. I have never heard more eloquent or forceful "text" than the simple saying of a comrade: "You are the 'other people,' and they are you."

* * *

Opal. It seems to me that we cannot solve other people's problems unless we have unravelled in some degree the mystery of life for ourselves.

Our glorious inheritance, "Divine Wisdom," is forgotten—of no avail—for the brain cannot register that of which it knows nothing; while the mind's bright rays are befogged and darkened, by reason of desire. How, then, are we to awaken memory, and thus become living centres of light. Jesus taught that we must do the will before we were entitled to know of the doctrine. As it is put elsewhere: "Knowledge is of loving deeds the child." This truth solves many problems. Under the warm influence of loving service they disappear as naturally as winter snow vanishes before the breath of the sun-god.

REVIEW.

SEPTENARY MAN. By Jerome Anderson, M.D. [Lotus Publishing Co., 1170, Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.]

THE latest work from the pen of Dr. Anderson is, in our opinion, a valuable addition to theosophical literature, notwithstanding the writer's modest statement in the preface that he "makes no claim to that intuitional perception which grasps truth without the necessity of logical analysis." Each principle in the septenary classification of man as given in T. S. literature is treated of in a lucid way, and helps to make clearer the mystery of the Ego. We must content ourselves by giving a few pointers, and leave those interested to get the book for themselves.

The universe itself, we find, is Consciousness, matter limited. Life is everywhere and continuous. Consciousness is the base of all ideation; substance is the vehicle of Consciousness, the material of all forms, the medium of motion. Motion represents to us the life principle. Modi-

fications in motion produce the universe. Consciousness is divided into seven states: homogeneous, "radiant," curd-like or nebulous, atomic, germinal or fiery, ethereal, molecular. One of these states is dominant during a great world-period. On this physical plane the primal force is restricted within molecular limits. Having reached the limits of the lowest plane on the descending arc something is then bestowed from a higher. All forms have to be passed through on the path to self-consciousness. Coming more directly to man, we find that what constitutes him man is the presence of the "thinker"—that he is, in fact, a thinker. The body built up of lives, or entities, synthesized into organs, and all synthesized by the "animal soul," or "human elemental," requires the presence of the thinker to impart wisdom gained in former world-periods and bestow the power of thought. From the union of the thinker with the desire entities springs the feeling of egoity, "the mysterious weld joining body and soul." Complete identification with the desire entities leads to soul-death; identification with the higher—the real man—leads to paradise. Each principle is treated of fully, but sufficient has been said to give our readers one or two ideas from the work before us.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.

On the 23rd ult. a letter of sympathy was sent by a number of the members here to the staff of the late William Q. Judge in New York.

There has been talk of holding the next Convention of the T. S. E. in Dublin in August. Should it be so arranged, Theosophists may be sure of a hearty Irish welcome. Meantime the matter is, of course, in the hands of the Executive Councillors. Our good wishes speed to the Convention of the T. S. in America.

The public meetings here on Wednesday evenings will be devoted to the consideration of the following topics, in ensuing month: April 22nd, *Our Aims;* 29th, *The Law of Life;* May 6th, *The Bibles of the World;* 13th, *The Power of Thought.*

Fred. J. Dick, *Convener.*

NOTICES.

A review of *The Theosophic Isis* is held over till next month.

A report from our comrades in Sydney, N. S. Wales, will also be noticed in next issue.

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VOL. IV. MAY 15TH, 1896. No. 8.

The Irish Theosophist.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(*Continued from p. 116.*)

BUT at the period with which we are now engaged, Mr. Judge's industry had not as yet discovered and indoctrinated these and other Theosophists. As yet he stood, as we saw, the centre of a small group of students. We have a glimpse of him calling a meeting of the Aryan T. S., finding no one present, opening the meeting, reading the minutes and the customary chapter of *The Bhagavad Gîtâ* with which the Aryan Lodge opened and still opens every meeting, just as if he were not the only person present, and so he did whenever this occurred. Will, such as this, makes its way through every obstacle.

Members began to come in, though slowly. Other Lodges formed; there was no very great activity, but the link was kept unbroken and correspondence with H. P. Blavatsky was brisk. Amid such external work as he could find to do, the young disciple still kept up the inner search. It was a period of darkness and silence, the period of probation. Through such a period had passed H. P. Blavatsky, and of it she said and wrote: "For long years I thought Master had quite deserted me." She had seen the Master in London, in the physical body, following, as if an official, in the suite of some Indian prince, and in an interview which was given to her in Hyde Park, the Master told her she might come to Thibet, but left her to find her way thither unaided, and also to discover where she should go when she reached that country, all of which she accomplished after several failures and some years of search and apparent desertion. Of such a period the author of *Light on the Path* wrote in some explanatory notes in *Lucifer*, that though the Master might really be near the neophyte and might extend to him the utmost comfort which one soul could give to another, yet the neophyte would feel himself utterly alone, and that not one has

passed through this period of suffering without bitter complaint. Complaint was wrung from this strong soul, whose portrait is feebly attempted here, in letters of sacred privacy to his teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, and to Damodar, his fellow-disciple. After the death of H. P. B., and the departure of Damodar for Thibet, these very private letters were taken without the consent of either the recipients or the writer, and were given in part to the world in an attempt to show that Mr. Judge lied in claiming uninterrupted connection with the Masters, because of his despair at the period of seeming silence. It is difficult to believe that professors of philanthropy could be found, thus to rifle the correspondence of the dead and the absent, and to publish letters written in that relationship of pupil and teacher, which these very investigators professed to revere.

We have it on the authority of a much respected member of the Auditing Committee, called to verify the correctness of the prosecutor's quotations from these letters in the so-called brief against Mr. Judge, that several of that Committee asked to be spared the reading of letters so painful to hear. But the prosecutor insisted!

The startled mind protests at such sad misdirection of noble energies and vigorous purpose, and at an hour, too, when all the forces that make for materiality, as against evolution, press hard upon our little band; when every energy of every soul is needed, is drawn upon, to the last ounce of life-force. Thus to assail the hardest worker, the greatest sufferer! Ah, yes! But also he is our strongest soul. He is the one most capable of forgiveness; least capable of retaliation. It was perhaps his highest karmic office, as a helper, to undergo the trial, to stop the baleful vibration more quickly than any other could stop it by his final acceptance and pardon of injury, and to turn the Society strongly away from the grievous issue into new fields of work. Let us turn, with him, from this outrage upon the dead and the living. The shadow portrayed in those letters lifted, the disciple came to know even as he was known, and in 1888 we find H. P. B. writing in certain official documents of him as being then "a chela of thirteen years' standing, with trust reposed in him," and as "the chief and sole agent of the Dzyan (Lodge) in America." (This, it will be remembered, is the name by which that which is called "The Lodge" is known in Thibet.) He had been in South America, where H. P. B. said there was a branch of the Great Lodge, and in that country he contracted the dreaded Chagrès fever, which racks the system of its victims as by fire, often carrying them off in the twentieth year. Mr. Judge has always been a great sufferer from this torturing disease—though he

never stayed his work for it—and he is now passing through the twentieth year. To Europe he went too, meeting H. P. B. in Paris and spending some little time with her there, and thence to India, where he arrived just after the outbreak of the Coulomb scandal. After a brief stay there, Mr. Judge returned to America and the duties of his professional and theosophical life. The moment was critical, a turning-point. As so often happens, the scandal attracted public attention to the Theosophical Society and letters of inquiry began to pour in. Mr. Judge seized the tide at the flood and carried the bark of the Society on to wider fortunes. The press took the matter up, reporters called, inquirers became members, the community became aware of the quiet, forceful worker in its midst. His method and his matter won the respect of those who heard him; the press began to accept his articles on Theosophy, and later on those of others; from scoffing and jeering and being unable to admit a theosophical item without insulting comment, it passed to giving these like other items of news. Later still, the personal influence of Mr. Judge induced the editors of a great journal to retract a libel which they had published against the T. S. and Madame Blavatsky, and a libel suit instituted against that journal by Mr. Judge was withdrawn. So it continued until the present day, when Mr. Judge can always count upon a hearing from the metropolitan press. Meanwhile his work had begun to tell in other directions. The T. S. took on a third form, and passed out of the Board of Control stage into that of the late American Section, and the fourth stage was reached at Boston Convention, 1895, when the original parent body and branches voted its autonomy and became the Theosophical Society in America by an overwhelming majority. In each instance the Society outgrew the old form and reïncarnated anew, in conditions more favorable to the work. Members of influence and standing began to come in, especially in Mr. Judge's lodge, the original parent body, the Aryan Lodge of New York, and their activity and devotion were stimulated by his own. He instituted *The Path* magazine himself; meeting its deficits and carrying it on unaided; he wrote unceasingly, books, articles, letters. He spoke whenever opportunity arose. Every spare moment was given to Theosophy, and taken from his meals and his rest. Finally, when the New York Headquarters were bought, and when the work had increased to large proportions, Mr. Judge relinquished his profession and gave his entire life and time to the Society. His health, always frail, continued to give way. A day free from pain was rare with him. Often he was in very real danger. But always he was scornful of every suffering, working when another man would have

been prone, when his friends and doctors were shocked at his being about at all. As the T. S. grew, his working staff grew also, but he out-worked and out-tired them all. Dauntless, indomitable, he was ever inaugurating fresh plans of work. He sent timely aid and thought to India, to Europe, to England especially, and it was always by his influence and at his request—of late years through his *urgency*—that America, never helped by Europe or by India, so largely contributed, both publicly and privately, to the work of the two sister Sections.

Bringing this portion of my sketch down to the present day, we have Mr. Judge President of the T. S. in America, having lost not more than five branches, inactive as a rule, and having issued several new charters and a number of new diplomas. The work is now more active than ever before during the same period (the dead summer period) and new diplomas were going out steadily, while new lecturers have had to be sent into the field. We also have Mr. Judge as President of the new T. S. in Europe, composed of those European branches who have legitimatized their connection with the parent body, and provided their own autonomy. During the twenty years a score of members has grown to thousands, primarily through the zeal and ability of the man who was able to inspire a similar devotion in others; the man whom the Master, writing to H. P. Blavatsky from Thibet and by the post in 1889, called, as she tells us in print and letter, "The Resuscitator of Theosophy."

We have hitherto considered Mr. Judge in relation to his profession and to the Theosophical Society. There are other relations which, of necessity, enter into the life of a man before it is bounded to our view.

The family life of Mr. Judge is restricted by reason of the smallness of its numbers. Mrs. Judge is at present, as is almost always the case, with her husband, who has at last been obliged to seek a milder climate and some degree of rest. His sisters are ladies of talent and culture, devoted to him in the fullest sense of the word. There is also a brother, Mr. Frederick Judge, resident in America. This comprises all the family of William Q. Judge. His only child, a little girl of great charm and promise, died very early, and the sad event graved deeper lines in the heart of the father than is generally known. Friends of Mr. Judge are often struck with the great attraction which he has for children, who gather about him uninvited. If he sketches on the deck of a steamer the children sidle up, coming nearer and nearer, until they are leaning against him or perching wherever a resting-place can be had, often before he has seemed to notice their

presence. The children of his friends always give him joyous welcome, and not infrequently he is dragged to the floor, the common playground, amid their toys. A child in the company where he is, is sure to find the haven of his arms at last, and nestles there while the metaphysical discussion goes on above its curls. But however animated the argument, you will not find that small form, so gently cradled, to be ever so little disturbed. A friend who was once walking with Mr. Judge in the streets of New York at eventide tells the following story. It was a summer evening, the electric lamps were just lit, and a very beautiful little child, some three years old, had been carried out of the door of a hotel to get a breath of fresh air. Passers by, on the sidewalk, and one or two who knew the child, had stopped to speak to her, attracted by her beauty and merry chatter, just as Mr. Judge and his friend drew near. The little beauty would have none of her admirers; she turned this way and that, pouting and embarrassed, flung herself about in the nurse's arms, and finally, as the knot of people drew nearer, gave a piercing scream. At this moment she caught sight of the unknown Mr. Judge, over her nurse's shoulder. Struggling down to the ground and fleeing for protection, the little white form flashed past, and running to Mr. Judge held up imploring arms and tear-bedewed face, crying: "Take! take! take!" As he stooped and lifted the wee elf her tears gave place to smiles; she laughed, and pressed her cheek to his, her arms passed round his neck and gripped, and for a few moments the nurse's persuasion "to leave the stranger gentleman" was quite unavailing, so closely did the waif cling to her refuge. But the witnessing friend turned his eyes away from the look on Mr. Judge's face, and between them fell a silence as they walked on, the child restored, the arms she had instinctively sought once more empty, and always bereaved.

(*To be concluded.*)

"Whom no one knows as high or lowly born,
Or knows as deeply learned nor yet unlearned,
Or knows as of good deeds or evil deeds,
A child of the Eternal he, in truth.
Given to hidden duties well fulfilled,
In secretness shall his whole life be spent,
As he were blind and deaf, of voice bereft,
Thus shall the truly wise pass through the world."—*From the Sanskrit.*

THE PROTEST OF LOVE.

Those who there take refuge nevermore return.—*Bhagavad Gita.*

Ere I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with the peace,
While I gaze on the light and the beauty afar from the dim homes of men,
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not release,
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again.

Ere I storm with the tempest of power the thrones and dominions of old,
Ere the ancient enchantment allures me to roam through the star-misty skies,
I would go forth as one who has reaped well what harvest the earth may unfold:
May my heart be o'erbrimmed with compassion, on my brow be the crown of the wise.

I would go as the dove from the ark sent forth with wishes and prayers
To return with the paradise-blossoms that bloom in the eden of light:
When the deep star-chant of the seraphs I hear in the mystical airs
May I capture one tone of their joy for the sad ones discrowned in the night.

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the Heart of the Love:
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its tenderest breath,
I would still hear the plaint of the fallen recalling me back from above
To go down to the side of the mourners who weep in the shadow of death.

Æ.

ELOQUENT, JUST, AND MIGHTY DEATH.

It is a part of the strange, deceptive quality of things, that nothing should teach us so much of life, nothing should so much open our eyes to the grandeur and limitless possibility of life, as death, which is called the cessation of life. Twice it has been my lot to verify the same truth: that the death of a friend, esteemed wise and valiant in knowledge of life, should not impoverish life but enrich it; should, indeed, add a new world to the kingdom of life, and that new world—the realm of death.

There is—in a few souls vividly manifest, in many souls dimly felt, in all souls at least suspected—a quality of high reality which, when we meet and touch it, brings with it a keen sense of eternalness, of something that really is, and therefore cannot cease to be. This profoundly real light is the best gift the highest souls have to offer us; and the moment for testing the value of the gift, is the moment of their death.

When that death has come, and we know quite certainly that we shall not by any possibility see them again in life, there comes to us—if we have fitly received their gift of light—a keen and lucid sense of the closeness to us of that eternal part in them which we had felt during life; and, with it, a knowledge that this is the reality of our friend, not the outward form, faded by the waste of mortality. And that new reality—new, because not known before in its pure and isolated nature—has won a new world for us. For what we feel, close to us, is not in this world, as men speak of this world; nor does it approach us from the side of this world, or in the manner of this world, but in a new and hitherto inexperienced way, which we know to be not of this world, but of the mysteriously shining, mysteriously hidden world of death. In that newly gained world we have now a certain possession, a possession not of the dead, but of the living. More than that, as we cannot perceive the things of the real world in any way but by becoming them, by recognizing our real oneness with them; so, in thus gaining a possession in the kingdom of death, we really become, in a sense, at one with the kingdom of death, and, thus becoming death, we find that death is—life.

We are apprised of a new, hitherto hardly suspected, hardly felt realm of life; a new world, to which our dead friend has gone as ambassador, carrying with him our consciousness, and thereby giving us

a sense of being, in some degree, familiar with the world of death, and at home in it.

Death is no longer a blackness stretching across the sky of life, and drawing closer and ever closer. Death has been transformed; we have become reconciled to it, found in it a new, wide world, where a real part of us already dwells. This knowledge is the last, best gift to us from our dead friends.

This strange inheritance of death is yet not more than a single piercing intuition, which we can only in part relate to the whole of our lives and wills; very much of our lives are lived as though there was no death, or as if death were immeasurably distant, or a terrible fate which it were best to keep hidden from memory and thought.

Yet that single intuition foreshadows for us the possibility of a time when we shall live with equal regard to both worlds; when we shall at will inhabit both worlds, the Beyond as familiarly as this earth. It is easy enough to figure some such possibility in fancy; it is in no wise easy to realize it, even a little, with our wills; and it is hardly conceivable that anything we could voluntarily undertake would give our wills a hold in the world of death.

For this very reason, perhaps, it is necessary that just those souls in whom we have felt most of reality, most of eternalness, should disappear from us into the darkness, in order that we may learn that not seeing but inwardly touching is the true proof that our friend is there; in order that we may learn that the vanishing and dissipation of the outward, visible part, is no impairing or detriment to the real part, which is invisible.

This knowledge, and the realizing of it in our wills, are gained with the utmost difficulty, at a cost not less than the loss of the best of our friends; yet, if the cost be great, the gain is great and beyond estimating, for it is nothing less than a first victory over the whole universe, wherein we come to know that there is that in us which can face and conquer and outlast anything in the universe, and come forth radiant and triumphant from the contest. Yet neither the universe nor death are real antagonists, for they are both only Life everywhere, and we are Life.

C. J.

AN OLD CELTIC MYSTIC.

From *The Division of Nature*, Book V. 39, of Joannes Scotus Erigena.*

After we had considered the fourfold view of universal nature in the foregoing four aspects, it appeared good to us to add certain views concerning the return of the effects into their causes, that is, into the original plans in which they have their being. And this return again presented itself to us in threefold fashion. The first, generally, in the transmutation of the whole sensible creation contained within the bounds of the universe, that is, of all bodies, whether coming within the cognizance of our senses, or escaping them through their exceeding subtlety, in such wise that there shall not be any body that does not by the operation of its own vitality return into its hidden causes; for of those things which have received a substantial existence from the cause of all things none shall be reduced to nothing. The second mode contemplates the general return of the whole of human nature saved in Christ into the condition in which it was originally created, and into the dignity of the divine image, as it were a paradise, through the merits of the one, whose blood was shed for the salvation of all humanity, so that no man should be deprived of those natural blessings amidst which he was created, whether in this life he has lived well or ill. And so shall be made manifest the ineffable and incomprehensible outpouring on all human nature of the divine goodness and bounty, that which flows from the supreme good being punished in none. The third mode of contemplating the return has to do with those who shall not only ascend to the heights of that nature which was created in them, but through the abundance of the divine grace which through Christ and in Christ shall be delivered to the elect, shall, above all the laws and limits of nature, superessentially pass even into God, with Him and in Him to be made one.

And of these the return is observed as taking place, as it were, by seven steps. The first will be the change of earthly body into vital motion; the second will be that of vital motion into sense; the third that of sense into reason; then that of reason into soul, in which is appointed the end of the whole rational creation. After this fivefold unification of the parts of our nature, of body, to wit, vital motion,

* The author of *The Division of Nature*, Joannes Scotus Erigena, was born in Ireland in the ninth century, and was contemporary with Alfred the Great of England. His works are much better known and commented upon on the continent than in this country.

sense, reason and understanding, so that they are not five but one, the lower being always swallowed up in the higher—not so as to cease to be, but to be made one—follow three other steps of the ascent, and of these one is the passage of soul into the knowledge of all things that come after God; the second that of knowledge into wisdom, that is, the inner vision of the truth so far as is granted to a created being; the third, which is the supreme, is the supernatural setting of the most purified souls in God, into the darkness of incomprehensible and inaccessible light, in which are hidden the causes of all things; and then shall night be bright as day—that is, the most secret divine mysteries shall in some unspeakable fashion be revealed to the understandings beatified and enlightened. Then shall be accomplished the complete solidity of the eightfold number, a supernatural cube, in type of which the sixth psalm is entitled, "A Psalm of David for the Eighth." The Lord's resurrection also took place upon the eighth day for this reason, that there might be mystically signified that blessed life which, after the end of the world, is to be brought about following the septenary revolution of this life through seven days, when human nature, as we have already said, shall return to its beginning through the eightfold ascent; a quinary ascent within the limits of nature; a ternary, supernaturally and superessentially, within God Himself; and then shall the quinary of the creation be made one with the ternary of the Creator, so that in none shall there be manifested aught save God; just as in the air, when it is free from all impurity, we are conscious of nothing but the universal smile of light. W. L.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Perhaps it is now while we are in a state of transition, when old leaders have gone out of sight and the new ones have not yet taken their place in the van, that we ought to consider what we are in ourselves. Some questions we ought to ask ourselves about this movement: where its foundations were laid? what the links are? where is the fountain of force? what are the doors? You answer the first and you say "America," or you say "India." But if that old doctrine of emanations be true it was not on earth but in the heavenworld where our minds immortal are linked together. There it was born and well born, and grew downwards into earth, and all our hopes and efforts and achievements here but vaguely reflect what was true and perfect in intent above, a compact of many hearts to save the generations wandering to their doom. Wiser, stronger, mightier than we were those who shielded us in the first years; who went about among us renewing

memory, whispering in our hearts the message of the meaning of life, recalling the immemorial endeavor of the spirit for freedom, knowledge, mastery. But it is our movement and not the movement of the Masters only. It is our own work we are carrying on; our own primal will we are trying to give effect to. Well may the kingly sages depart from bodies which were torment and pain to them. They took them on for our sakes, and we may wave them a grateful farewell below and think of the spheres invisible as so much richer by their presence, more to be longed for, more to be attained. I think indeed they are nearer heart and mind there than here. What is real in us can lose no brotherhood with such as they through death. Still flash the lights from soul to soul in ceaseless radiance, in endless begetting of energy, thought and will, in endless return of joy and love and hope. I would rather hear one word of theirs in my heart than a thousand in my ears. I would rather think of my guide and captain as embodied in the flame than in the clay. Although we may gaze on the grave, kindly face living no more, there can be no cessation of the magic influence, the breath of fire, which flowed aforetime from the soul to us. We feel in our profoundest hearts that he whom they call dead is living, is alive for evermore.

He has earned his rest, a deep rest, if indeed such as he cease from labor. As for us, we may go our ways assured that the links are unbroken. What did you think the links were? That you knew some one who knew the Masters? Such a presence and such a Companion would indeed be an aid, a link. But I think wherever there is belief in our transcendent being, in justice, our spiritual unity and destiny, wherever there is brotherhood, there are unseen ties, links, shining cords, influx from and unbroken communication with the divine. So much we have in our own natures, not enough to perfect us in the mysteries, but always enough to light our path, to show us our next step, to give us strength for duty. We should not always look outside for aid, remembering that some time we must be able to stand alone. Let us not deny our own deeper being, our obscured glory. That we accepted these truths, even as intuitions which we were unable intelectually to justify, is proof that there is that within us which has been initiate in the past, which lives in and knows well what in the shadowy world is but a hope. There is part of ourselves whose progress we do not comprehend. There are deeds done in unremembered dream, and a deeper meditation in the further unrecorded silences of slumber. Downward from sphere to sphere the Immortal works its way into the flesh, and the soul has adventures in dream whose resultant wisdom is

not lost because memory is lacking here. Yet enough has been said to give us the hint, the clue to trace backwards the streams of force to their fount. We wake in some dawn and there is morning also in our hearts, a love, a fiery vigor, a magnetic sweetness in the blood. Could we track to its source this invigorating power, we might perhaps find that as we fell asleep some olden memory had awakened in the soul, or the Master had called it forth, or it was transformed by the wizard power of Self and went forth to seek the Holy Place. Whether we have here a guide, or whether we have not, one thing is certain, that behind and within the "Father worketh hitherto." A warrior fights for us. Our thoughts tip the arrows of his quiver. He wings them with flame and impels them with the Holy Breath. They will not fail if we think clear. What matters it if in the mist we do not see where they strike. Still they are of avail. After a time the mists will arise and show a clear field; the shining powers will salute us as victors.

I have no doubt about our future; no doubt but that we will have a guide and an unbroken succession of guides. But I think their task would be easier, our way be less clouded with dejection and doubt, if we placed our trust in no hierarchy of beings, however august, but in the Law of which they are ministers. Their power, though mighty, ebbs and flows with contracting and expanding nature, They, like us, are but children in the dense infinitudes. Something like this, I think, the Wise Ones would wish each one of us to speak: "O Brotherhood of Light, though I long to be with you, though it sustains me to think you are behind me, though your aid made sure my path, still, if the Law does not permit you to act for me to-day, I trust in the One whose love a fiery breath never ceases; I fall back on it with exultation; I rely upon it joyfully." Was it not to point to that greater life that the elder brothers sent forth their messengers, to tell us that it is on this we ought to rely, to point us to grander thrones than they are seated on? It is well to be prepared to face any chance with equal mind; to meet the darkness with gay and defiant thought as to salute the Light with reverence and love and joy. But I have it in my heart that we are not deserted. As the cycles wend their upward way the heroic figures of the dawn reäppear. Some have passed before us; others in the same spirit and power will follow: for the new day a reärisen sun and morning stars to herald it. When it comes let it find us, not drowsy after our night in time, but awake, prepared and ready to go forth from the house of sleep, to stretch hands to the light, to live and labor in joy, having the Gods for our guides and friends.

Æ.

PHANTASIA.

[THE following is a free and very inferior translation of a Russian poem by Polonsky. Its reading gave me so much pleasure that nothing would do me but that some of my English-speaking friends should also read it, although in an imperfect shape.—VERA JOHNSTON.]

IT was a period long lost in the multitude of other epochs. Man, a biped animal with the soul of a child, was a shaggy fowl creature. He killed birds with his arrows—eagles and swans; with his spear, blunted by use, he killed cave-animals. When hungry, he gnawed their bones and ate their flesh raw. Their fur saved his children from chilly winter. But scorched by summer heat their nudity looked bronzed with sun-rays.

He swiftly climbed rocks and trunks of trees; and the free savage maiden, won by him after a brutal struggle, followed him a subdued, obedient slave. . . . Here and there his poor shed rose over the lake on piles, that a beast of prey might not creep in. The low entrance, a mere hole, knew no locks. And his stone hatchet was heard in the woods.

Listening to the thundering of storms, of avalanches and eruptions of heaving mountains, which breathe fire, or to the rush of waters raised by a flood, the bold hunter of animals humbly felt his own powerlessness; and, measuring with his eye the invincible powers of nature, he vaguely believed in something, but never prayed as yet, erected no altars and burned no sacrifices.

And over the earth was soaring an immortal Genie, kindred to heaven and kindred to earth, half heavenly, half earthly, unseen, unheard, unknown. His fate was preördained; he was to be the fellow-wanderer of the planet which has grown dim; he was to watch over everything doomed to waking and sleeping, and to call to divine light those who received higher gifts.

. . . . . .

The Genie was sad. With his head clad in lightning-bearing cloud, he gazed down at a land where the blue sea, having broken down a white chalk cliff, ran its fickle foam far into the shore-sands. There below, overtaken by the storm in the forest, man ran madly, seeking a shelter; man yelled, and waved his hands and howled, helplessly shaking his spear at the lightning, as if, in his helplessness, he was

akin to the tossing waves, chased by glittering sheets of rain. . . . And the Genie took pity upon man; he appeased the thunder, and there, high in the vermilion verge of day and night, the Genie raised into the sky his burning eyes.

. . . . . .

Piercing the blazing firmament, there in the deepest deep and the highest height, intense with devotion, he was searching the one we call God. He felt him, but could not see. And, all impregnated with the blissful sense of his love, he cried out to him, to his father and God, in words of filial sorrow:

"Look, what thy touch has created, what wild beast thou hast endowed with soul! If even I—I, thy primordial angel, who, hardly covered with an ethereal shape, watch over this earth, revolving in the abyss of space like an imperceptible point in the great sweep of a hurricane. . . . If even I, who rejoice in every manifestation of thy love, could not conceive of thee, of the preëxisting beginning, of the beginning of all beginnings—could, then, this wicked child understand thee? Did I not behold, on the morn of being, how myriads of suns were lit up by thee, how the blazing of all these worlds burned like one tiny lamp in thy house? Did I not shudder when their fires went out and their lights grew dim? But bright spirits were born out of their dust, and new worlds burned smokeless lights again, and great was the joy of the innumerable host of the immortal. I saw all this. I know it all. And he, who drags on his days, measured by thee, changing from cold to heat, from daily labor to struggle with want, what has he seen? what does he know? Half animal himself, open only to the vague feeling of the approach of his prey, can he believe, if I tell him: 'You, poor wretch, believe'?"

And lo! like a soft tolling, bringing glad tidings, the voice of God sounded to answer the other voice, which had cried after him:

"I send Phantasia. Receive her as the daughter of my love, she will be your help. Let everyone believe in me according to the best he can."

. . . . . .

The spirit of earth trembled and the night grew dumb. . . . A heavenly apparition stood on a light cloud, and all the sky grew bright. Three rainbows passed their triple coil around the clouds feathery and airy; and, having surrounded the disk of the moon with their luminous glory, they eclipsed the glittering of the bright but distant stars.

The moon sent her radiance crosswise to the north, the south, the east and the west. Nature itself dreamed marvellous dreams, when

Phantasia, a crown on her brow, descended into the earthly gloom. . . But who could tell what were the dreams of the earth, during this moonlit night, with women and children resting in the warmth of the night, with the hatchets working not and the nets hanging idly over the dark mirror of the lake? The lights of the sky grew dark; . . . man thoughtfully gazed above his head into the far-off sky, from whence the dew fell and the day came. And for the first time God's firmament and the shrilling of the field-crickets, the song of the nightingale, and the rocks and the forests spoke to his soul of wonders, forgotten by his forefathers, but without which it is difficult to live.

. . . . . .

Phantasia descended and began to create.

. . . . . .

Many years passed. But nature was still the same. And the Genie of the earth, as of yore, arose, breathing storms over the great mountains, and, as of yore, he cried out:

"Oh, thou who canst do all! in the ravine, near the ford of the brook, where the spotted panther is wont to come and drink, after having eaten its fill of flesh torn with its claws, there stands, in a tangle of ivy, a fragment of stone, with its base deep in the sand. It was torn from the rocks the night when the flood broke through the mountain chains, and a great torrent poured forth so that thy forests might breathe in thy desert. Phantasia came across this piece of granite and gave it a wondrous appearance; eyes on the forehead, a flat nose raised in the middle of the fierce mask, over the jaws. . . . But Phantasia did not know how to end the ugly body and left it without legs. . . . And long did the savages contemplate this monster with sidelong glances. At last, overcome with terror, they dropped on their knees and crawled to him in the dust and howled: 'Thou art our God, have mercy upon us!' They thought it was he who sends lions against them and crocodiles, and the strong-clawed panther. And since then they began casting into the flames and the smoke before their idol unhappy prisoners and various freshly slain creatures. Animate has bowed down before inanimate. Listen not, O Lord, to their vain prayers and their wild groans. Call back Phantasia from this world. Give thy blessing to my righteous wrath and look upon my sorrow, oh, thou who canst do all!"

. . . . . .

And God answered the voice that was crying after him:

"Let Phantasia be free to create my image for them. Let the stone speak to their hearts as if it was alive. Phantasia is my gift. She will

not be condemned. All she creates, she creates for the people; their thought is in its germ, they have but a few words. Beast of prey and reptile, bird and insect, believe in no wonder. They could not see the dreams in store for man, and our heavens will ever be strange for them. Nature will point to them the way to self-preservation, teaching them to love life and to multiply; but who could teach an animal the simple skill of getting fire? But whoever is only half animal is also half human. And only in him lies hidden the God-seed of a different future. The turning of planets brings epoch after epoch, it will bring new layers on the surface of the earth, new generations will spring up. Establishing the power of love, of beauty and humanity, Phantasia will endow suffering with a higher meaning and will lead from looking at the worlds to understanding them. Spirit will take flesh upon it, which will die and arise again many times. Man will raise a new altar and will understand the true Being not less than thou."

The voice spoke no more.

And like streaks of sunlight passing over darkness and shining in dust, these words left dim earth and entered other worlds to speak to living spirit.

THE MOUNTAINS.

While we live within four walls we half insensibly lose something of our naturalness and comport ourselves as creatures of the civilization we belong to. But we never really feel at home there, though childhood may have wreathed round with tender memories old rooms and the quaint garden-places of happy unthinking hours. There is a house, a temple not built with hands; perhaps we thought it a mere cabin when we first formed it, and laid aside humbly many of our royal possessions as we entered, for the heavens and the heaven of heavens could not contain all of our glory. But now it seems vast enough, and we feel more at home there, and we find places which seem nearer of access to our first life. Such are the mountains. As I lie here on the monstrous mould of the hillside covered with such delicate fringes of tiny green leaves, I understand something of his longing who said: "I lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my aid." Oh, but the air is sweet, is sweet. Earth-breath, what is it you whisper? As I listen, listen, I know it is no whisper but a chant from profoundest deeps, a voice hailing its great companions in the æther spaces, but whose innumerable tones in their infinite modulations speak clear to us also in our littleness. Our lips are stilled with awe; we dare not repeat what here we think. These mountains are sacred in our Celtic

traditions. Haunt of the mysteries, here the Tuatha de Danaans once had their home. We sigh, thinking of the vanished glory, but look with hope for the fulfilment of the prophecy which the seer of another line left on record, that once more the Druid fires should blaze on these mountains. As the purple amplitude of night enfolds them, already the dark mounds seem to throw up their sheeny illuminations; great shadowy forms, the shepherds of our race, to throng and gather; the many-colored winds to roll their aerial tides hither and thither. Eri, hearth and home of so many mystic races, Isle of Destiny, there shall yet return to thee the spiritual magic that thrilled thee long ago. As we descend and go back to a life, not the life we would will, not the life we will have, we think with sorrow of the pain, the passion, the partings, through which our race will once more return to nature, spirit and freedom.

We turned back mad from the mystic mountains
All foamed with red and with faery gold;
Up from the heart of the twilight's fountains
The fires enchanted were starward rolled.

We turned back mad—we thought of the morrow,
The iron clang of the far-away town:
We could not weep in our bitter sorrow
But joy as an arctic sun went down.

Æ.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

Roy. It is so easy to ask questions and so convenient to be unsatisfied with the answer if it does not please us. I think one of the reasons we do not remember our past lives is, because we go outwards from thought, instead of from thought inwards. And also, we are not *willing* to allow the mind to be in that state where it could remember, because this means the severing of the *mind* from all that is dear to the personality. To think in a fleeting mood that we desire nothing, want nothing, does not necessarily mean that we have attained that exalted state. These moods very often come from not getting something we very much desire, and whether we recognize this or not makes no difference. If it is a mood arising from the personality it has a hold on the mind, and keeps the mind in touch with the personality and connected with its particular memory. We all want to remember our past lives. It would gratify a desire. Perhaps when we have given up the desire we will remember.

* * *

Red Man. Certainly this question deserves to be raised to the dignity of a problem. How can we hope to remember the past—we, who cannot even recall all the events of last year, or the year before that, not to speak of the preceding years. But stay, are we sure that we *never* remember anything of our former lives? What of all the strange, vivid dreams we have, dreams in which we see ourselves figuring in scenes in other lands? Can these be nothing? No, I think they are often glimpses into the past, but we do not know that it is so. To consciously remember things that occurred long ago would require a power of concentration and an amount of persistency very rarely met with in these days. We think in an idle manner we would like to look into the past, and at the same time do not think that our lack of memory as to former existences is our own fault. And know that to look into the past means you must look into the future also. Who among us is capable of doing this? The joys and sorrows of one little life are quite as much as we can bear at the present time. Why, even to think of the possibility of some things occurring thrills the heart with the keenest pain. Think what it would be to look back into the past, reading it as clearly as we would read a book, and then to look forward into the future, seeing what is stored up for us by our own deeds. We should all go mad. We, who are in the world and of the world, have not this vision. To gain any of these superhuman powers the spiritual life has to be led, and concentration must be brought to bear on everything we do, in order that we may get some understanding of life. And not till we have eliminated some of the selfishness in our own natures can we hope to become more than ordinary men and women, for selfishness would prompt us to use any powers we had for our own ends, and thus, instead of being instrumental in bringing about good, they would cause naught but evil to fall upon ourselves and others. So we can all find the answer in ourselves as to why we do not remember our past lives.

* * *

Omar. To the average labor-driven, problem-haunted modern mind the idea of reïncarnation comes at first with a shock of angry surprise. "If an indefinite series of such existences is what you offer as immortality I should prefer annihilation. Such were but discreditable incidents in the history of the planet, best forgotten," he seems to say. He does not remember partly because he wishes to forget. But when we come to think of preëxistence rather than reëmbodiment the problem changes. Why does modern life harass us so much, why do the ideal within us and the actual without dash in such deadly com-

bat if it be not that that ideal is reminiscent of our own nobler past as well as prophetic of our grander future? "What is finest hope but finest memory?" We forget that reïncarnation does not imply passing straight from one earth-life into another. There is the dreamy interlude of rest to take account of, where the essence of our aspirations and spiritual joys can hardly fail to impress itself upon our next stage of waking consciousness, filling us with shadowy recollections which we are not pure enough wholly to recall, and yet the glimmering light of which is the source of that divine despair which is our surest presage of immortal life.

(*To be concluded.*)

CONVENTION OF THE T. S. IN AMERICA.

HELD AT NEW YORK, APRIL 26TH AND 27TH, 1896.

THE 26th of April marks an important epoch in the history of the T. S. It was the privilege of those present to witness the dawn of a new cycle. The whole proceedings were dominated by a spirit of peace, unity and harmony; the enthusiasm was no evanescent outburst, but the calm, dignified expression of hearts united by the deepest bonds of sympathy and love. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten. The outward form of him who was lovingly named "the Chief" being no longer present, his spirit seemed to be manifest everywhere. The cremation of that outward form was, in a sense, a symbol of the burning to ashes of the old form of the T. S. and its being born anew. Those who predicted ruin and disaster had but little knowledge of the forces at work, and the method of their operation. It was easy to see the master-hand of H. P. B. again in our midst, and to feel the influence of that great presence, and here I speak of what I know.

There were over 300 delegates present when the chairman called the Convention to order on the morning of April 26th. He referred to the fact that subsequent events had abundantly justified the action taken at Boston in 1895, and the year just closed had been one of unprecedented work and prosperity.

The foreign delegates present were introduced to the Convention, Mrs. Cleather and Dr. Keightley representing the English Society, and F. J. Dick and D. N. Dunlop representing Ireland, and were accorded an enthusiastic and warm-hearted reception. Greetings were also read from Australasia, India, Scandinavia, and a new Spanish Branch.

Bro. C. F. Wright read the President's report, showing the progress made during the year 1895. After the reading of the Treasurer's report (which showed receipts $8,644; expenditure $7,714) the meeting adjourned till the afternoon session.

On reässembling the Committee on Resolutions presented their reports. Among the resolutions presented was one referring to Mr. Judge, in which occurred the following significant passage:

> We therefore offer ourselves anew upon the altar of sacrifice, and pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, to endeavor to push forward to its full completion that ideal of perfect brotherhood and humanity which shall be without distinction of race, creed, sex or caste, and which was born in America amid blood and tears in 1776, re-incarnated in 1875, attained its manhood in 1896, until America shall have become that which the guardians of the race and Karma have alike decreed—the hope of humanity, the refuge of the oppressed, the protector of the weak, and the light towards which the whole world may turn for encouragement and example.

A resolution providing for the extension of Lotus Circle work was passed. This department of activity will now be recognized as part of the work of the T. S., and a Committee was formed to look after the matter.

Then came the election of officers. Dr. Buck in appropriate words nominated Ernest T. Hargrove for the Presidency. He quoted the words of Browning: "I am young, I have a life to give," and said that exactly fitted the man he nominated. "I have travelled across the continent," continued Dr. Buck, "with this candidate, and have been in his company often. He is level-headed. He has good common-sense. He is full of devotion and he is ready to offer himself to the service of the Society. I believe he will be quite as acceptable to the Theosophists of Europe as to those of America." Dr. Buck's nomination was seconded by Claude Falls Wright, who said Bro. Hargrove was "not only the man, but the only man." The scene of enthusiasm when Mr. Hargrove's name was mentioned would be difficult to fitly describe. The whole audience rose to their feet, applauding and waving handkerchiefs, and the election was unanimous.

Mr. Hargrove, in returning thanks, said "that if Dr. Buck had but held up his little finger he would have been unanimously elected, but he (Dr. Buck) had declined the office, because he felt he could do better work by carrying on his labors along private lines. I take it as a great honor to be President of this Society, because, though it is the T. S. of America, you may say there is no part of the world where its influence does not reach."

Mr. E. A. Neresheimer was then unanimously elected Vice-President and also reëlected Treasurer.

The public meeting in the evening presented a brilliant spectacle, the large auditorium being packed to its utmost capacity. In the centre of the platform was placed the bust of our late chief, surrounded by a

beautiful profusion of palms and ferns, rose-plants and banks of lilies. Dr. Buck again presided. Short speeches on different theosophical topics were delivered. Genevieve Kluge, a little girl of about five years of age, performed the ceremony of unveiling the bust of Mr. Judge, while the entire audience stood in silence. It was an impressive moment, and just then Bro. C. F. Wright stepped forward and said:

"*The real founders of the Theosophical Society, we are informed, are preparing to found a School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, in which those who have served their time in the lesser Mysteries or the preceding degrees—namely, in the discipline of the soul and the service of humanity—may enter the greater Mysteries and become masters indeed by evolving to higher planes of knowledge and power, on the one condition that such power and knowledge shall be devoted unreservedly and for ever to the service of humanity. To carry out this purpose funds will be solicited, a suitable site procured and buildings erected, when the aim and possibilities of such an undertaking shall have become apparent to those who have the power and the disposition to carry it into effect. This grand object will be achieved with certainty through the diffusion of real knowledge regarding the origin, nature and destiny of man by the Theosophical Society.*"

Mrs. Tingley said a few words with reference to Mr. Wright's announcement, indicating the need for such a School, and stating that by a revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity "humanity will be saved."

Mr. Hargrove, speaking on "The Future of America," said:

The statement made by Mr. Wright pointing to the opening of a School for the revival of the old Mysteries, I know to be true, and it only needs time to bring it to a fruition. The time has come, and nothing in nature can prevent its accomplishment, and now that the old souls are coming back it is absolutely necessary to have this School.

Look at the past and see Egypt, its rise and fall, the decay of other ancient empires; see some of the European countries on the verge of crumbling, and then turn to America in the heyday of its youth. It has not yet reached its turning-point, but in the next few years we may expect a big development. The future of this country is a great one, and I look to this country as the nucleus of the race which is to follow the present race, when man will have realized the universal brotherhood.

The announcement about the starting of this School of occultism seemed to fairly take hold of the entire audience. Everyone was on fire with the idea, and before the proceedings of this great public meeting terminated the sum of $5,000 was subscribed towards a fund for the acquirement of land and the erection of the building.

At the commencement of the second day's proceedings everyone was talking of the School for the revival of the Mysteries of antiquity.

The sudden way in which the whole matter took such a practical, tangible shape seemed to astonish all present. Before long C. F. Wright was able to announce that money and services offered amounted to $35,000. This points to the almost immediate acquirement of the site on which the new School will be built when the proper moment arrives, which is not far distant. Wave after wave of enthusiasm passed through the audience as each new development of the scheme was announced. Dr. Buck said:

The response with which the announcement was received was a surprise, I think, to everyone in the hall. To people outside the Society the idea may seem Utopian—this establishment of a college for the revival of the Greater Mysteries of the olden times, for teaching the science of life and the philosophy of the soul. All who are acquainted with the ancient history of Greece and all students of philosophy who have included Plato in their readings know the traditions with regard to the Mysteries. The great mistake made by modern scientists is that we have now risen to an altitude never before attained by man. Emerson says that to go back to Plato is progress; so we say that to go back to the Mysteries of Greece and Egypt is to learn something that modern science and modern people have never yet dreamed of. According to the traditions of Freemasonry, those traditions were hidden, and it matters not if people sneer at the assertion that this science never existed—what care we if we know that it existed? This is no childish enthusiasm. Those who have received information through the study of Theosophy and Masonry well know that these things exist. The first thing we have to do now is to secure land whereon to erect the college. This, I estimate, will take about 10,000 or 15,000 dollars, and if we can obtain so much by voluntary subscriptions, I have no doubt that when we come to solicit money we shall obtain sufficient to warrant us in getting to work on the scheme without any undue delay.

A Committee of ten members was appointed to undertake the work of collecting the subscriptions, and the approximate result of its efforts was the sum given.

Miss Hilliard read a most interesting paper entitled "The Lessons of a Noble Life," which was a tribute to the life and work of W. Q. Judge. It was listened to with much attention.

Several minor alterations in By-Laws (one limiting the term of Presidency to three years) were suggested and passed. A hearty vote of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Buck was passed with acclamation. All the formal and routine business having been disposed of the Convention was adjourned *sine die.*

In the evening a reception was given for the delegates. This gave an opportunity to all to get better acquainted with one another. It was a pleasant gathering, a foretaste indeed of the time when all men will feel and act as brothers.

A new feature was the admission of the public to the entire pro-

ceedings of the Convention, and the introduction of music, which was beautifully rendered by a string quartette. Another feature of importance, indicating the change in public opinion, was the manner in which the New York Press reported the entire proceedings. One or two of the leading dailies devoted a whole page to a detailed report, giving portraits of leading Theosophists. All the papers were speculating as to who Mr. Judge's occult heir and successor could be, and great prominence was given to the proposal to build a new School for the revival of the lost Mysteries.

I regard it as one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been present at such a memorable gathering. D. N. D.

The nucleus is formed. The unity felt by all at the Convention of April 26th will never fade. The legions on the march have burst into a veritable song of triumph, reverberating across the whole American continent from Atlantic to Pacific. Our leaders, who seemed to leave us, slumber not nor sleep. They are with us, helping and guiding to greater and more far-reaching work in the immediate future. Developments that we timidly thought were to be the work of centuries are within the reach of those now living, and the clarion call sounded by THE LODGE on that ever-memorable day met with an immediate response from all, and will roll like lightning round the earth.

The ancient Mysteries are to be rëestablished before the world. How great the privilege to live in these days! We can, each one of us, add the impetus of our thought to the accomplishment *now* of that for which the Elder Brothers have waited patiently for thousands of years.

What has made it possible? Simply the realization by thousands —through the work of H. B. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and the Theosophical Society—of brotherhood as a fact in nature. That realization is a call to the Gods, and they have responded. We who visited America for the first time were almost overpowered by the strength and depth of the fraternal feeling there manifest. It is the Dawn of the Golden Age. Each unit who has stood firm amid recent shocks and crises in the movement has become a centre of force, a power. Many are humble and unknown, but verily great is their strength and far-reaching the effect of the steadfastness they have shown. Great indeed is their reward.

More than ever we shall try to realize the meaning and sublimity of *The Bhagavad Gîtâ*—best-loved book of the Chief—and the high teaching of *Light on the Path*. For it is now clearer than ever that the

attitude of mind engendered by the endeavor to realize these teachings not only constitutes chelaship, but, what is of far more importance, provides the Masters of Life with instruments they can and do use mightily for the regeneration of humanity.

F. J. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

The H. P. B. Lodge (London).—During the month of April three regular meetings of the Lodge have been held. On the 13th there was a general discussion on Theosophy; on the 20th Miss Morant addressed the Lodge on *Brotherhood*, and on the 27th H. T. Edge (who is again working with us in London) lectured on *Reïncarnation*. The meetings have been well attended, and if the numbers continue to increase as at present we shall soon have difficulty in accommodating all our visitors. Four new members have been elected.

Our President and Treasurer attended the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, which has elected as its President E. T. Hargrove, a member of the H. P. B. Lodge. It is to be hoped that the T. S. in Europe and the T. S. in Australasia will do likewise and thus *officially* link together three bodies already united in aim and aspiration.

THOS. GREEN, *Hon. Sec.*

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

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It has been practically decided by the Executive Councillors that the forthcoming Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe is to be held in Dublin on the 16th and 17th of August next. A considerable number of American Theosophists will attend this Convention, and it is to be hoped that a full representation from England and the Continent will be present, both of delegates and individual members. The Convention will be one of very great importance. The official announcement will appear next month.

The meeting of T. S. E. (Ireland), held on 7th inst., was unanimously in favor of the election of E. T. Hargrove as President of the T. S. E.

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The Irish Theosophist.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(*Concluded from p. 145.*)

THEOSOPHY teaches us that men are thinkers, that the real man within is the mind. So in dealing with a man we must closely consider that mind. The mind of Mr. Judge has a very pronounced duality. It is immensely practical and also profoundly mystical. As a man of business he is successful; it was once said of him by a wealthy merchant that he was a man who could have sold anything he undertook to sell. His practical gift has its most brilliant exposition in his power of organization. He is indeed a master-builder, and to this faculty the T. S. in America owes its strength and its growth. He is far-seeing, prompt and resourceful in emergency, never deterred by expediency or mere public opinion, or by any consideration of a personal nature, from carrying out that which he has resolved to do. He fears nothing, except his own conscience. When plans of work are under consideration, he consults all the principal workers and members living in the districts for which the plan is proposed. He collates the opinions of all and is guided by those which are of worth, and thus, like an able general, he never moves far from his base of supplies, but carries his support with him. It has of late become a habit among some persons to say that Mr. Judge hoodwinks and rules the Americans. Facts should give them pause. It is manifestly difficult to rule some thousands of persons, many of whom are far better off and more highly placed in a worldly sense than yourself. Among American men and women the thing would be an absurdity, for independence of mind is a national habit, an instinct as well as a custom, and it is carried to a far greater degree than we find it in England. The union of States is built up upon it, and is welded together by it, a unity in diversity, and independence is the main fault of every American-born child. It is precisely because Mr. Judge is a born leader and consults those whose

local knowledge or aptitude is greater than his own, that he has the confidence of his fellow-members. Whatever is done, the mass knows that the workers have been consulted and have agreed. It is to be remembered that Mr. Judge has never been paid for his services, but has always been a contributor, liberal beyond his means, in order to get this fact of his reliance upon counsel into proper focus.

But as a mystic, Mr. Judge has another office, simple yet profound, rarely visible on the surface yet luminous. In the years 1887-88 he wrote, by the order of the Master, and to two friends who are now husband and wife, a series of letters since published under the title, *Letters that have Helped Me.* It would be difficult to trace the lives in which these letters have been as a light to the soul. In them is found that gift which the occultist who has in any degree *become* must possess in rare perfection, the art of evolving souls. For only soul can call to soul and help it to struggle forth. Only soul can recognize soul under the manifold coverings of matter. Only soul can hear the deep cry of the crucified god within, bound to the cross and unable to pierce the dull mind and brain of the human brute, who at once houses the god and delivers him over to death. But the Brother, the mystic, has heard. He goes to the man; he looks in his eyes; he calls him Brother; he utters his secret name; and the man pauses, and he listens, and the light floods over him, and he turns his eyes inward to the hidden Christ, to the god-nature, and the song of the Great Self begins to be heard in the stead of the cry of anguish. And while the man, entranced, gazes at the inner light now so dim, but which shall wax so strong at his will, and while the hidden one begins to manifest more and more in the heart, the Brother, the mystic, the evolver whose magic has re-united the man and his soul, goes his way in thankfulness, and bears his light into still other lives that at it they may light their own and that his blazing heart may kindle theirs. For thus act the Bearers of the Flame, the Brethren of the burning Heart, from one generation to another. Such are the servants of Krishna. Such are the evolvers of soul. And those who have come into closer contact with that man of whom the Master wrote in 1887 through H. P. B., that "he of all chelas suffers most and asks or even expects the least," those who have worked with true devotion and in the true spirit with William Q. Judge, whether near or far in the body, they know well the uplifting, widening force which flows through him, ripening the character, developing the higher nature and letting patience have her perfect work. But Mr. Judge has always set his face rigidly against every form of psychic practice and psychism, in public and in private. His copy-press books show hun-

dreds of letters against it; his fellow-members are unanimous in their testimony of his aversion, and only European members in whom he has discouraged it, and whose written instructions in psychism he has torn to pieces by his powerful analysis and ridicule, have ever ventured upon an accusation which is met by hearty merriment even from the outside American public. The powers of the soul are not found in its lower faculties, any more than a man's power is found in his animal propensities, but only those who have felt the touch of the Bearer of the Power upon their inner life, can know the mystic flower that touch unfolds.

Working thus on varied planes, the life of William Q. Judge goes on its quiet way. Its depths lie hidden, but from them wells an irresistible force that stimulates to devotion, to self-denial, to unsparing, unceasing activity for the world. A friend to all men and women he is yet impersonal always; personal flattery or personal following he meets with impatience and soon sets the offender upon his own feet. To him, the ideal friend is one who teaches us to stand on our own base, to rely upon the inner self, and this is the part of friendship as he himself plays it. To the numbers who wrote him for advice in the late crisis he replied: "Work! work! work for Theosophy!" and a lady, being recently asked if she had not received psychic teachings from Mr. Judge, replied: "I will tell you the kind of psychic teaching he gave me. It was this: '*Cast no one out of your heart.*'" So we find him ever accepting all, as in the One Self, closing no door to anyone; leaving the way always open to all who may wish to return to him or to the work; excluding none who are in that work, whether friend or foe; offering a hand to his adversaries, and ready to offer it again when it is rejected; conquering personal animosity by the sheer force of his character as he goes steadily on with that work from which it sought to remove him. Seeing in him our most constructive and most indefatigable worker, we can well understand that he was the towering mark against which every force subversive of evolution was hurled. To obliterate our trust in the "Resuscitator," to dim his reputation and impede his building hand, was to enfeeble the work. To deprive the nineteenth century of that wreath of success which it alone has so painfully gathered leaf by leaf, the success of seeing the living wedge of the Theosophical Society driven home into the new cycle—was not such deprivation a thing to work for, when success would sound the death-knell of those materialistic forces whose great antagonist he was? So every power that makes for hell was lashed on. But the light shone steadily, and thousands in all parts of the world turned to it for guid-

ance, followed its leading, knew it true and faithful above all else, and he who has to-day more devoted friends than any other living man, has the assurance that the real Theosophical Society, shaking off the wanton hands that would tamper with its great principle of "forming a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood," will pass into the new century as such a nucleus, thence on and on! Not an intellectual abstraction, but a nucleus to inform and enkindle the life of every day, one to which every man and woman shall have contributed something of self-sacrifice and love. Not merely a brotherhood of Humanity, exclusive of the teeming universe of creatures and sentient things, but a brotherhood of the Whole, recognizing the spiritual identity of all Being. For this he labors and already he has his reward. The nucleus of Universal Brotherhood exists to-day and cannot henceforward die.

. . . . . .

April 13th, 1896.

Since the above memoir was written, the foreseen event has occurred. Our Brother and Leader, pausing for once in his work, has laid his body down.

He laid it down. Had the supreme will failed him?

There are those who know otherwise. They know that at the core of this apparent abandonment lay a last and greatest gift

Since the summer of 1893, some will recognize this:

"Take yet more courage. We have not left you comfortless. The Lodge watches ever. A new day will dawn. But there is much darkness yet to traverse and Judge is in danger. You must watch, and stand, and *stand* and STAND."

The latter half of this message foreshadowed the storm and lightnings that assailed our course. The judicial charges against W. Q. Judge; the crisis of November 3rd, 1894; the death of William Q. Judge all followed. The three stands were made and "both Leaders seemed to leave us." It remained to fulfil the first half of the message.

So, standing at the point where the new cycle intersects the old, we find a new day dawning, the Comforter at hand. The gates of heaven open to let a new Light through. There is an occult inheritance called THE MYSTERY, and the undaunted souls of the just never pass to another plane of work without leaving an heir, for divine Nature is one; she knows nor pause nor gap.

The promises of the lion H. P. B. accomplish themselves. The GREAT LODGE has drawn nearer. Listen! you that have ears to hear. You will hear the music of its approach.

JASPER NIEMAND.

WORKS AND DAYS.

When we were boys with what anxiety we watched for the rare smile on the master's face ere we preferred a request for some favor, a holiday or early release. There was wisdom in that. As we grow up we act more or less consciously upon intuitions as to time and place. My companion, I shall not invite you to a merrymaking when a bitter moment befalls you and the flame of life sinks into ashes in your heart; nor yet, however true and trusted, will I confide to you what inward revelations of the mysteries I may have while I sense in you a momentary outwardness. The gifts of the heart are too sacred to be laid before a closed door. Your mood, I know, will pass, and to-morrow we shall have this bond between us. I wait, for it can be said but once: I cannot commune magically twice on the same theme with you. I do not propose we should be opportunists, nor lay down a formula; but to be skilful in action we must work with and comprehend the ebb and flow of power. Mystery and gloom, dark blue and starshine, doubt and feebleness alternate with the clear and shining, opal skies and sunglow, heroic ardor and the exultation of power. Ever varying, prismatic and fleeting, the days go by and the secret of change eludes us here. I bend the bow of thought at a mark and it is already gone. I lay the shaft aside and while unprepared the quarry again fleets by. We have to seek elsewhere for the source of that power which momentarily overflows into our world and transforms it with its enchantment.

On the motions of an inner sphere, we are told, all things here depend; on spheres of the less evanescent which, in their turn, are enclosed in spheres of the real, whose solemn chariot movements again are guided by the inflexible will of Fire. In all of these we have part. This dim consciousness which burns in my brain is not all of myself. Behind me it widens out and upward into God. I feel in some other world it shines with purer light: in some sphere more divine than this it has a larger day and a deeper rest. That day of the inner self illuminates many of our mortal days; its night leaves many of them dark. And so the One Ray expanding lives in many vestures. It is last of all the King-Self who wakes at the dawn of ages, whose day is the day of Brahma, whose rest is his rest. Here is the clue to cyclic change, to the individual feebleness and power, the gloom of one epoch and the glory of another. The Bright Fortnight, the Northern Sun, Light and Flame name the days of other spheres, and wandering on from day to day man may at last reach the end of his journey. You would pass

from rapidly revolving day and night to where the mystical sunlight streams. The way lies through yourself and the portals open as the inner day expands. Who is there who has not felt in some way or other the rhythmic recurrence of light within? We were weary of life, baffled, ready to forswear endeavor, when half insensibly a change comes over us; we doubt no more but do joyfully our work; we renew the sweet magical affinities with nature: out of a heart more laden with love we think and act; our meditations prolong themselves into the shining wonderful life of soul; we tremble on the verge of the vast halls of the gods where their mighty speech may be heard, their message of radiant will be seen. They speak a universal language not for themselves only but for all. What is poetry but a mingling of some tone of theirs with the sounds that below we utter? What is love but a breath of their very being? Their every mood has colors beyond the rainbow; every thought rings in far-heard melody. So the gods speak to each other across the expanses of ethereal light, breaking the divine silences with words which are deeds. So, too, they speak to the soul. Mystics of all time have tried to express it, likening it to peals of faery bells, the singing of enchanted birds, the clanging of silver cymbals, the organ voices of wind and water blent together—but in vain, in vain. Perhaps in this there is a danger, for the true is realized in being and not in perception. The gods are ourselves beyond the changes of time which harass and vex us here. They do not demand adoration but an equal will to bind us consciously in unity with themselves. The heresy of separateness cuts us asunder in these enraptured moments; but when thrilled by the deepest breath, when the silent, unseen, uncomprehended takes possession of thee, think "Thou art That," and something of thee will abide for ever in It. All thought not based on this is a weaving of new bonds, of illusions more difficult to break; it begets only more passionate longing and pain.

Still we must learn to know the hidden ways, to use the luminous rivers for the commerce of thought. Our Druid forefathers began their magical operations on the sixth day of the new moon, taking the Bright Fortnight at its flood-time. In these hours of expansion what we think has more force, more freedom, more electric and penetrating power. We find too, if we have co-workers, that we draw from a common fountain, the same impulse visits us and them. What one possesses all become possessed of; and something of the same unity and harmony arises between us here as exists for all time between us in the worlds above. While the currents circulate we are to see to it that they part from us no less pure than they came. To this dawn of

an inner day may in some measure be traced the sudden inspirations of movements, such as we lately feel, not all due to the abrupt descent into our midst of a new messenger, for the Elder Brothers work with law and foresee when nature, time, and the awakening souls of men will aid them. Much may now be done. On whosoever accepts, acknowledges and does the will of the Light in these awakenings the die and image of divinity is more firmly set, his thought grows more consciously into the being of the presiding god. Yet not while seeking for ourselves can we lay hold of final truths, for then what we perceive we retain but in thought and memory. The Highest is a motion, a breath. We become it only in the imparting. It is in all, for all and goes out to all. It will not be restrained in a narrow basin, but through the free-giver it freely flows. There are throngs innumerable who await this gift. Can we let this most ancient light which again returns to us be felt by them only as a vague emotion, a little peace of uncertain duration, a passing sweetness of the heart? Can we not do something to allay the sorrow of the world? My brothers, the time of opportunity has come. One day in the long-marshalled line of endless days has dawned for our race, and the buried treasure-houses in the bosom of the deep have been opened to endow it with more light, to fill it with more power. The divine ascetics stand with torches lit before the temple of wisdom. Those who are nigh them have caught the fire and offer to us in turn to light the torch, the blazing torch of soul. Let us accept the gift and pass it on, pointing out the prime givers. We shall see in time the eager races of men starting on their pilgrimage of return and facing the light. So in the mystical past the call of light was seen on the sacred hills; the rays were spread and gathered; and returning with them the initiate-children were buried in the Father-Flame. Æ.

IDEALS AND ETHICS.

As the great wave of enthusiasm now sweeping round the globe touches us on its onward course, bringing with it a power unearthly in its intensity; raising us into those spheres in which dwells the soul in its purity, and giving us insight into our own hearts, we see that in our ordinary life the ideals and ethics which should serve as guides in that life are far too shadowy and vaguely defined to avail us much. Whence comes this quality of vagueness? Is it that we think too much of acting and not enough of *being?* I think so. For as we identify ourselves with action, we recede further and further from that inner life which alone gives birth to ideals and ethics. But as this world is

essentially one of action, the state of becoming is carried on in higher worlds; that state, in time, finding expression on this plane through action; so that actions born from that spiritual life bear with them a force beneficial to all around, and increasing in power as our desire for reünion with the real part of ourselves grows. And if sometimes we weary when the accomplishment of that great purpose seems far off, let us remember it is possible for none to pass from the mortal to the immortal all at once. Many times yet shall we come and go, each time drawing nearer to the starry one above. Never doubt that in each of us are the qualities, though latent, which will give us spiritual kingship. There are times when we forget this; when we are too apt to inquire of ourselves how the deeds we do will appear in the eyes of others; to study conventionalities and appearances. Oh, I am tired, tired of all these conventionalities, all these masks of the soul! They belong to an artificial life, and the only purpose they serve is to stifle the real life ever welling up from the depths of the soul, seeking to find expression and ofttimes failing, turning back to itself again.

We often speak of ideals and ethics. Do we ever question ourselves as to whether they are but words in our mouths, or whether we have in our hearts that deep inner feeling and understanding of their true value? Too often mere emotionalism, springing from moods that soon fade, passes for ethical impulse, and for ideals illusions are built up that will not stand the tests applied to them, the tests life brings forward day after day. For true ideals and ethics have their root in the soul, and mark the growth of that soul; so, of necessity, there must be many different ideals and many different standards of ethics. And though many of us may know of no ideal but that of absolute, undying compassion and love—the compassion that seeks to lighten the heavy load humanity is bearing; the love that sends forth its rays and sustains the weary ones nigh bowed to the earth with many sorrows—there are others whose ideals are but faintly glimmering, who are barely conscious of them being there. Seeing this, is it not work we may do, and work well done in the cause of humanity, to endeavor to make bright the dim flame burning there, to attempt to vibrate some chord of the imprisoned soul?

The so-called ideals and ethics of many in the world to-day are based on the personality, and belong to a physical life. Now it is time for those of a nobler, higher life to prevail. Are we afraid to speak of the soul? I do not wonder if we are. Life after life, age after age, we have thrust the soul on one side, as something we had not time to think about. And because of that we have spun for ourselves a web of suffer-

ing and death. But now the soul will not be stayed or hindered longer in its onward march. An all-compelling call has gone forth; the Powers of Light have drawn near, and the one-time darkness is illuminated by the radiations piercing in every direction.

Do we ever think of the soul as a being far away from us? That would be unwise, because such thoughts would bind us more closely to this narrow life, with its narrow ideals. The soul, with its wide, free life, is near, and we can participate in it when we forget our personal selves sufficiently to enable us to do so. With love and reverence should we attempt to follow and understand the commands which, we feel in our hearts, issue from the soul, living up to our highest always. We know there is a part of our nature which is not content with less than the highest. When we follow the lower we become conscious of a dissatisfaction, a reproachfulness; and this because we have acted contrary to the ideal of the soul. Thus we learn. Listening to the silent warning of the royal one we ascend to the realms of life and light; heeding it not we surround ourselves with the darkness of the world. For not idly descended the soul into form, but with fixed intent and purpose, that of added knowledge and progress into other and higher spheres of being; and by clinging still to the things of the world, though knowing of that which is not of the world, we are keeping the soul in unnecessary bondage. Our duty, then, is clear—to make the ethics of the soul the base on which our life here may rest; to regard the ideal of the soul as something real we have to attain to, forgotten for a time, but *not* to be forgotten again. For now the Lethean waters have lost their power of enchantment, and we go forward with renewed energy and vigor.

Thinking thus, ever searching for the soul, will lead us back to the path down which we wandered in the misty ages agone; when on that path we shall begin to know ourselves as we really are. Desire after desire will die and fall away from us, for they have no place in the life of the soul. Advancing we carry with us the whole of humanity, and what can stay us for one moment if, with heart and will fixed on the light ahead we determine to become one with it. And as we grow into the inner life, as we become that life, we also become the ideals and ethics which have guided us so far; beyond—can we say? I have no doubt that higher and higher ideals, more exalted codes of ethics, prevail in that still deeper life. Then may we "make straight the way of the Lord" by regarding as sacred the behests of the soul, for only thus can we ever attain to the fullest knowledge of the Supreme in man.

LAON.

The Crown of Thorns.

THE KING INITIATE.

They took Iēsous and scourged him.—*St. John.*

AGE after age the world has wept
  A joy supreme—I saw the hands
Whose fiery radiations swept
  And burned away his earthly bands:
And where they smote the living dyes
Flashed like the plumes of paradise.

Their joys the heavy nations hush—
  A form of purple glory rose
Crowned with such rays of light as flush
  The white peaks on their towering snows:
It held the magic wand that gave
Rule over earth, air, fire and wave.

What sorrow makes the white cheeks wet:
  The mystic cross looms shadowy dim—
There where the fourfold powers have met
  And poured their living tides through him,
The Son who hides his radiant crest
To the dark Father's bosom pressed.

Æ.

ON POWER.

WHEN you laugh much it goes against your power. I have told you this before. This does not mean you are to be disagreeable or strained. Too much laughter is as bad as intense sorrow, jealousy or anger. When you are spoken to smile if the occasion demands it, but try to curb laughter which tends to emotion only.

Never tell people what you intend to do, but do it. When you speak of your intentions the power to do it is decreased.

Never debase your idea of yourself to others; it is a form of vanity and lessens your power just that much, weakens your ability to help those you wish to help. Keep up to what people think of you or you'll drop flat. Never think, "I cannot do it." You can do it if you will; you can be what you desire to be. If you think you cannot learn to do any certain small or difficult thing you will never do it. This does not

mean that it is necessary to get "big head," that is an extreme which lessens your power. But stop regarding your personal self, neither debase nor regard yourself in the matter at all, and do not go to extremes either way. A week of this plan if followed will show you the power gained by following what I say.

When you speak give things of value or people will say it is rubbish. When you get up to speak try to feel what is needed by those who hear you, of value to them in practice. When you have said the words cut yourself off from them. Your audience will thus get what is needed, and forgetting you will carry home the ideas. Your power will lie in this.

When you write don't state things you can't explain, but tell what you see and feel as though directly to the person who wishes to know. This will give you power of expression in writing. I have told you as to speaking. These are a few ideas as to power you can gain, on which you had better practise and get a grip of them. They seem trivial and of little importance, but if you are to learn you can begin in no other way and I have not time for talk. Act on it or I'll stop. Therefore get hold of yourself, get wisdom, for this is power.

A.

DEVOTION.

[An address delivered at the Convention, New York, 1896.]

THIS subject is one most difficult to deal with, for that devotion of which I am asked to speak is silent; it has no words at all. It is the union of the mind and heart and working hand in a single, fixed aim, the unit of work directed to an ideal unity. To take an illustration from modern science, I will refer to the latest discovery—or rediscovery, as I prefer to call it—of a truth well known to the alchemists. It has recently been found that a solid cylinder of lead may be so made as to contain at one end a certain amount of gold. This tube is then exposed to a moderate warmth, of a degree which is maintained at a fixed and unvarying point, and after a time a number of the particles of the gold will be found to have removed themselves to the other end of the solid lead cylinder, showing that an interchange of particles has taken place between the gold and the lead. Now the steady and unchanging warmth which has fostered this interchange may be likened to that glow of devotion whereby the mind is enabled to fuse and blend itself with the whole of Nature, for, of a truth, devotion is the atmosphere of the soul. It is that voiceless spiritual aspiration which breathes through every act and thought and ensouls the leaden, mate-

rialistic days, is a thing which we cannot demonstrate except as we are that thing itself. Viewing it thus, as a finer and more universal force embodied in man, for his use or his rejection, we may ask ourselves to what object such devotion would be most naturally applied.

You have heard to-night, from another speaker, Madame Blavatsky's definition of Theosophy. Let me quote another definition from our late most beloved and honored teacher, William Q. Judge. "The Theosophical Movement," said Mr. Judge, "is a cry of the soul." Every Theosophist who is also a student will tell you that true devotion is directed to the needs of the soul, that final fact underlying the whole of Nature. For it is an open secret, and yet a secret so deeply embedded in material life that few men and women discover it, that we have no real needs at all except the needs of the soul. Do you doubt it? Tell me, then, who is satisfied? Who is at peace with himself? Where, in our civilization, is the happy man? Only there where the knower of the soul is found. Knowing that, martyrs have died in bliss with every material need denied and all the physical frame racked by torture or by want. Ignorant of that, whatever we have, we want still more. Have we love, we want ever more and more love. Have we wealth or power or learning, then we crave still more of these until satiety drives us to some other form of mental food for the restless mind. Why are we never satisfied? Is it not because the soul within will have none of this material food? It languishes for the divine life and breath, for the touch of the Spirit, the Liberator, the free Force freely playing. The imprisoned soul looks out from behind the eyes of men to-day as from the dim and anguished gaze of some poor, tortured brute, with a dumb appeal most pitiful to behold. It turns from all these things you offer it and drives you on and on as sharers of its suffering and unrest until you shall learn to know the food, the breath it craves. For you are immortal; I have no proof to offer you: you are gods *and you know it*. The proof is within you.

There is in a book dear to us all from childhood, a parable which speaks to the heart. I refer to that tale in the Bible where Christ bends over the tomb of the dead friend and touchingly cries to that friend: "Lazarus! awake! awake!" Let us not conceive of this parable according to the dead letter of it. Jesus the Christ was an Adept. Better than others he knew that there is no "death" in any point of universal space. Less than any other was he likely to gather back the elements of the human form from the embrace of the cycle of disintegration when that had set in. He was not one to recapture a soul set free. The tale, to my mind, bears a larger meaning. Then, as now, the

scientist bent above accumulated details and missed the essential fact. Then, as now, the artist gave form after form of beauty to the world's enraptured gaze, while fairer and still fairer visions fled before his inner eye and evaded his hand. Then, as now, the sculptor cast his tools away and carved his most sublime conceptions from that stuff that dreams are made of. Then, as now, the musician, haunted by sounds aërial, embodied sweet melodies only to find that finer and more elusive harmonies would not be conjured forth from the airy chambers of the brain. The slaves of pleasure and the slaves of labor vainly chased contentment, for then, as now, realization was nowhere to be found except in knowledge of the soul. So in our parable we see the Christ-Light stooping to the tomb of material life, the tomb of form and matter, and in a charmed stillness calling to the hidden sleeper within: "Awake! awake!" The spirit calls; the sleeper hears. He stirs. He rises, and from the prison of the body there emerges—what? The form of flesh? No! Think you the Christ-Light befriends that thing compounded of grosser elements alone? No! The rainbow-hued hope of humanity, Psyche emerges, the free, the deathless, the imperial soul. It is an act of devotion, of magic; you can each perform it. In yourselves evoke the soul!

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR BROTHER,—That mysterious personage, the occult successor of Mr. Judge, directs me to say to THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST:

1. That the future of our Society in Ireland is full of hope. Now your workers are few in number, but soon there will be many. The Irish people, unlike the most of Europeans, have never descended into the slough of materialism; mystical beliefs have not been driven by materialism from out of an island so small yet so important.

2. That there are Masters in Ireland, and certain conditions essential always to occultism. Not all of the primeval flames have been extinguished.

3. That there is an occult connection between Ireland and this country as lasting as time.

4. That even the short stay here of Brothers Dick and Dunlop enabled a special tie to be formed between the occult centres here and in Dublin that will last into the far-coming ages.

5. That the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, soon to be established in America, will have a reäcting effect, allowing a similar though smaller institution to be formed in Ireland.

6. That the Masters keep an especial fire always lit in the Dublin centre, which will produce its manifest result in due time, and in spite of every obstacle.

7. That though there are so few of you, your loyalty is known in the right quarter, and its influence will spread over the island and in due season bring forth its harvest.

That makes seven counts—and surely you would not ask for more at present. I append a vision from the olden time, which, if not taken as confirmation of the above, is yet of mystical interest.

As ever fraternally,

New York, May 8th, 1896. JOHN M. PRYSE.

THE VISION OF ST. BRIGID.*

"BRIGID, daughter of the converted Druid Bubhthach, was distinguished from her girlhood by an intense spirit of piety. Once while listening to one of St. Patrick's discourses she was observed to fall asleep, and those who observed it made signs to the preacher to arouse her. He did not take the hint, but when the sermon was at an end and Brigid wide awake but sorrowful, he begged her to reveal the vision which he knew must have been vouchsafed her.

"'Alas, Father!' said she, 'my soul is sad from the sights that succeeded one another while I slumbered. I seemed standing on a high eminence with all Erinn in my sight, and from every point of it were issuing bright flames that joined above and filled the atmosphere. I looked again, and behold, fires were still burning on mountains and hills, but the sight was poor compared to the former general blaze. The third time I cast my eyes abroad, nothing brighter than the puny flames of torches and candles met my gaze. This was sad enough, but when I looked again the land was covered with ashes, except where a few solitary torches burned in caverns and in the shadows of rocks. I shut my eyes and wept, but was comforted on again opening them to see a steady bright flame blazing in the north, and which spread, scattering itself from its focus till the whole island was once more cheerfully lighted up.'"

* *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 329. By Patrick Kennedy. London: MacMillan and Co.

KEYNOTES.

An opportunity long waited for has arrived, the hour is pregnant with possibilities. We have been led in a way we know not of, as the blind stone feels its way to the flower. The master-hand is not seen during the operation; but when the operation is complete, the beauty and symmetry of the plan are apparent to all. What has made such developments possible? Loyalty, I think. Loyalty to principles; loyalty to those who have been to us the most perfect embodiment of those principles. Loyalty invokes the gods. Through it we have arrived at a point where a fuller declaration of Truth can be made; where the outlines of more ripened knowledge can be given. Those who gathered most closely round the guiding and ruling genius, inspired by that high courage, begin to come forth from their hiding-places. The whole world lies before them, strangled, for the most part, in the grasp of institutions, from whence the life-force has departed. Along the line of this decay of power they must advance, awakening vibrations which will in a short time bring about a revival of the free spirit of antiquity; a revival, too, of the ancient mythos in literature and art, a restoration of the truths depicted in symbols everywhere. It is a vast conception. So many want to keep Theosophy "select" and "respectable" that they are afraid to embark on a new enterprise. Suspicions arise, or after a momentary thrill of excitement follows a relapse into indifference. 'Tis ever thus. But think not that such folly will retard this enterprise of Sublime Perfection. We must leave the old moorings and sail forth into the clear expanse of the future. Already the anchor is weighed. Not the select few, not alone the cultured, but all must be embraced in the operations of this Divine Motion. To bring forth the perfect statue, the mould into which it has been cast must be broken.

Who are those who have learned to profit by each new opportunity? Not the doubters; while they are busy regarding their doubts the gods have passed by. Not the suspicious; while they have been harboring their suspicions the ship has set sail, and is well under way. Who, then? The loyal and true-hearted. They are ever ready; ever on the alert. For them the gods are not a procession of phantoms, but living realities. Each new day sees them at their post, ready for their allotted work. Their joy is always on the wing; for them the granite and clay are luminous creations, resplendent with color, rich with enchantment. Held in the grasp of a vast purpose, they falter not nor fail. Unclouded

by doubt and suspicion they realize that they are souls for whom immortal destinies await, and all their actions have the force which such a conviction gives, increasing their power for good a thousandfold. Loyalty; Trust; Unity; let these then be our keynotes. With these we can urge forward for the new career with strong courage and clear vision.

D. N. D.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

(*Concluded from p. 159.*)

Alecto. I DO not remember a past life by thinking of it as my past life. These experiences are not to be classified as personal baggage. To reach wider memory I must become something deeper and more impersonal than my ordinary self, must enter into something which stands behind both past and present lives, something of which these lives are but imperfect and partial expressions. Between that real Self and other Selves there are links along certain rays, links of unity. It is their nature to be united. By endeavoring to feel and know this unity with others in this outer world of darkness I attract the nature of the real Self towards me, awake or perchance in sleep; and past or future dramas, at first along limited rays, may be seen and heard, and in time remembered. Let us think of ourselves as boundless Spirit.

* * *

Exile. The memory of past life abides in the soul; its impressions are graven on its substance. Therefore it requires the eye of the soul to read them. We do not possess this vision, hence it is that we do not remember our previous experiences on earth. When the memory of soul does come back to us we shall dwell in a far more beautiful realm; the sphere of consciousness will be wider and deeper and the pain of our present isolation will flee away. *Then* will the language of the air and the water and the odorous earth be audible to us; the hymn of the ripened fruit will sing melodiously in our ears; the strident cry of the storm-furies or the plaintive song of the curled sea-shell will make music for us. All Nature will speak to us, confiding her deepest secrets to our opened minds; *then*, we shall be in actuality the Pantheists that now we are in theory only.

* * *

Opal. I think man, the immortal thinker, does remember his past lives. With a high purpose in view this vast life-journey was begun—a purpose which, to my mind, would be frustrated if we

were burdened with the memories of the past; there is surely a wise and unerring purpose in our non-remembrance. Not here or now will the judgment books be opened, except for the few who by aspiration and unselfish aims have raised their lower selves to the dwelling-place of the True. In us of to-day, in our characters and aims, the past is revealed, for the mind has garnered all that was worth preserving in the experiences of past lives. Let us, then, "reject nothing but cut all doubt with the sword of spiritual knowledge."

* * *

Emer. It would seem that there are two ways of recalling past experiences—the spiritual and the intellectual. The latter method is the one consciously used by the average man in his normal state. Spirituality looks from the inside outwards. It deals with the soul of things because it regards the soul as the permanent potency which builds the form which it ensouls. The form is but a transitory affair. Intellectuality observes the external aspect of things, and from these data it endeavors to form a judgment of the internal aspect. The intellect clearly is entirely concerned with transient phenomena, and uses as instruments the senses and the brain; these being in themselves evanescent can preserve no record of their work. Their character, however, has a certain permanence; as a graven tablet formed of an alloy of many metals preserves its quality when melted, though the inscription has disappeared. Some such process takes place at death, but the divine mind first makes cryptogrammic notes of the inscription. The intellect of its next embodiment knows nothing of the language of the gods, and so there is a period of intellectual groping, extending often over many lives, until finally the path becomes illuminated by the bright sun of spirituality, when man begins to be able to read intelligently the record of his past experience engraved upon his inner self.

THE DEATH OF MADAME JELIHOVSKY.

We have just received news of the death of one of that great-hearted family who furnished the T. S. with its first leader. Madame Jelihovsky, H. P. B.'s sister, has departed also. Her name was familiar to all Theosophists. To quote the words of one who knew her best of any: "Her affection to her sister was of the truest and the most steadfast. She had a great heart, and I do not think that there ever was a thing she ought to do that she left consciously undone." She did much work for Theosophy, and for her own sake and her loyalty to H. P. B. deserves a place in the history of the T. S.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

Annual Meeting of 1896.

The Second Annual Meeting of the T. S. E. (England) was held at St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, London, on Whit-Monday, May 25th. The different provincial Lodges were well represented, Liverpool sending no less than seventeen members. The same feeling of unity and good fellowship that was felt at the American Convention pervaded the gathering. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Keightley at 10 a.m. Mrs. Cleather and Bro. Basil Crump played an appropriate selection of music, after which business was proceeded with as usual. Bro. Gardner, of Southport, was appointed temporary Chairman, and Bros. Tovey and Edge Secretaries to the meeting. Roll was called, and then Dr. Keightley was selected as permanent Chairman.

In his capacity of President T. S. E. (England) Dr. Keightley presented and read an interesting address, showing progress made during the ten months since the reörganization in July, 1895. The work had been carried on in a quiet way, tending to solidify the different Branches and Centres. This had been very successfully accomplished, considering the many difficulties most of the Branches had had to contend with. Dr. Keightley referred to the death of W. Q. Judge on March 21st. "Those who knew him," said Dr. Keightley, "can but rejoice that he is at last free to devote himself with evermore fiery energy to the work he loved." Referring to the American Convention, Dr. Keightley said: "Probably the most striking feature of that Convention lay in its perfect unanimity of expression." He went on to allude to the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, saying he had been appointed general agent in Europe for the fund.

Bro. Adams, as Treasurer and Librarian, then presented his reports, which showed funds and library in a satisfactory state, with good prospects for the future. The representatives from the different Lodges read reports showing the lines of work followed and success attending their efforts. Officers were elected for 1896-7: Dr. Keightley, President; Dr. Coryn, Vice-President; E. Adams, Treasurer and Librarian. Dr. Keightley intimated that Bro. Crump had offered his services as Secretary, which services were gladly accepted. Various amendments to Constitution T. S. E. were submitted on behalf of Bro. Bulmer, who was unfortunately unable to be present. On consideration the meeting did not adopt them all, but accepted the suggestions put forward by the Committee on Resolutions. E. T. Hargrove was unanimously and en-

thusiastically nominated as President T. S. E. Dr. Keightley intimated that the Executive Council T. S. E. had decided to hold the Convention T. S. E. in Dublin on August 2nd and 3rd. More music from Mrs. Cleather and Bro. Crump was given, and Mrs. Hering, of Boston, with a violinist friend, contributed also an interesting musical item which was much appreciated. D. N. Dunlop presented greetings from Ireland, and a letter of greeting was read from Mme. de Neufville for Holland. Suitable replies were drafted by a Committee and adopted by the Convention with *éclat*. A letter of greeting to European Section T. S. (Adyar) was also adopted unanimously, and ordered to be sent to their Convention in July. The proceedings throughout were harmonious in every direction, and the good feeling so evident will reäct on the work during the year and bring forth good fruit. More power, T. S. E. (England)! D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

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At the meeting of T. S. E. (I.), held on May 7th, a Press Committee was formed to try and arouse interest in local papers about recent developments *re* School for revival of lost Mysteries, etc. The efforts of the Committee have been fairly successful.

To suit the convenience of English members and insure a larger attendance at the Convention of the T. S. E., the Executive Council have fixed the date August 2nd and 3rd, not 16th and 17th, as stated in our last issue. The Reception Committee here are eagerly anxious to welcome all who can possibly attend.

The following subjects will be discussed at the public meetings on Wednesdays: June 17th, *Future of Ireland;* 24th, *Reïncarnation;* July 1st, *Prophecy;* 8th, *The Mysteries of Antiquity;* 15th, *The Ocean of Theosophy*.

Fred. J. Dick, *Convener*.

NOTICE.

"The World knoweth Us not."

This is a series of extracts helpful to students from the letters of W. Q. Judge, which series has appeared in The Irish Theosophist. I am about to print it in book form, for the use of students, and would earnestly beg my fellow Theosophists in all parts of the world, to send me any such extracts from letters of Mr. Judge in their possession, so that all our comrades may share equally in them. The book will be printed at my personal expense, and the proceeds devoted to the Theosophical Cause. Julia W. L. Keightley.

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The Irish Theosophist.

KEYNOTES.

A BAND of Crusaders left New York on June 13th to go round the world bearing aloft the banner of fraternity and goodwill. When the mists are gathering, in the dark hour, in the crisis, the true seer points to the light beyond, sees the victory complete. Such a seer was our beloved Chief, W. Q. J. When others were talking of failure, he prophesied a revival of Theosophy in 1896. "Nothing but a cataclysm" can stop our progress, he said on another occasion. It requires no straining of the eyes now to see how events are shaping. "This is the time to make friends." Not the sentiment merely, but the sentiment grown to a purpose. A new influence is abroad. Comrades! a new light shines on your faces, a new joy beams through your eyes. Look around at those working with you to-day and say has not your relationship a strange significance. Why do you remain together in that standing attitude? Is it not because you have left your mission unfulfilled in the past? Now you take it up again together, and this time to carry it to completion. The higher notes of the octave are sounding; the solar sphere has put forth its touch. You feel it and have responded. As this band of Crusaders goes from point to point, sending out waves of energy which strike directly to their ends, it is well to be found in your places, scorning no burden. See how discord flies when the right chord is touched by the skilled hand. The world seeks for wisdom through a labyrinth of ignorance. Having found the clue, it is ours to give. Once more we have to turn the eye of the world to the importance of much that had well-nigh perished. By working in harmony we will accomplish our task.

While the strong hand of a great leader is required to break moulds and crystallizations, social and religious, it is the quiet worker who sustains the work, who affords the necessary conditions for its fruition

and fulfilment. Wherever an active Branch of the T. S. is found, you can trace the current which supplies its force to the quiet workers. Receivers themselves from a generous life, they weave into every act a power to hold, to shield. From hearts that serve unseen, perhaps unknown, there goes forth a peace and cheerfulness which makes even the cloudiest day serene and radiant. And this gaiety of heart is much needed. It refreshes all who come under its influence, as the rain refreshes plants after a long drought. The struggle of life begets a general pessimism. This is clearly indicated by the drawn-up and compressed countenances that we constantly meet. In the company of the quiet worker composure and placidity are soon restored, for this gaiety of heart is infectious and quickly brings about the desired change.

Yes! we owe much to our quiet workers. Let them not think, "I shall live unhonored and never be anybody anywhere."

I have received from Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Cape, two workers closely associated with theosophical work among children in New York, the following communication, which I gladly put on record. It is gratifying in the extreme to find this important branch of work now receiving the attention it deserves:

"You will soon enjoy the privilege of having Mrs. K. A. Tingley amongst you, and her wonderful force and power will be fully recognized there, as it has been here.

"But another view of this remarkable character has recently come to our notice, and we wish you to know of it also. Mrs. Tingley, the present Outer Head of the E. S. T., like our late President, William Q. Judge, has the greatest love for children. Some years ago, while only a quiet member of the T. S., Mrs. Tingley had been working amongst the poor people on the east side of New York. She wished the children of these people to be brought to a Lotus Circle entertainment, thinking that in this way they might come in touch with us.

"We took the addresses she had sent us and visited all these people. It was not only a complete revelation, but a lesson as well. Our journey took us amidst some of the most squalid, filthy, godforsaken places in New York, rank with vile odors so nauseating that we had difficulty in completing the work. But it was worth all the trouble taken to see the radiant expression that would come to the pale faces of these working women when they were informed that we had been sent by Mrs. Tingley. They told us that she had taught their children, clothed them as well, brought joy and comfort into their lives.

Not having heard from her for some time they had wondered much what had become of her, where she had gone, and where she could be found. Their joy at hearing of her again and delight in receiving the invitation to be present at the entertainment was very affecting. Many of them came on Sunday and they were not forgotten by Mrs. Tingley, who, although absent in Boston attending the first meeting of the Crusaders, yet found time to telegraph a "Greeting" to the children, which was read to them.

"Only a strong soul willing to sacrifice itself for humanity could have instituted and carried on such a grand work. Through her we have been brought into touch with an element among the poor of New York not before reached, and we are desirous that all members in all parts of the world may receive our testimony to one only of the noble deeds of which this wonderful life has been so full."

D. N. D.

THYSELF AND THY KING.

Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom.

We were talking of lucent intervals, when the primeval sunlight breaks through our clouds: here is the record of one of them. In the new birth, the door to real life, it is not fated that these dearly beloved personal selves of ours shall enter in, after undergoing some betterment and amelioration; as an old bonnet is renewed, a piece of ribbon here, a flower there, a skilful touch over all, and the miracle of regeneration consummated.

With us it is not like this, but quite otherwise. Everything we habitually consider ourselves to be, our whole normal selves, must melt away and dissolve in light, leaving not a wrack behind. Nothing that comes within our ordinary consciousness at all; nothing even of better hours but a few high and shining intuitions is good enough to "inherit the kingdom"; or, to speak sober prose, is large enough to enter into real life. I do not want to flatter us, but it seems to me most of us are finely gifted and endowed for our tragi-comedy of shadows, so much so, that these delicate perfections of ours are quite unsuited for the valor and vigor of real life—therefore they will never get there.

When the new birth is spoken of, we hear much of giving up ourselves and living for others. Here is only half a truth, and that the lesser half. It is not at all as though I should step forth from the throne of my heart, and invite my neighbor to take a seat there, while I meantime admire myself for being good. It is not as though I should

open wide the doors of my house, so that they of the highways and hedges may come in, while I stay outside on the doorstep. That is something like the danger of the mansion swept and garnished. All this is merely imitating effects, without possessing the cause.

When I step down from the throne of my heart, with a comely feeling that I am a not quite adequate occupant, it will not be to give place to my neighbor or any human guest, however pious and worthy, but to make way for a divine and mightier power, of great majesty and mirth; a power whose glowing light has been shining through these clouds of my making for ages past. Myself and my king—that old immortal self whom I have dimly felt, standing behind and above me, masterful and persistent. Whose purposes, which are my real purposes, have shaped all these many-colored incidents of my life; knowing that my fantastic mind would learn the real in no simpler and more direct way. My king, unquestioned, from self-evident majesty, and yet my real self. The self immortal, through whose dwelling already in real life, comes my possibility of new birth and inheritance there; though of this personality of mine I can see very little that is likely to share that inheritance. It must dissolve and melt away, quite completely and without reservation. It cannot "inherit the kingdom." And after all, once you get used to the thought, there is a great satisfaction in thinking that this discreditable old friend is to stay behind—if complete disappearance can be called staying anywhere. One knows too much about him—has too much evidence as to his character, as the courts phrase it, when unearthing something particularly disagreeable. If this poor relation were to come into the fine company of the real, it would be perpetually necessary to hide his shabbiness behind things, to keep him in dim corners—an unending embarrassment.

So the personality, practically the whole of what we ordinarily suppose ourselves to be, must become permeable to the light, until it melts away in the light altogether. Thus it must give place to the immortal self, but not to any other power at all. It is of no avail to build up an artificial self of private and individual virtues, of self-consciously doing good and being good, to our own great admiration and humility. The real virtues, the valor and excellence of reality, are to be as little our private property as the ocean-depths or the sun-beams are; they are to be virtues, large, cosmic, universal. It is very likely, indeed, that for a personality of private and self-conscious virtue there is least hope of all; and for this reason, perhaps, there is greater joy over one sinner that repents than ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance—or at least who believe they need none, and thus shut themselves

out by a hard shell of humble self-satisfaction from the great, real world of being. One thing, perhaps, is more futile and foolish than this sun-proof canopy of virtue, and that is, the vices which we, the enlightened, are tempted to permit ourselves, in order to keep ourselves quite safe from self-consciousness, from the sense of possessing a private hoard of good works. If even fine virtue, when self-admiring, is foreign to the real, how much more vices, which are not fine at all? These contemptible things are quite invisible to the large, sane, and healthy life of the real, and not less invisible are the contemptible personalities who indulge in them.

Virtuous or vicious, therefore, this very dear usurper, this much-admired and greatly-pitied personal self, must consent to become quite diaphanous; first like a net in the sunlight; then gossamer that melts altogether into the glow. That is how the transformation appears to the real self, how it rightly should appear. But it would be comic, were not we ourselves so implicated in it, to watch the startled apprehension of the personal self, the lower man, when it first dawns on his mind that a speedy disappearance is what is most expected of him. We are too much the lower self ourselves to quite enter into the humor of it, except perhaps where other people are concerned.

A word about those good neighbors of ours, for whom we are unwilling to prepare the throne of the heart. They deserve, and shall receive, compensation. Indeed their part is taken, very mightily taken, by that very self and king who stands immortal behind us, perpetually reminding us that they are our other selves. Reminding us that we must not, presuming on our present enlightenment and superiority, forget for a moment that these others are our very selves, on pain of the keen mortification of waking up some morning to find that they are ahead of us, offering us the good-natured compassion which we would have extended to them. One of the chief works which lie before the real self, now to be installed in lawful sovereignty, is to establish a true relation with these our other selves, instead of the chaos of petulant preferences and detestations which has separated them from us hitherto. They must be received into our hearts; yet after the real self reigns there, not before. And to be truly received, they also must be transformed; till we know them, no longer subject to sorrow, but a serene, august company of immortals.

C. J.

THE DREAM OF THE CHILDREN.

The children awoke in their dreaming
While earth lay dewy and still:
They followed the rill in its gleaming
To the heart-light of the hill.

Its sounds and sights were forsaking
The world as they faded in sleep,
When they heard a music breaking
Out of the heart-light deep.

It ran where the rill in its flowing
Under the starlight gay
With wonderful colour was glowing
Like the bubbles they blew in their play.

From the misty mountain under
Came gleams of an opal star:
Its pathways of rainbow wonder
Rayed to their feet from afar.

From their feet as they strayed in the meadow
It led through caverned aisles,
Filled with purple and green light and shadow
For mystic miles on miles.

The children were glad; it was lonely
To play on the hill-side by day.
"But now," they said, "we have only
To go where the good people stray."

For all the hill-side was haunted
By the faery folk come again,
And down in the heart-light enchanted
Were opal-coloured men.

They moved like kings unattended
Without a squire or dame,
But they wore tiaras splendid
With feathers of starlight flame.

They laughed at the children over
And called them into the heart:
"Come down here, each sleepless rover:
We will show you some of our art."

And down through the cool of the mountain
The children sank at the call,
And stood in a blazing fountain
And never a mountain at all.

The lights were coming and going
In many a shining strand,
For the opal fire-kings were blowing
The darkness out of the land.

This golden breath was a madness
To set a poet on fire,
And this was a cure for sadness,
And that the ease of desire.

And all night long over Eri
They fought with the wand of light
And love that never grew weary
The evil things of night.

They said, as dawn glimmered hoary.
"We will show yourselves for an hour;"
And the children were changed to a glory
By the beautiful magic of power.

The fire-kings smiled on their faces,
And called them by olden names,
Till they towered like the starry races
All plumed with the twilight flames.

They talked for a while together,
How the toil of ages oppressed;
And of how they best could weather
The ship of the world to its rest.

The dawn in the room was straying:
The children began to blink,
When they heard a far voice saying,
"You can grow like that if you think!"

The sun came in yellow and gay light:
They tumbled out of the cot,
And half of the dream went with daylight
And half was never forgot.

Æ.

ON STEADINESS.

STEADINESS? Well, what of it? I have told you many times, but you have not listened. I will illustrate by your own actions.

You were told to write regularly at a certain time of day on a definite subject, and in a definite manner. What did you do? First you began as told, the next day it was ten minutes later than the time appointed. You had no definite subject, did not write with care. Then what happened? You did not get it correctly either in subject-matter, detail or appearance. The following day you began once more, the effort having to be made again as though never having been tried before. Writing is a small matter, you think, but it counts. This is lack of steadiness.

You were told by one who knows to be reserved to all, you agreed to this, stood the test for a few hours, perhaps a day, when suddenly you let all fly and forgot both the advice and the person advising. Steadiness? I think not.

My dear, of what use are you to be if you do not get hold of your-

self at once. I cannot always be with you, nor can I always be telling you; each must learn to stand alone, each must carve these things out for themselves. I had to do it, why not you?

Steadiness should be so much a part of your nature by this time that nothing could shake you. You are steady in devotion to the work, but that devotion will be of greater use only when you can apply it to the simpler affairs of life.

The person who is useful in this work is he who hears all, says little, but when having to speak says what is necessary, then stops.

Steadiness is that power gained where action is regulated by the power to stop. The special genius is not of value unless to that can be added evenness of purpose, calmness of action. This can be acquired by all who begin in the affairs of life, as I say.

When I told you to write I knew what would happen, for it is a law, that the first effort is the supreme effort. It is difficult to get the machine to act in accordance with the mind except by this supreme effort. You "have failed in the test," have you? Yes; well, what of that? You see thus the difficulty; you know now by that failure the effort necessary to success. Will you go on or stop?

Do you want to know the meaning now of steadiness? Your own experience in this has taught you. I cannot explain more. Let it sink in and you will know the meaning and need for steadiness.

A.

SYNTHESIS.

To the pilgrim soul in its quest of the divine, perfection suggests itself under the three aspects which we name severally the good, the true, and the beautiful. For purposes of study some such rough division is necessary, yet in ultimate analysis the distinctions are arbitrary, for conduct includes both Science and Art, being itself both. Science is the effort to actualize the ideal, to realize, deduce, and prove law; and Art seeks to idealize the actual, to transcend no less than to transform.

How nearly allied are the terms of this divine trinity we see when we try to think of any term singly. Say we consider goodness—the first fact our analysis discovers is that we by no means know what essentially it is. The intellect quails before the attempt to examine the content of "the grand word ought," or delivers at best but a half answer to our question: What is this thing which sends its imperious mandate forth from the hidden recesses of the soul behind us? It gives us an interchangeable phrase for goodness, "the right conduct of

life," and leaves us to find out, as best we may, what life is. Assuredly life is something more than to buy and to sell and to get gain. Assuredly right conduct is something more than to help that our brother get a just share of the result of his labor. We call it *duty* that which we owe—but what is our debt and to whom? Have the great and noble of all time helped us? Has it been good to be an intrinsic part of the humanity which produced Socrates, St. John, Gautama? Then our duty is to humanity as a whole and to that divine brotherhood, the kings of thought, who rule in the realm of the soul, to carry on their work; and thus goodness in its breadth and depth means more than some shreds of philanthropy—though heaven forbid that we despise the very least of these; contempt can claim no kinship with the soul. Philanthropy is virtue, but this is virtue also: to seek to restore the lost harmony between the actualities of to-day, with all their feverish needs and fears, and that ideal life which the Companions of the soul have taught us is the Real, and which "is none other than man's normal life as he shall one day know it." This is virtue and harmony—which is beauty, and inmost life—which is reality.

The distinction which some men, else wise, make between the beautiful and the good or the beautiful and the true, is responsible, to some extent, for the fragmentary nature of our life to-day, and for our aloofness from the deep and vivid impetus of the intuitions. We live scraps of lives but not any forceful, coherent, symmetrical *life*. How to make life one-pointed yet all-embracing, devoted without narrowness, broad without limpness, is a question which is daily presenting itself for practical solution. Perhaps some hint of the answer may be found through cherishing the desire we find within us for synthesis, for correlating the aspect of the divine, for seeking out the soul of the universe behind all its protean works.

For instance, in this thing that we name beauty, whose beckonings men sometimes fear to follow lest it lead them into bondage to the senses, can we not hear issuing from its lips the chant of the primeval divine life, that native music which we have "loved long since and lost awhile," if we but make our hearing fine enough to receive it; is not it, too, a messenger of the gods for such as have ears to hear? *Can* it be that the peace of the woodlands, the pleadings of the sea, the immovable serenity of the mountains, the aspirings of sea-birds and the pitiful purity that beams from out the stars, contain no life-truths for us; or is it that we do not yet know the spirit in which to accept the hints of beauty, and so must needs construct a science of ethics to save us from the wooings of the sense?

On the other hand, shall we call virtue cold and barren because we lack the imagination which translates it into living impulse, the emotion to warm it with the heart's best fires, or the ideality to note the graces of its curves, stretching away boundless, basking in the smile of God.

Perhaps even graver is the danger of our present day to sever truth from virtue, making it the concern of the intellect alone and not of the moral sense also; giving to all facts, whether vital to the life of the soul or not, an equal value, dissociating the external details of life from their root in the inner being or character of the men who perform or are concerned by them. There is, of course, truth of the intellect, and physics, metaphysics and psychology may be made to subserve the strengthening and disciplining of the inner man, but to me it seems that the final test of truth is subjective. How much truth can a man live? that much he has. Is his experience vivid? then he understands something of inner nature, something of the truth that comes not of text-books occult or profane, but that grows out of the roots of transcendent being. Such truth, I think, is inseparable from character, from virtue, from love; it is the expression of these in terms of thought. Only he who lives in the presence of ideals can utter it, only he who knows the joys and agonies of tense feeling can comprehend it. Perhaps, using words truly, it cannot be comprehended, for it passes knowledge, it is the wordless message of the divine. Such truth is a synthesis, and its appeal is towards synthesis, bidding us see the divine impulse behind all life; it moralizes art, beautifies character, sanctifies knowledge, teaching us that to "see life clearly is to see it whole."

OMAR.

THE CRUSADE.

THE loyal devotion that led up to the magnificent Convention at New York in April is not to be stayed in its titanic sweep. Scarcely had the members scattered homeward when the announcement was made that a CRUSADE had been organized to literally girdle the earth with a message of peace, goodwill and brotherhood. Ere one had time to realize the scope of the new enterprise, the Crusade was upon us. Everyone is on the move now. At Liverpool, on the 22nd ult., the Crusaders made their first public appearance, surrounded by the poorest of the poor. Three hundred of these had received invitations from the active members of the Liverpool and Southport Branches, and sat down to a hearty "brotherhood supper" in the Albert Hall, Cazneau Street.

When this had been amply discussed, a chorus was sung by all present. Bro. Wright then gave a short but stirring address outlining the nature of the theosophical movement, which evoked much applause. "We believe that all men and women are equal. What do you think of that? We believe that we can all help each other. How do you like that? We believe that everyone has the right to think for himself. How do you like that?" Songs, choruses, and instrumental music were interspersed with other short speeches by H. T. Patterson, E. T. Hargrove and Mrs. Tingley, who, after referring to work done among the poor in New York with which she had been connected, said that the impulse to help one another existed in all of us, that it is the voice of our immortal nature speaking, that from this all our real force proceeded, and that the reason it does not act more is that we stop to think and thus become selfish. There was great cheering when she concluded. Other speeches by Mrs. Keightley on "Hope," Mrs. Wright on "Woman," Bro. Hargrove on "Brotherhood," and Bro. Wright on the meaning of the word "Theosophy" followed, and those present were asked to keep a look-out for further reünions of a similar kind. Everyone went away delighted with the happy evening spent with the Crusaders and the members of the Liverpool, Southport, London and Dublin Branches who had been attending on them.

Previous to this evening gathering there had been a special meeting of the Eastern School of Theosophy, of which Mrs. Tingley is the Outer Head.

On the following day the Crusaders met the local Theosophists and the children of the Lotus Circle in the afternoon. In the evening there was a public meeting in the Picton Lecture Hall, Liverpool, at which some 1,500 people were present. The proceedings were opened by a beautiful rendering of Raff's *Cavatina*, arranged for 'cello and piano. Dr. Keightley, who was in the chair, asked Dr. Coryn to welcome the Crusaders to Liverpool. Than H. T. Patterson sketched the purpose and described the route of the Crusade. Mrs. Wright followed with an eloquent address on "Charity." "Civilization is founded on the idea that man is a body. This Crusade, on the idea that man is a Soul." Referring illustratively to the effect of electrical induction she spoke of the dynamic force in men who know they are souls, and said that a body of such men and women going round the world would have force to rouse people to a sense of their higher destiny here and hereafter. E. T. Hargrove followed with a thoughtful and convincing speech on "Compensation." By irresistible steps he proved that we are the result of our past thinking, and for which we alone are responsible. "If you

have sown what you are now reaping, you must reap in future what you are now sowing." "Man is his own Master."

Mrs. Wright then presented a greeting from the Lotus Circle children of America to those in England. This greeting said Theosophy was as much for children as for older folks, and that it was to carry on their message of goodwill and brotherhood. For Theosophy had taught them that we have lived many times on the earth, and that there were really no foreigners, no strangers. Called strangers, only because we have forgotten them. This meant they were men and women, only their bodies were young. And they had an advantage over the older folks, for their minds were free from absurd teaching. They had not been taught they would go to heaven if they believed as the grown-ups believed, and to hell if they didn't. They wanted to believe only what was true. And they were only asked to believe what they knew to be true. A suitable reply from the Lotus Circle children of Liverpool was then read, in which occurred the following: "Then they (the grown-ups) tried to make us believe what they did not understand themselves," pointing a lesson for Theosophists as well as other folk.

The next incident was the presentation of a Union Jack to the Crusaders by Bro. Crooke. He said they would carry it round the world with other flags and not against them.

Mrs. Tingley was then introduced as the leader of the theosophical movement. She thanked the meeting most heartily for the good feeling with which they had recognized the efforts of the Crusaders. It was the recognition of a great movement, of a great impulse, of a great inspiration; and of the force—brotherly love—that is in every human heart. It would be their effort to build it with a "cable tow" that shall unite all nations. For long there had been going up to heaven the cry: "O God, my God, is there no help for us?" To answer this *call*, the members of this Crusade had left home, position, friends, with the most unselfish motives, working with the divine inspiration of love for all humanity.

Bro. Wright followed with a masterly and lucid address on "Rebirth," which space prevents amplifying at present. Mrs. Cleather followed on "The Perfectibility of Man." Dr. Keightley summed up briefly and referred to the projected "School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity," and after a farewell address to the Crusaders, read by Bro. Crooke, the proceedings were brought to a close with an exquisite performance on organ and piano of Walther's "Preislied," from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, by Mrs. Cleather and Bro. Crump.

This meeting was largely composed of the artisan and working classes in Liverpool, who, both before, during and after the meeting took a keen interest in the literature and speeches put before them, and applause was frequent and enthusiastic. F. J. D.

THE MYSTERIES.

A KING of heroes was earth's ruler in the golden age. Driven by mighty destiny, he first tasted death; first descended the steep path to the under-world. Thus becoming one with death, he reigned there, Initiator into the Mysteries.

A candidate came to his realm, but for three days found not the king of wisdom. For these three days of waiting, King Death granted him three wishes. He chose first peace, the quiescence of the past. Then, as second wish, a knowledge of celestial fire. Lastly, to learn of men's souls that go forth, departing from life.

King Death denied this wish at first; saying that these things were secrets for the Gods. Thus the Initiator, becoming the Tempter or Assayer, sought to call forth in the aspirant an intuition and assertion of his own godlike essence, his equality with the Gods. And the candidate rightly answered that what the Gods sought to know, he also sought to know, and would learn it even from Death.

The Tempter-Initiator spoke again, offering worldly success and power, much cattle and elephants, gold and swift steeds; the wide abode of the world, wealth and length of days. Thus tried by ambition, the candidate, rightly ambitious, claimed higher things—the sovereignty of the Great Beyond.

For the third time, the Tempter spoke; offering this time the fair forms of celestial lovers, infinitely delicious and alluring, such as are not to be won by mortals. But the candidate, knowing a more excellent beauty and higher delight, again put aside the temptation. Thus, thrice tried, and thrice proven, he was accepted by the Initiator. He passed on living into the Great Beyond, in the power of the real Self, the supreme Eternal.

Yet another scene from the Mysteries. The Initiator is again a king; the candidate a priest, weary of his priestcraft. The priest asks for knowledge of the secret ways that men's souls go forth on, and come back once more to the world; the path of the Fathers who are to be born again; the path of the Gods who need no more rebirth.

The king refuses, in the words of the old temptation. This is no wish for men. This is a wish for the Gods. But the old priest, who

has so long brought fruitless offerings to the Gods, now feels in himself a power that is their equal. He also shall know the great, the endless, the illimitable.

And, familiar with the rites, he himself numbers the further temptations, to disdain them; heaped-up gold, cattle and horses, fair slave-girls, serfs and robes. So he too passes onward, to rise from the pyre in a body of the color of the sun.

Yet another initiation. This time an ascetic enthusiast, led into the desert by the Breath, to be tried through the Adversary. And fasting two-score days and nights, he suffered the pangs of hunger, even unto death. And the Assayer came to him, saying that if it were true that he was a son of the Eternal, his birthright should at least save him from want, giving him food instead of the stones of the desert.

But the candidate answered that divinity needed no material success, nor even life itself. For the soul can live of itself, even though failing utterly of material success.

Then another temptation, this time to soaring pride; that the soul should cast itself down from the holy place to the earth, for no depth of descent could harm it. But the candidate discerned that the inviolable soul must also remain perfectly pure, on the summit of the holy place, not descending into defilement.

The last temptation; all the realms of the world and the glory of them, as the reward of the great betrayal. But the aspirant lightly valued these things, seeking nothing outside the Eternal.

Then the Adversary gave place to the Messengers. And thenceforth, well-proven, the new Initiate lived and spoke as a son of the Eternal, with power over the realms of life and death.

These are the immemorial Mysteries, with ever the same ancient goal: the powers of life and death, the realm of the Great Beyond. Nor can any enter the realm, until thus assayed and proven as gold.

C.

HEARTS AND HANDS.

If the world is to be transformed it must be done by human hearts and hands. Numerous organizations have been formed from time to time for alleviating sorrows and redressing wrongs, but after all it is a poor way to comfort the world's despair. The kind look, the sympathetic human touch, are they not so much more potent to heal, to vivify, to restore? Someone has compared such organizations to automatic machines, where gold is put in at one end and our brother draws his

help out at the other, and it is an apt illustration. All barriers that stand between the common man and the achievement of a common destiny must be removed. It is possible to take up so much time trying to read the riddle of the destinies that we may not feel the beating of the common heart, may forget, in fact, that we are men and women. Knitting the brow and gazing at some physical object may be "concentration," but even much of it will fail to gladden the heart of one groping and pining among the tombs. "Dignified" and "lofty" Theosophy, as now advocated by *Lucifer*, may be all very well in its way, but is it not better to come down from our pedestals and open our deeper hearts, so that others may hear the song of life and rejoice? What use spending time over the exact pronunciation of a Sanskrit word? Leave that to the scholar, and let us be Theosophists for a change. Time will slowly but surely undermine our pedestals, and if we sit there long enough we will come down, pedestal and all.

But the dawn is here at last. The herald of the new day has come. Theosophy will be humanized, and the common people shall hear it gladly as before. In human life, Theosophy claims once again her heritage. Hail to the new Crusade! It is easy to feel where the "force" is, and to see that it will break through every tumult. H. P. B. is an eagle this time.

D. N. D.

THE EAGLE AND THE HENS.

[Fable by Ivan Kriloff, from whom H. P. B. quoted constantly, not minding in the least that her English readers could not possibly catch on to the allusion.—V. J.]

An eagle drinking in the brightness of the morn,
Soared through the upper air
And hovered there,
Where lightning gleams are born.
At last from cloudland and the mountain's misty head
The king of birds descending rested on a shed.
Though this was hardly fitted for an eagle's throne,
Yet sovereign souls have fancies of their own.
Perhaps he wished the shed to grace,
Or found close by no better place,
No oak or granite summit lone.
But soon the eagle—why nobody knows—
On broad wings rose
And on another shed sought new repose.

Observing this a worthy barn-door hen,
Nudging her neighbor, reasoned thus:
"They honor eagles more than us,
Because they soar so high, perhaps, but then
I'm certain sure, when all is said,
That even I could fly from shed to shed!
We must not be such silly geese again
And praise these eagles to the skies,
They've just two feet like us and just two eyes,
You saw yourself, that great big stupid flies
Quite near the ground, no better than a hen!"
The eagle answered: "Friend, quite right,
And reasonable, yet not quite:
Though eagles sometimes through the barn-yard fly,
No hen has yet ascended to the sky!"

THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES.

Fand. WILL it be magic? is whispered. Will it be ceremonies such as we read of in ancient days? will we have the forms in detail as when then we took part in the ancient Mysteries?

A very wise person has said it will not be well to speculate what they will be when revived, because we do not *know;* for when the time for the revival comes we may find we have been mistaken. So we will not speculate foolishly. We had better leave the details to time and those behind the scenes who alone *know.*

But this we can venture to believe, that there will be those who together will reach in the soul such a point of spiritual development that words will be unnecessary. The mystery of the soul will be in part discovered, and it will be possible (as we sometimes sense now) to converse without words, to see and know our other selves in a truer sense than it is possible now even dimly to imagine.

The mysteries of the human heart will be revealed, but best of all the power to relieve some of the great sum of sorrow heavy Karma has put upon humanity, will be the privilege of those who take part in this revival. What greater wonder, what greater power to gain than this held out to us as part of the revival of the ancient Mysteries? Then will be known how to lift the veil which hides the Spiritual Sun which may illumine the heart of each, then by the power of this Sun "humanity will be saved."

Will this be the revival? if so may the Gods permit many to witness the beginning, may they permit many to take part in the revival of this mystery of the human heart, when "Man, know thyself," will in part be understood, not talked of only as a wise saying.

* * *

Pax. And so the Mysteries are to be revived, and once more, after long and dreary centuries, the standard of mysticism is to be unfurled, and to be floated publicly before the eyes of all men. Again the faithful guardians of the Gnosis are about to invite the truth-seekers all over the world to come and drink of the perennial spring of the old Wisdom-Religion, without money and without price.

A feeling of great exultation arises in the heart at first, as though all would now be easy, and that, like little birds, we have only to open our mouths and the sacred ambrosia will be placed inside. Such cannot be. Occultism cannot be taught, it must be learnt, and now, as in the days of Jesus, only "he who hath ears" will hear. No teacher, however great and powerful, can avail us anything unless we have trained the ear, by long and painful striving, to catch the "Voice in the Spiritual Sound."

"The great secret," so the mediæval mystics were wont to say, "was so simple that it might be discovered by a woman while sitting at her spinning-wheel"; and so, though doubtless great advantages may be found at the college of occultism, yet those unable to attend on the instructions may contentedly remain at home, knowing full well that what they seek may be found wherever they are.

* * *

Red Man. What can we say about these lost Mysteries of antiquity? Deep down in ourselves we feel we are not wholly unacquainted with them, but to give to anyone else anything intelligible about them, to put our thoughts and ideas into words, is a somewhat difficult matter.

The Mysteries concern the inner life, and are only lost to those who neither know nor care about this deep life. Those earnest ones who have searched and are still searching for the Truth have doubtless penetrated beyond the veil, though maybe unconsciously to themselves. The revival of the Mysteries before the world again betokens a great change in the mind and thought of mankind; were it not for this change they could not be thus publicly reëstablished. The object of the Mysteries is to help man to fulfil that old command, "Know thyself." And not

in words do I think the Mysteries are taught, but in symbols and color, sound and flame. This teaching is only possible when man has become largely indifferent to outward things, and centres himself more in the Reality. It is not possible to teach the Mysteries to one who is all unheeding of any other world than this. For very truly is it said: "Give not the sanctuary to dogs; neither throw your pearls in front of pigs, lest perchance they trample on them with their feet, and turn again and rend you." The sacred things will never be disclosed to him who would not understand them. But, O humanity, be glad that the Mysteries are once more among us, that the day of promise, long looked for, has arrived, a day which will close, only to give birth to a still brighter day, when perfect unity reigns among all beings.

* * *

Roy. The thought of the revival of the lost Mysteries brings a ray of hope to many hearts. But it is well, perhaps, not to dream in that ray of hope, and more advisable to ask the practical question, "What does it really mean to us?" In ancient times, candidates at the mysteries did not receive knowledge without first having their natures tried to the utmost. That this was so brings another ray of hope to those who think of the welfare of the race. A greater curse could not befall humanity than knowledge developed for personal use, or a more useless waste of energy than power placed within the reach of those who have not the strength to wield it.

The great school for training human nature does not depend on man's idea of fortune and misfortune. Even in the much-abused nineteenth century civilization can the soul reap a rich harvest. Where could we have a better chance for testing our personal indifference to earthly sorrows and joys? Where a greater opportunity of realizing the fleeting littleness of life, which leads us to seek the equal-minded stillness of the soul? Where a greater school for stirring within us compassion, the flame in which shines divine perception? Are not these some of the powers which will lead humanity to seek the school of the Mysteries?

* * *

"So far from being a system apart from Paganism, Christianity is, in fact, a survival of some of the exoteric teachings and rites of the Pagan Mysteries of Chaldea, Egypt and Greece; and its sacred literature contains but mutilated selections from text-books used in the secret schools centuries before the so-called Christian era. Even if the history of the primitive church did not clearly show its Pagan

origin, a translation of the New Testament, restoring to the technical words employed the precise meanings those same words had in the Pagan system, would conclusively prove it. Only by the recognition of this fact and the restoration of that ancient system of which Christianity is only a distorted and misinterpreted fragment, can Christendom escape from the two schools of thought, which, though adverse to each other, are alike the foes of spiritual truth; from the fanatical followers of the dead-letter, and from the materialistic opponents of religious blind belief who glory in an equally blind unbelief; from religionists who make of the Christos an idol, and from anti-religionists who see in him only a sun-myth.

"For nearly 2,000 years those ancient Mysteries, which Aristides called 'the common temple of the earth,' have been unknown in the outer world; but the secret schools have never passed out of existence, the Initiates who have the key of the Gnosis still remain among men, and the beginning of the next century will see the rebuilding of the temple and the revival of the sacred teachings in all their purity."

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.

The Irish press has been most considerate and courteous of late in publishing articles and notices connected with the present Crusade, the forthcoming Convention, and other recent events. One paper, while disavowing any connection with the Society, boldly takes up the cudgels in defence of its work and ideals. Surely the dawn of intellectual and religious freedom, and, greater than these, of kindly toleration, is at hand. The attitude is now, "What have they got to say, anyhow?" rather than, "Where are they wrong?"

Active preparations are being made for the arrival of the American and European Theosophists on August 1st, and a full programme of proceedings on August 2nd and 3rd will be issued shortly by the Executive Councillors for Europe. There will also be a "brotherhood supper" to the poor on the evening of Saturday, August 1st.

The present session here will close with discussions as follows: July 22nd, *Psychic Law and Ethics;* 29th, *Harmony.*

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FEAR AND VALOR.

A summer evening, high among the Alps; the in-gathering of purple twilight veils the world in mystery; the hills, with their curtains of pines; the meadows, sinking away towards the valley. Darkening forests rise again to mountains, white with new-fallen snow, their crests just touched with crimson. The sky behind them, a sea of gold, paling through yellow to the transparent green of the zenith; overhead, a single cloudlet, a scarlet feather, gleaming in the rays of the hidden sun.

The silence is an all-enfolding presence; the flowing sheen and glimmer of the air bathe all things, till it seems that the shining ether alone is real, the rocks and vales but a colored dream, breathed over the eternal light.

This magical power of nature that dissolves the world is a symbol of man's awakening. The light in the heart, first dimly shining, begins to penetrate and inform all life, till the spirit finds quite other realities than those the eyes behold and the hands can handle. Initiation is nothing else than this, a man's awakening to real life.

The natural man, untouched by that new birth, is the victim of the outer world and material fate; his one hope is to secure himself against nature's necessities. For this he toils late and early; for this he builds cities, organizes commerce and merchandise, to surround himself with a barrier against the outer world. For this also, he makes laws and governments, to shield what he has gained from the longings of other men. Thus fear goads him with the lust of possession; all thoughts are directed to no other end than this: his own separate well-being and protection—to hold his belongings, against nature and his fellow-men. The prompting impulse, through it all, is fear; the dread that a man himself is not enough; so that he must surround himself with

houses and lands, with riches gathered up as a defence against the dim and threatening future. As man's possessions grow, his spirit shrinks, so that the loss of the least of them is felt as a sharp injury, apprehension of which brings perpetual suspicion of his fellow-men. There is nothing animal in this lust of possession. The beasts live without fear of to-morrow; or, at the most, laying up stores for a single winter, rest content. This ministering of will and reason to imaginative fear is man's alone. Even in his animal part, he is far away from the beasts. For him, sensuality is three parts imagining, and but one part act. The dreams of lust, the memory of lust, the expectation of lust, fill his mind rather than lust itself. Lust is but a disappointment, to be overcome by new dreams and expectations. And the more utter is the sway of lust, the bitterer its disappointment. Thus fear and fancy do their work, with discursive reason excusing them, and acting as their minister; telling man that these things are altogether well—the lust of possession and the dream of pleasure—till night comes, and the end.

To say that man is utterly under the sway of fear and lust would be to say that spirit is dead. But spirit lives and gains victory, even in the most futile life, wherever fear for one's self is overcome by valor, wherever generosity triumphs over greed, wherever dreams of lust give place for a moment to visions of beauty, wherever hate is overcome by love. For these things, valor and generous love, the vision of reality and beauty, are the assertion and natural being of the unconquerable soul, which the man truly is, and which he will know himself to be, when he is born again.

The meanness of him, the craven fear, the unclean longings, have held their own in his mind; using discursive reason as a cloak to make a respectable outward vesture, to preserve the proprieties, and keep a seemly world. But in his heart, all the time, behind the meanness and the fear, is the gleam and glimmer of a better light; a whisper that valor is not dead, that a man should dare all things, that his spirit is not the slave, but the master of the world. And, for every man, there comes a time when his heart sickens of the meanness and fear of his life, and he turns, with the grim honesty of a forlorn hope, to the light in the heart that sends him these divine monitions; he has already tried the other way, and found it wanting; he will try this now, and the worst that can befal is another failure, while the best is something beyond the hopes of the Gods.

In that turning towards the spirit, which is the first quickening towards new birth, there are certain necessary conditions fixed, not arbitrarily but by the very nature of real life. First, man must have

the courage of his conviction; he must really and heartily throw himself on the side of the soul, depending for his future well-being on the soul, and not on material success. The valor of the warrior is that he is perfectly willing to meet death; not that he believes valor will carry the matter through, and save him with a whole skin. And death is the greatest apparent failure of all; the irremediable loss of material success or any hope of it. So it is with the soul. It is not to be gained if a man makes a reservation in his mind—if he will serve the divine, provided that divinity offers him an assured livelihood; even the smallest, but assured. The truth is, the smallest inbreathing of soul will make him doubly strong and fit to face the world; but the soul was never won by counting on that. The mystic saying is quite simple and rigid: A man must lose his life to save it. The soul is really self-subsistent, and in no way dependent on material success; and, in truth, its majesty is most splendidly visible when every condition of material success is broken, and even death itself defied. The soul is self-supported; a man must act on that.

But before the new birth, in building for it, a man can do much. In almost every act in life there is the choice between cowardice and valor; between greed and generosity; between hate and love; between lust and clean health; between bitterness and good-nature. And here one would like to insist on a truth much forgotten: that valor and good-nature are as essential fruits of spirit as cleanness and faith. In choosing between these opposites, where no one not despising manhood can hesitate in the choice, a man will come to see that the mean and craven tendencies come from one centre, his baser self, while the others are the natural powers, the manner of being, of a better, more real self, whom he is one day to be. This narrows the issue of life to the point where his new birth becomes possible and imperative. Feeling these two selves, he cannot but choose between them; he will choose worthily.

And here it is, all teachers rightly hold, that faith is necessary; the faith to abide by, and heartily follow, what he feels to be the highest, against all the evidence of outward things, against the complaining of his own discursive reason and the same voice in others. For the discursive reason is the intellect of the baser man, full of cowardly precautions, as intuition is the intellect of the real man, valorous and affirmative.

Choosing worthily and with faith, the man is born again. He is no longer his baser self, he has begun to be his real self; this is the beginning, and the end of that way is beyond the imagination of the

Gods. Entering into real life the man begins to learn, just as a child does on entering the natural world. And the least of those lessons is a benediction; for our true estate is something higher than the heart can bring itself to believe.

First as to the fear of death that has dogged his footsteps, subverting his best precautions, out-flanking his utmost sagacity. For him, that fear is gone. For the real self he has begun to be carries with it a deep assurance of eternalness, a profound sense and already realized experience of everlasting life. For him, there are no more controversies as to the soul's immortality; nor have these any longer a meaning. The real self is immortal and knows it, with not less certainty than we know day from night and light from darkness. It is as though man, rising up in his strength, looks backward behind birth, and onward beyond death; seeing himself in a shining being that transcends these, as the clear sky stretches beyond the hills on either hand.

Then the lust of possessions, with its heart of gnawing fear. That too is dead, for the soul, feeling its real, self-subsisting being, knows that it no longer needs these things, or is dependent on them; yet knows at the same time, with a splendid peace, that the soul itself possesses all things; for, in the last reality, the soul is all things. Only after this knowledge can possessions be put to their right and universal use, as the outward expression and vesture of the soul, whereby it communicates with its fellows; only after this knowledge can they be serenely enjoyed, as a strong man enjoys his strength. For the fear is gone that marred them, in the knowledge that possessions are but the outer vesture of the soul, which the soul can renew, or cast away, or change, according to its own needs, through its own inherent power.

One more change follows: instead of bitterness towards other men, the new-born man finds within himself a great goodwill and gentle charity. For he knows now that neither he nor they have any separate interests, clashing and conflicting; but that there is only one interest, the universal; the proper being of the spirit itself, a being that is altogether well.

Then the last lesson: neither my spirit, nor yours, nor anyone's, has separate, isolated being; all are parts, rays of the One Spirit that alone is. Yet not parts, but each the whole of that infinite Being, each born to heirship of the whole; the heirship of each no more detracting from the other than the stars do, when the light of each star throbs through all space. We feel, even now, deep in our hearts that boundless heritage of the universal Self, so that not even the least and meanest of mankind would be greatly perturbed or put out of coun-

tenance, if, waking some morning, he found himself called on to rule a kingdom of stars. There are some things he would like to have forgotten and put out of sight, that is all. Then he would go on bravely and enter into his kingdom, to rule it worthily as an immortal being.

And this is no dream but very like the reality that is opening up before us all. A new world to enter; a world deathless, unfading, eternal, where fear comes not through old age.

With these spiritual changes, that give us valor instead of fear, love instead of hate, generosity instead of greed, immortality instead of death, will come others not less momentous, though their names have nearly died out of our memories. For it is not a symbol, but sober earnest, to say that the new birth opens up to man a new world, with its own high powers, its own shining laws. What these laws of real life are, each one of us must have the profound pleasure of verifying for himself; but we may rest assured that they are not less than justice —justice for every true and honest longing; justice for every lowliest soul of man that has entered into the world. In that justice, the whole of life makes for this one thing only: the perfecting of souls, and their return to their high estate. Pain and death even are subject to this law; they are to goad us on to an exertion of our power, an assertion of our immortality. A world of perfect freedom, perfect justice, where the soul shall have a vesture, not compounded of perishable elements as on earth, but tense and tempered to diviner energies, "a vesture of the color of the sun." This world, not in some dim, far-off place beyond the grave; but here and now, the only real world, embosomed in which the seeming world of unreality rests, like a colored cloud floating in the infinite blue.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"Is it best, then, to pour out more light upon the clouds, or to establish a vortex of heart force? The latter thou must accomplish unseen and unnoticed, and even unthanked. The former will bring thee praise and notice among men. Both are necessary; both are Our work; but the rifts are so few! Art strong enough to forego the praise and make thyself a heart centre of pure impersonal force?"

THE CHIEFS OF THE AIR.

THEIR wise little heads with scorning
They laid the covers between:
"Do they think we stay here till morning?"
Said Rory and Aileen.

When out their bright eyes came peeping
The room was no longer there,
And they fled from the dark world creeping
Up a twilight cave of air.

They wore each one a gay dress,
In sleep, if you understand,
When earth puts off its grey dress
To robe it in faeryland.

Then loud o'erhead was a humming
As clear as the wood wind rings;
And here were the air-boats coming
And here the airy kings.

The magic barks were gleaming
And swift as the feathered throng:
With wonder-lights out-streaming
They blew themselves along.

And up on the night-wind swimming,
With poise and dart and rise,
Away went the air fleet skimming
Through a haze of jewel skies.

One boat above them drifted
Apart from the flying bands,
And an air-chief bent and lifted
The children with mighty hands.

The children wondered greatly,
Three air-chiefs met them there,
They were tall and grave and stately
With bodies of purple air.

A pearl light with misty shimmer
Went dancing about them all,
As the dyes of the moonbow glimmer
On a trembling waterfall.

The trail of the fleet to the far lands
Was wavy along the night,
And on through the sapphire starlands
They followed the wake of light.

"Look down, Aileen," said Rory,
"The earth's as thin as a dream."
It was lit by a sun-fire glory
Outraying gleam on gleam.

They saw through the dream-world under
Its heart of rainbow flame
Where the starry people wander;
Like gods they went and came.

The children looked without talking
Till Rory spoke again,
"Are those our folk who are walking
Like little shadow men?

"They don't see what is about them,
They look like pigmies small,
The world would be full without them
And they think themselves so tall!"

The magic bark went fleeting
Like an eagle on and on;
Till over its prow came beating
The foam-light of the dawn.

The children's dream grew fainter,
Three air-chiefs still were there,
But the sun the shadow painter
Drew five on the misty air.

The dream-light whirled bewild'ring,
An air-chief said, "You know,
You are living now, my children,
Ten thousand years ago."

They looked at themselves in the old light,
And mourned the days of the new
Where naught is but darkness or cold light,
Till a bell came striking through.

"We must go," said the wise young sages:
It was five at dawn by the chimes,
And they ran through a thousand ages
From the old De Danaan times.

Æ.

ON HELPING OTHERS.

You seem to have strange ideas of what real help to others means. It is not always the active work you do that counts the most. Don't try to help people by advice who do not want it. If people come to you for counsel give it, not otherwise. You think this seems selfish, do you? You had better look at it a while and see.

There is no need to sit down and do nothing while you wait for people to come to you; that is another extreme. Be ready to help at any time, in any way, but "do not rashly rush into the spoken word," or the untimely act.

You say I seem to do things easily. If I do, it is because I do not run about trying to find some one person who needs my especial help.

I try to help all by keeping in the attitude of helpfulness, and the especial people come my way when needed. I help them then if I can, not before.

Don't enter too largely into the individual lives of people. Work on larger lines, and do what you find to do. If there is nothing to do, try helping yourself as if you were the one you wanted to help or advise. This will give you enough to do.

You will find that those who help the most are those who have first learned how to help themselves; who know when, and when not, to offer individual help, and who work on these larger lines. When you see such remember this; and if you shall ever win a place of usefulness give the help you can as it is needed, not more, not less, but wisely.

When you get into a mental difficulty do you try first to help yourself out of it, instead of hunting about for some one who needs help out of a like difficulty? Try to turn your effort on your own for a while and break up some of your own mental faults; you will thus be getting ready to help others in the true way out of the faults you now think you see in them.

It is not pleasant, you think, to take your own medicine, and is a rather disagreeable way of learning to help others. Yes; but if your desire to help is not sincere enough to begin on yourself, it will count for very little in your work with others.

There is a common failing with some you had better notice in yourself, about which I have spoken before.

You want to take up another line of activity when you have just begun on a definite work, and have not yet the grip of that. Better keep to one thing till you have a firm grasp of it and are able to go on to another. Continual shifting is bad and expends energy that might be used on what you have in hand. Help yourself even a week on this, and you will see a change that will be of use to you in helping others.

Look at another thing. Judge yourself without going to extremes.

Would the special people you are now trying to help care if you stopped trying to teach them? No; there would be others who could do it. Then you feel as though you personally can do nothing worth while, and are not really needed. Doubt of your ability is another extreme. No need to be discouraged because you are facing facts and beginning to see the true way of going to work. When you have learned to avoid these extremes you are getting ready to go to work in the real way. You are beginning to realize that the small things must first be done well, and must be done by you, before the larger ones can follow. That you can teach others only what you have learned yourself.

Help others to know what brotherhood means by knowing it yourself.

Help others to be Theosophists by being one yourself.

Help others to overcome anger, jealousy, fear and envy, by helping yourself out of these.

Help others to be Gods by being one yourself.

A.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERIES.

WHAT is to be done to restore the Mysteries? Who is to restore them? These and other similar questions, crowding one's thinking apparatus all of a sudden and with a great rush, could not but raise a great big cloud of dust, in the midst of which one's bewildered eyes seemed to read: "Impossible!"

But the cloud of dust resuming its natural position under one's feet—as all the clouds of dust are sure to do sooner or later—one's thinking apparatus resumed its natural function—that is, thinking. And soon it remembered the invariable morals of all its previous difficulties: in all cases of doubt and trouble there is nothing like going straight to some reliable source of information. And what better source of information about ancient Mysteries than some good book about antiquity in general; let us say, *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Grecques et Romaines*, for instance, or, still better, the translated works of Plutarch.

And I must own that the bewilderment of my particular thinking apparatus was greatly relieved when it found out, in a purely scientific work, that Mysteries, in their Eleusinian shape, not only had real, matter of fact, undoubted existence, but that, during many long centuries, they were the most important, the most widely-spread function of national and social life. In fact, the initiation of the first degree seems to be nothing but a kind of baptismal ceremony, obligatory on all respectable and self-respecting humdrum ladies and gentlemen of ancient Greece—for we need not imagine that, being born in the midst of a heroic and mythical land, they all were heroic or mythological; surely most of them were just as humdrum as ourselves.

To the Eleusinian Mysteries of the first degree everyone had access. Slaves, who had no rights before law or society whatever, had the right not to be expelled, in case a kindly disposed master had brought them inside the hall where the Mysteries were enacted. Ladies of doubtful and even undoubted bad character could be admitted, with

certain reservations. Babies in arms could pass the first degree of initiation long before they could possibly realize the importance of this step, provided the parents of these babies were influential enough to procure for them this, so to speak, preparatory initiation.

Besides, it appears that Greeks, who kept the Mysteries all to themselves, were just as vaingloriously proud of this exclusive right as any of us born Christians are inclined to take an unfounded pride in the fact of our being born in a Christian land, whereas the heathen were not. Proud eyes are always inclined to magnify the purport and size of the object of their pride, which general rule, applicable to the moral life of all epochs and all countries, it seems, brought about the two following facts: (1) Alexander the Great declaring that there was no privilege or achievement of his he valued more than being an initiate of the Epoptic Mysteries, and so glorifying them in the eyes of humdrum mortals; (2) Diogenes, his contemporary, saying in his cynical way, that, so far as he, Diogenes, was concerned, he could not quite see why it should be that Patæcion, a highway robber but an initiate at the same time, was sure of his salvation, whereas Epaminondas, the benefactor of Thebes but a non-initiate, was not. By which saying the "cynical nondescript" of Macedon's brilliant era tried to check the too ready belief of his compatriots in the saving influence of the mere ceremony of initiation. And we have not to go so far back in the antiquity, it seems to me, to see the fatal influence on human character and general human progress of all such too implicit beliefs in any ready made mechanical ways to salvation.

So far there is nothing very mysterious in the Mysteries. Nothing but a close analogy to a condition of things just as widely spread and as well known in our own family and social life in Europe and America. A wise man was he who said: The more it changes, the more it remains the same.

And the analogy between these remote epochs and our own will be still more close when we come to see that then, as now, behind an apparent aspect of things there always was and is a deeper one, less visible and yet more true. Initiation to the Mysteries was not merely an act required by the customs of a popular religion, for behind the initiation of the first degree there was an initiation of the second degree, and yet an initiation of the third degree.

It was of the second or Epoptic initiation that Alexander the Great was so proud, that when Aristotle published his *Metaphysics* the young king reproachfully wrote to him:

VERA JOHNSTON.

(To be concluded.)

BROTHERHOOD.

MANY years ago, on a bright day in late spring, I mounted my bicycle and rode miles away from the city. The light rains which had fallen a few days previously had brought the roads into almost perfect condition, and as I glided, almost without effort, along the quiet country lanes, I seemed to draw in new life from the fresh scent of the hedgerows. After a couple of hours' riding I dismounted to rest myself beside a stream which wound its way through a meadow near the road and passed under a time-worn bridge of stone which I had just crossed. Beside the old bridge I lay and dreamed, watching the twinkling minnow and speckled trout as they flashed up stream through the clear water. And as I lay there, following I know not what train of thought, I suddenly caught myself wondering why it was that the sight of all beautiful living things gave me such a keen thrill of delight; why it was that my soul, with a swift rush of ecstasy, seemed to go out to them all in love. Then, all at once, there flashed into my mind a thought, an intuition, a memory perhaps, that all these creatures and I drew our existence from one universal source of life, that we were all children of one mother, and bound together by a bond of union older than time.

Thus it was that, years before I had ever heard of the teachings of the Wise Ones of old, the echo of long-forgotten ages of previous existence reverberated in my mind, and the great truth of universal brotherhood filled my consciousness with an all-pervading sense of satisfying calm.

Most of us—all of us, doubtless—have had these odd moments of insight, when the veil of illusion which habitually shrouds our vision is for a brief space removed, and we catch a bright flash of the great Oversoul which animates all nature. But when we come to study the teachings of the ancient wisdom-religion we find that the truths which have been whispered to us in vague dreams are here embodied in a distinct and scientific system of philosophy. We hear of the outbreathing of the Universal Spirit; we learn how a single ray from that Divine Essence, while manifesting itself in various forms of life through countless ages, never loses its connection with the primal source from which it came and to which it must at last return.

Thus, whether we recognize the fact or not, we cannot separate ourselves from the universal life; we are, in essence, one with it. And

surely we should feel the bond as uniting us most closely with those whom we can most easily reach—the human family, the men and women with whom we come in contact every day, and whose lives form, perhaps, the most tangible part of our waking consciousness.

Yet it is sadly evident to everyone that in the ordinary daily life of the world the note of brotherhood is lamentably absent. In the cruel struggle for existence which is the salient feature of our nineteenth century civilization, the weak, the poor, the helpless, must submit to be pitilessly crushed by the strong, the wealthy, the able; and the "fittest to survive" in this sordid warfare must inevitably possess some of the characteristics of the bird of prey. From the fierce strife of warring nations for prestige and power to the pitiful competition between individuals for the means of earning a bare subsistence the struggle is carried on without mercy, and with a relentless and vigilant ferocity worthy of the wild beasts of the jungle. Nay, hardest destiny of all, those who in their inmost souls most heartily detest this fratricidal war, and who would give their very lives to end it, are by the very circumstances of their environment irresistibly drawn into the vortex, and forced to live, like the rest of the human vampires, on the blood of their brothers and sisters.

To those who have no hope in the ultimate destiny of man such a state of things may well mean blank despair, and the tone of bitterness and cynicism which has lately been so prevalent with a good many modern writers and thinkers can scarcely be regarded with surprise. Life would indeed be but a sorry affair did it hold nothing for humanity through the ages but this weary strife between brother and brother, this fierce hatred between those who should be bound to each other by the strongest bond that love can forge. To what end, it might well be asked, were we born, if our very existence must be purchased at such a price as the loss of all that goes to make life worth living—the loss of brotherly love and charity?

But there can be no despair for those of us who believe in the benign and irresistible force of evolution, in the supreme and immutable justice of Karma, in the glorious future of our race. Already there is evidence enough, for those who care to look for it, that the social and psychological changes which are every day taking place point to the ultimate realization of a wider union of humanity, a deeper sympathy between man and man, than many had ever dreamed of. To the limited vision of the casual observer the immediate effects of these developments may appear comparatively trifling, but the calm and patient thinker will regard them as pregnant with future consequence.

Day by day we see brave and strenuous men and women spending life and energy unsparingly in the endeavor to raise their fellow-creatures to better conditions of existence and higher ideals of life and thought. All honor to such: may the pervading force of their comradeship strengthen our hands to work and our hearts to hope; for is not the motive power which animates their lives the same which should inspire us all—the love of humanity, the sense of brotherhood?

On this broad basis, the basis of Universal Brotherhood, the theosophical movement is founded. However vivid may be its modes of activity, their mainspring is the same. Theosophy offers points of attraction and interest to the scientist, to the metaphysician, to the earnest seeker after truth, whatever be his natural bent of mind. But it insists that all research in whatever direction must, in order to be of real value, be undertaken with a single aim, the service of humanity. Not from mere personal greed for the added power which knowledge brings must we search out the secrets of Nature; but only with the humble desire that we may, in so far as in us lies, assist the forces which are tending to bring about the realization of that all-embracing unity which the future holds for us.

To this supreme goal it would be difficult to map out a course. But this much may be said: that if a man's whole being be pervaded by love for his fellows, by the aspiration towards brotherhood, the way will be easy to find—nay, impossible to miss.

Such a one cannot rest content with an indolent saunter from birth to death; he cannot regard with indifference the heavy burden of misery under which the human race labors. The inward force impels him to think, to do; and as that force increases in intensity it will come to dominate every action and every thought. And as the strength of his thought affects his environment and reacts with cumulative force on his own nature, his life will approach more and more nearly to the ideal of selfless love, to the life of Buddha or of Jesus.

JAMES DUNCAN.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE.

HELD AT DUBLIN, AUGUST 2ND AND 3RD, 1896.

IN giving a curtailed report of this memorable Convention it is necessary, in the first place, to refer to the work of the Crusade which preceded it. Arriving in England on June 20th the Crusaders immediately set to work, and opened their campaign at Liverpool on June 22nd. On July 23rd, a month after their arrival, they had visited most

of the important centres in England, and the two largest in Scotland—Glasgow and Edinburgh. Everywhere they went enthusiasm was aroused. Between thirty and forty new members were added to the roll of the T. S. E. The T. S. E. (Scotland) was formed. Old Branches revivified and new ones established. Much of the success attending this wonderful Crusade was on interior lines and will in time manifest in outward activity. A year or two will show even a fuller significance. Reaching Dublin on July 23rd their work in Ireland was soon arranged and taken in hand. Open-air meetings were held and the spirit of enquiry awakened. On Saturday, August 1st, a "Brotherhood Supper" was given to the poor of Dublin. This was a delightful gathering. The tables were beautifully arranged and flowers were tastefully displayed around the hall. Delegates from all parts had arrived to attend the Convention, and set to work to make the poor people happy and comfortable. Songs were beautifully rendered by Bros. Neresheimer, Walton and others. A few appropriate speeches were made, but no one so touched the hearts of all as Mrs. Tingley. The effect of her words was simply magical. The Contemporary Club was then visited, by special invitation, and the Crusade work discussed with its members. Then all separated full of thoughts of the Convention to be held the following (Sunday) morning.

On Sunday morning at ten o'clock the Convention Hall presented a bright and animated appearance. Everyone seemed full of joy. D. N. Dunlop as President T. S. E. (I.) called the Convention to order at 10.20. Before proceeding to business a musical selection—the prelude to "*Parsifal*"—was performed by quartette. When the applause subsided Bro. Dick (Dublin) was voted temporary chairman, and Bro. T. Green (London) secretary to Convention. Roll was called and Committee on Credentials appointed. D. N. Dunlop was then voted permanent Chairman and addressed the Convention. He referred to the work of the past year, and the necessity for a fuller realization of unity between the different countries. Autonomy had been given each country, but it was possible to carry that idea too far and lose the feeling of solidarity that should belong to such a body as the T. S. E. This was not unity in organization so much as unity in thought and feeling, unity in the common work. This unity should be the keynote of our Convention.

Minutes of last meeting were taken as read.

Bro. Dr. Coryn then moved and Bro. Crooke seconded:

That this Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe most cordially welcomes as its guests the band of Crusaders from America led by Mrs. Katharine

A. Tingley. It recognizes the great importance of their work to the future of humanity, and invites their coöperation in its proceedings.

That this Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe also extends its fraternal welcome to the foreign delegates from all countries and regards their presence as the symbol of our perfect unity through the future.

Bro. Dick suggested that the Crusaders and foreign delegates should occupy the platform and form part of the Convention.

Resolutions and suggestion carried by acclamation.

The Crusaders and foreign delegates then proceeded to the platform amidst uproariously expressed enthusiasm.

Bro. Hargrove, President of the T. S. in America, was called upon and addressed the Convention on behalf of the Crusaders, and spoke of the Crusade and its work.

Bro. Wright, President of the Aryan Branch, U. S. A., also addressed the Convention on the Crusade work.

The Chairman read the following telegram of greeting from the Harlem Branch, U. S. A.: "Hurrah Convention. More power to ye."

Bro. E. A. Neresheimer, representing T. S. A., was called upon and received with great applause. He spoke of the unity existing between the T. S. A. and the T. S. E., and said it was being now more fully realized than ever before.

Bro. Bogren, representing Sweden, was called upon and read a letter of greeting, which was listened to with much interest. It was signed by about fifty members. More enthusiastic applause.

Mme. de Neufville, delegate from Holland, who on coming forward was also greeted enthusiastically, read a letter of greeting on behalf of the members in that country. Here is a characteristic sentence:

Rest assured, comrades, that all the members of the Dutch Branch are in thought standing near their delegate, telling you through her voice that in their hearts is a deep joy because with you they have remained loyal to our beloved chief H. P. B.'s greatest friend and pupil, our noble brother, William Q. Judge.

Bro. Dowell, representing Scotland, spoke on the work of the Crusade in Glasgow and what had been accomplished. Scotland was warmly welcomed through him by the whole Convention.

A letter of greeting from Berlin T. S. was then read and received with applause.

At last Convention the resolution that the Constitution be accepted subject to consideration at 1896 Convention was taken advantage of, and the whole Constitution somewhat revised as the year's experience had suggested. When Art. IV, new Sect. 3 was reached, the whole Convention rose, waving handkerchiefs and applauding. It read as follows:

The office of Corresponding Secretary, formerly held by H. P. B., shall be revived in Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley, who shall hold it for life.

Nothing throughout a Convention unparalleled for unanimous enthusiasm evoked a greater display of feeling than this. It was a grand sight.

After the adoption of the amendments recommended by the Committee came the report of the Committee on Resolutions. The first resolution referred to the late President of the T. S. E., William Q. Judge, and was carried all standing. The second resolution is as follows:

WHEREAS, the Theosophical Movement the world over, though represented by many autonomous bodies known as Theosophical Societies, is yet one in its aims and objects, and a unit in its endeavor to form a real nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and

WHEREAS, it is our belief that opportunity should be afforded for the closer union of the said Societies in order that ideas may be exchanged among the various bodies for facilitating and broadening our experience in methods of work, therefore be it

Resolved, that we, the members of the Theosophical Society in Europe in Convention assembled in Dublin, hereby invite the other Societies throughout the world to coöperate with us in the formation of a body of International Representatives, to be composed of members of each Society.

Resolved, that in order that this body may be formed without further delay that we hereby nominate the following persons as International Representatives:

AMERICA.—Dr. Buck, Dr. Walton, F. M. Pierce, C. Thurston, Dr. Torrey, Dr. Anderson, Mme. Peterson, Mr. Lang, Mr. Oppermann, C. F. Wright.

AUSTRALIA.—T. W. Willans.

BELGIUM.—Mrs. McKinstry.

CANADA.—A. E. S. Smythe.

ENGLAND.—S. G. P. Coryn, Dr. Keightley, Dr. Scanlan, Dr. Coryn.

GERMANY.—Paul Raatz.

HOLLAND.—Mme. de Neufville, Van der Zeyde.

INDIA.—C. Johnston.

IRELAND.—F. J. Dick, G. W. Russell.

NEW ZEALAND.—Rev. S. J. Neill.

NORWAY.—Bro. Alme.

RUSSIA.—Mrs. Johnston.

SCOTLAND.—Mr. Dowell, Mr. Neilson.

SWEDEN.—Dr. Zander, Dr. Bogren.

This set the Convention on fire completely and was carried with acclamation. Representatives present from various countries spoke on the significance of the resolution and supported it heartily.

Bro. E. T. Hargrove was then elected President of the T. S. E. amidst uproarious applause, and was carried to the platform shoulder high.

The Chairman moved and the Convention seconded that Bro. Neresheimer be elected Vice-President. Carried by prolonged acclamation, Bro. Neresheimer being also carried to the platform shoulder high.

A telegram was then despatched to America, announcing the elections and sending greeting. Bro. Crooke was elected unanimously Deputy Vice-President.

Bro. Williams, of Bradford, and Mrs. Cleather were unanimously appointed special delegates from T. S. E. on the Crusade.

The Vice-President by special request sang two songs, and the Convention adjourned till Monday at 10.30.

On Monday the Convention was called to order at 11 a.m., and unfinished business disposed of. A letter of greeting was given to the Crusaders to take to men and women throughout the world from the T. S. E. Dr. Keightley then moved the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, it is of importance that a full and true record should be kept of the history of the Theosophical Societies originated by Madame H. P. Blavatsky and consolidated by William Q. Judge, therefore be it

Resolved, that a Recording Secretary be appointed to carry out this work for and on behalf of the T. S. in Europe.

WHEREAS, Brother Claude Falls Wright, by reason of his long services to the Theosophical Movement in Ireland, England and America; his close association as private secretary to Madame H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and the undoubted ability which he has displayed in every department of work which he has undertaken, is well fitted to carry out the duties of Recording Secretary, therefore be it

Resolved, that we, the Theosophical Society in Europe in Convention assembled, do hereby appoint him to that position.

The President seconded the resolutions on behalf of the whole Convention, and they were carried with loud and prolonged acclamation.

Representatives of the various Branches were called to the platform and as many as possible asked to address the Convention in turn.

Mrs. Wright presented an address from the Lotus Circles of America to the children of Ireland, and Bro. Dick read the reply from the latter, which was received with applause. The Irish delegates spoke of the good work done by Crusader Patterson in Ireland, and Mrs. Tingley spoke in praise of the work done by Mr. Fussell in America. A few more speeches from various members were given, and Bro. Russell was then called upon to address the Convention *re* the stone to be taken from Killarney and sent to U. S. A. to form part of the building for the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity. After the usual vote of thanks and a song from the Vice-President the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

Excepting the Convention at New York last April I have not witnessed such a gathering. Its unanimity, its spontaneous enthusiasm and complete unity and harmony throughout meant much, and must have far-reaching effect on the work in Europe. I have no doubt such a wonderful result was largely due to the presence in our midst of our leader, Mrs. Katharine Alice Tingley, and the band of Crusaders. And such a leader! the very embodiment of fearlessness and courage. Foolish sneers and jibes will fail to affect even in the least degree the heroic purpose of such a soul—one whom we have already learned to love and cherish. We know from past experience how to treat any attempts to discredit the one who visibly leads our movement in the world. The loving sympathy and kindly feeling manifest at the Convention in Dublin will form a wall against which nothing can prevail. A great Convention; a grand Convention indeed!

A splendid Crusade meeting was held on Sunday evening, when the large hall of the Antient Concert Rooms was packed. Want of space prevents us giving a report.

A meeting was held on Tuesday evening, August 4th, to organize Lotus Circle work. A representative Committee was appointed, with Miss Hargrove at its head, to develop this much-needed branch of work. Mrs. Tingley, who has had much experience in such work, gave some excellent suggestions, which will no doubt be sent round for general use.

A full report of the Convention will be issued as soon as possible.

D. N. D.

LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T. S. E.

Dear Members,—I have been asked by your Chairman at the Convention just concluded to write a few lines giving my impressions regarding this great gathering.

It appears to me that no words could evidence half so clearly the out-pouring of that force, which began to manifest itself last April, as did this Convention, so marked with unity, loyalty, and determination for work. Surely it must have been good for all to have seen members from those parts of the Continent not represented last year—Sweden, Germany, Scotland—present with us and united as one man in furthering the work; to stand shoulder to shoulder at the same gathering with members from nearly every country in the world. This must have

touched your hearts, as it did mine, and must have proved to you as outward evidence that the Master's hand is over all.

But the Master could not have done this work unless fitting instruments had been at hand, and it is by your loyalty, your great unity and your brotherly love that it has been made possible to hold a greater Convention of Theosophists than had yet been held in the eastern hemisphere. And it is for you, who remained staunch and true to your elder brother Theosophist—William Q. Judge—when he was attacked, refusing to listen to evil said of him, to now reap a great reward by seeing drawn to you from everywhere men and women who have pledged themselves to similar high principles of life and conduct. The Americans have felt in the past the great help that you have been to them by your loyalty, and through that the bonds of unity in the Great Cause have been made stronger, and your own possibilities indefinitely enlarged.

Throughout the entire land of the British Isles our band of Crusaders have been living witnesses to the same devotion, often by members in isolated spots where no assistance from others could be obtained and where nothing could have upheld them save that interior conviction and intuition which is above all argument. And when we leave for the Continent I *know* the same thing will be manifested, and with this power at work and this strength how can it be otherwise than that you will succeed.

Many have thought it difficult to teach Theosophy to the masses, but the world grows daily and the times have changed. Those things which were tasks yesterday have become comparatively easy to-day, and I assure you all if you stand firm at your posts, your hands clasped together in unity and your hearts and minds full of the great principles on which our Movement rests, that the Convention just ended, great and far-reaching as it has been, will be as nothing compared with those to be held in the coming years. Work on, then, with valor and power. Let each moment of each day mark some great result achieved. If the hundreds of Theosophists scattered over this Continent and the thousands in America will do unfailingly in each day his duty, then the results accomplished in the next five years will bring our beloved Society to a point in its progress where, instead of making an effort to get members and having to go out into the world to seek them, the people themselves will flock to us to receive from us whatever wisdom and help we may be able to give them.—Your friend,

KATHARINE A. TINGLEY, *Cor. Sec.*

Dublin, August 5th, 1896.

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MAN AS A FORCE.

In moments of reflection we understand the saying that we are not single nor full of light. Almost always we are plus or minus. A man may be more or less than himself, than that middle nature upon which we too rarely take our stand, but rise and fall with tides of thought, passing and repassing that central point.

The act of reflection is not alone a mode of thought, but is an act of meditation, of stillness, in which the mind is a reflector of truths apprehended, truths lying all about us in the serenity of the invisible, caught and mirrored forth by the quiet mind. When we thus pause upon the middle ground of our nature, getting into touch with it, it appears to us as a broad, underlying ground from which the whole field of action is surveyed. It is that spot Arjuna called his own, from which he might with calm descry the battle. Not ours, as yet, that other point in upper regions from whence the soul entranced beholds the interchange of Life so far below: that heaven is not yet the prize of fervid "violence." As yet we can but secure a breathing space here in the midst of the fight.

While the tidal Being both surges to and fro across the objective field and has its eterne tuneful play in the etheric spaces, so man also finds himself to be rooted in this ground of Nature, the base and supply of all his powers alike. When sages have said that Mother-Nature is but the veil which the Absolute throws over Itself in periods of manifestation, have they not pointed out the way to this central ground of man?

In this Nature we take sanctuary. It ensures a pause, an interlude for the closer examination of Life. Departing from this, we are tossed

back and forth, now degraded, now exalted, never at rest. When the jaded sense wearies of these alternations; when the saturated mind rejects all thoughts and experiences alike, there comes a moment when the man sees suddenly by the flash-light of intuition that there was no need to depart from this substratum of Nature, which, like the ocean's bed, receives all tides unmoved.

Why do we not stand there, receivers and containers of all? Why do we adventure forth to drift or to surge past the pivotal point from which all currents arise and in which all are swallowed up? Is it that man thinks he must join in the march past in order to know it all? He cannot know it in the beat and press of action, but only when, like Arjuna, he stops and surveys the field.

If in truth this fontal Nature contains the whole, were it not wise to seat ourselves more often at this source, waiting to surprise the secret of the ever-welling waters? Perhaps we should then discover that while the tides of force play to and fro, the mind and feelings of man follow them in a futile effort at self-identification. These tides are not himself; they are the emanations of his nature, the forces to be used at his will. His initial mistake is made when he takes them to be himself. Who has not seen in noon-tide fields the small brown bird on seemingly broken wing, luring the too curious traveller from her secluded nest? So Nature acts with every wayfarer, essaying to divert us from her hidden, creative seat.

This point demands mental recognition: it is vital. Man continually strives to identify himself with Nature, and as continually fails. Why does he fail? Evidently because it is to the interest of Nature that he shall fail if she is to remain unconquered and supreme—as she must and shall remain until subdued by that unrelenting will to which alone she yields. Yes, she yields then, for that will is her integral, her higher, innermost self, a ray of that Will divine of which she is but the veil. The spiritual will is the only conqueror of Nature; is it possible that we too should triumph if we identified ourselves with that? It must be so. Nature at the same time defies and allures man; she is his trap, but is as well his opportunity and aid—at his choice. Let all the cheats and lures thrown out to beguile the man but sharpen his will, so that her supremacy is overthrown by a soul of power, and lo! captor and captured are one, passing together behind the veil of Nature.

The moment of necessary calm is to be found in the uncolored mind. For the mind of man is as yet over concerned with the passage of mental phantasmagoria; these shift with that universal action and reäction which is the law of Nature. Man needs not to adventure with

them. His mind may occupy that pivotal point whence both the tides and the unchanging ocean-bed are seen, and can the mind but make its report uncolored by a false view of self, then victory is assured to the waiting soul behind. But if false mazes, false proportions and relations are exhibited by the mind, the soul is confused and bewildered and lingers where it might have leaped.

So great is the effect of the report of the mind upon the out-looking soul, dazed by the bewildering images brokenly held up to it, that it becomes clearly of the first importance to reädjust the mental action. To turn from these distorted images to the underlying facts is the work of an instant; it is done when the mind all at once sees man as a force, or a congeries of forces and itself—mind—as a generator and disposer of force. With this changed aspect, all changes. Man, the unit, no longer identifies himself with the thousandfold current of feeling, desire and aimless thought. He sees all that he does and thinks as so much force generated and disposed of by him, and in so doing he glimpses the secret of his power and his destiny. He sees that he is dual, existing on two planes of being at least (to roughly classify them); that the forces emitted from his sphere tend earthwards or heavenwards; externalize themselves or are spiritualized by his aspiring will; he sees that these forces make for unity and harmony or make for discordant division.

The great advantage to be derived from adopting this point of view is that it enables us to look without emotion of any kind on that which we are. Force itself is colorless until we color it; the human mind colors it at choice. And where free choice is ours no further cause exists for emotion in this connection; we may be whatever we will to be, and take the truths about ourselves with unmoved heart until life gives them a wider and a higher meaning. This is much gained, for all this grief and fretting wear away our powers.

The merest glance at the subject shows that force is limited by its vehicle. Each one of us has so much force at his disposal. The brain of man takes up the gross energies of Nature, distributes or transmutes them, refines them or returns them grossly to the grosser earth whence they sprang. As to the transmutation of force, the matter is a simple one, for every grade of force is polar. For example, there is no such thing as "righteous anger," for anger is an explosive mode of force; it shatters and rends where it cannot freely pass and loads the atmosphere with a moral effluvium—the fevered breath of the soul. Anger is the great disturber of Nature's harmonies; it is but the explosive mode of that gentle, constant outgoing current which we call love or compas-

sion, whose other pole is that lust which rushes forth in a desire but to grasp, reach and retain.

As desire puts forth its tentacles to snatch the object of its lust, we see it to be a contractive mode of force, hardening the fluid sphere of man, and spasmodic of necessity, dropping the coveted object when its force has been extracted only to clutch after another victim. Fear: what is that but a swift contraction, astringent and paralyzing, a force erstwhile useful to Nature, where rocks must be held together, but one to be abandoned where larger life sets in? Doubt has a turbulent and chopping motion disruptive of all harmonious mental action. Under the chill breath of distrust the magnetic currents turn to ice and close every avenue of approach. Even so, Nature's wisdom shines forth; she needed ice and stones; the poles of force are all her own. Over against love, the positive, she set fear, the negative; only she called it not fear. In her vocabulary words are things. That contraction which the mind of man misuses and converts to fear, or lust, or spasmodic anger, is in her larger action turned to universal use, and rising in the scale of force holds men and worlds alike in rounded orbits of their own.

The sage is the man who finds employment for every mode of force, uncolored and unperverted by his own mind. He identifies himself above, and not below, with Spirit and not in Nature. Guided by the intellect he falls; guided by the heart he often falls, but falls to rise. Every failure passed through the heart is alchemized there and in time becomes success. Man has his workers—all his elements which make for Life eternal. Man has his destroyers—the elements, the qualities, the tendencies which gravitate to the animal plane of Nature. Yes, let us confess it; an elemental devil growls at the bottom of human nature; it must be faced sooner or later. He who recognizes this creature of self in himself; he who sees its misuse of his forces, its countermining of his will; he who refuses to accept it as himself and so treads it underfoot, he it is who will tear from this thing of self its manifold disguises of "self-respect," personal honor, proper pride and all that brood of deception.

The lower self seeks to "take its proper place." But the true occultist has no place and is intent only on the truth of his message. To what end do we think to appear great in order to make an impression on the mind of another? Is it not as if we concluded that our message must be great *because* we are the bearer? So we cause too many of our hearers to think of our greatness, who should be thinking, "How fortunate am I to have some small part in this work for man."

We must watch and crush this tendency. It is a barrier. Often it comes from a desire to serve, but with the false image added that to serve we must be esteemed, appreciated, honored; that we must be "in place." It is a shadow cast by this world of shams upon the soul's one outlook into matter.

Like all unwise methods, it defeats its own ends. Observers are many and soon sense an effort for personal recognition.

The wise student contemplates the purposes of Nature. He makes her motive his and with that motive works. He breathes, now out, now in; now expands, and now contracts in thought intense, interior. He uses naught for self, but simply and naturally gives himself over to the purpose of Nature; he becomes that harmonious purpose, that inextinguishable unshaken tendency towards the evolution of myriad lives, of untold selves. Meeting the subjacent devil eye to eye, he treads that underfoot and all is well with him and his workers. He passes into closer touch with the starry self: he meditates on the divine unity of soul, on the indifference of temporary estimates formed by man. He lends his heart's ear to the great chanting voice of Nature, and in those vast harmonies forgets all thought of self, of other selves, of time, place, circumstance, of praise or blame, of joy or sorrow. He becomes a force in Nature and the indwelling Spirit breathes upon him also and makes him its own.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

". . . IF thou shut up thy Soul in the Body and abuse it, and say, I understand nothing, I can do nothing, I am afraid of the Sea, I cannot climb up into Heaven, I know not who I am, I cannot tell what I shall be; what hast thou to do with God; for thou canst understand none of those Fair and Good things; be a Lover of the Body, and Evil.

For it is the greatest evil, not to know God.

But to be able to know and to will, and to hope, is the straight way, and Divine way, proper to the Good; and it will everywhere meet thee, and everywhere be seen of thee, plain and easy, when thou dost not expect or look for it; it will meet thee, waking, sleeping, sailing, travelling, by night, by day, when thou speakest, and when thou keepest silence.

For there is nothing which is not the Image of God."—*The Divine Pymander.*

THE PALACES OF THE SIDHE.

Two small sweet lives together
From dawn till the dew falls down,
They danced over rock and heather
Away from the dusty town.

Dark eyes like stars set in pansies,
Blue eyes like a hero's bold—
Their thoughts were all pearl-light fancies,
Their hearts in the age of gold.

They crooned o'er many a fable
And longed for the bright-capped elves,
The faery folk who are able
To make us faery ourselves.

A hush on the children stealing
They stood there hand in hand,
For the elfin chimes were pealing
Aloud in the underland,

And over the grey rock sliding,
A fiery colour ran,
And out of its thickness gliding
The twinkling mist of a man—

To-day for the children had fled to
An ancient yesterday,
And the rill from its tunnelled bed too
Had turned another way.

Then down through an open hollow
The old man led with a smile:
"Come, star-hearts, my children, follow
To the elfin land awhile."

The bells above them were hanging,
Whenever the earth-breath blew
It made them go clanging, clanging,
The vasty mountain through.

But louder yet than the ringing
Came the chant of the elfin choir,
Till the mountain was mad with singing
And dense with the forms of fire.

The kings of the faery races
Sat high on the thrones of might,
And infinite years from their faces
Looked out through eyes of light.

And one in a diamond splendour
Shone brightest of all that hour,
More lofty and pure and tender,
They called him the Flower of Power.

The palace walls were glowing
Like stars together drawn,
And a fountain of air was flowing
The primrose colour of dawn.

"Ah, see!" said Aileen sighing,
With a bend of her saddened head
Where a mighty hero was lying,
He looked like one who was dead.

"He will wake," said their guide, "'tis but seeming,
And, oh, what his eyes shall see
I will know of only in dreaming
Till I lie there still as he."

They chanted the song of waking,
They breathed on him with fire,
Till the hero-spirit outbreaking,
Shot radiant above the choir,

Like a pillar of opal glory
Lit through with many a gem—
"Why, look at him now," said Rory,
"He has turned to a faery like them!"

The elfin kings ascending
Leaped up from the thrones of might,
And one with another blending
They vanished in air and light.

The rill to its bed came splashing
With rocks on the top of that:
The children awoke with a flashing
Of wonder, "What were we at?"

They groped through the reeds and clover—
"What funny old markings: look here,
They have scrawled the rocks all over:
It's just where the door was: how queer!"

Æ.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERIES.

(*Concluded from p. 215.*)

"ALEXANDER sends greeting to Aristotle. You have acted wrongly, having given out to the world several works about the acroamatic philosophy [the same as Epoptic]. What difference will there be between me and others, if everyone is to learn a teaching into the Mysteries of which I was initiated? A knowledge of the most important I prefer to exterior power. . . ."

To which Aristotle gave the problematic answer that the above-mentioned works were "published and yet not published." Meaning most probably that without a certain preparatory training and some knowledge of symbols and metaphors used no one could possibly derive any good from his *Metaphysics*.

But as to the Mysteries of the third degree we of the glorious nineteenth century can make only feeble conjectures, at best succeeding in dovetailing the guesswork of ancient and modern writers.

"Not everybody knows what the hierophant is doing," says Theodoret the ancient; "most people only see what is represented. They who are called priests accomplish the rites of these Mysteries, but the hierophant alone knows the reason of what he is doing and discloses it to those whom he thinks proper. . . ."

"We know positively," says Lenormant the modern, "that for the hierophant and the *dadouch* [an intermediary between the hierophant and the crowd], on taking up the functions, there was a regular ordination, accompanied by a new and special initiation. . . . And it is perfectly evident that it was in this supreme initiation they received the doctrinal tradition. . . ."

Originated a good many centuries before Christ—some scientists say in the archaic times of purely mythical Greece and by a purely archaic demi-god—and continued far down in our own era; so far down, in fact, as to have several Neo-Platonists for their hierophants, and as to be well but not wisely abused by many Fathers of the Church, the Eleusinian Mysteries, for a wonder, managed to keep all their secrets pretty dark.

"What!" protests our natural scepticism, "slaves, untrained in the noble art of self-control; ladies of both good and bad repute, and even irresponsible infants, managing to keep a secret between themselves, and this throughout long, long centuries? Surely this is contrary to all our notions of human nature."

To this very natural questioning I have two answers; one a quotation from Sopater, a writer of the sixth century A.D., another evolved out of my own inner consciousness.

"The law punishes with death anyone who would reveal the Mysteries. A person to whom the initiation appeared in a dream asks one of the initiates whether what he saw conforms to reality; the initiate acquiesces with a nod of the head, and for this he is accused of impiety. . . ."

Surely no law, be it ever so severe and implacable, could hold good against the irresistibly human inclination to talk about things that interest us most, and the example of the ill-omened barber of King Midas ought to be sufficient to prove this. Penalty of death or no penalty of death, the ladies of ancient Greece, gentlemen not excepted, *did* talk about Mysteries it was their good fortune to witness, this possibly being the only point about which I personally have no doubt

whatever in the whole great variety of subjects I am going to touch upon in this article.

But, then, Mysteries just like Aristotelean *Metaphysics* were *published and yet not published.* There exists a wondrous law in the interior moral as well as intellectual life of human beings, a law which permits a great scientist to give out the whole of his most precious discoveries to the most skilled shoemaker, and the shoemaker none the wiser for it, and the discoveries of the learned man just as secret as before.

Ladies and gentlemen in peplums and togas talked and talked and talked. Ladies and gentlemen in balloon sleeves and frock coats talk and talk and talk. But how many amongst either could tell exactly what they were and are talking about, when "the hierophant alone knows the reason of what he is doing and discloses it to those whom he thinks proper"; be this hierophant a man as in the Eleusinian Mysteries, or the spark of God as in the inner mysterious operations of our souls and minds.

Then, just as now, many or even all were called but few were chosen. And the chosen ones surely can be entrusted with keeping a secret, the example of the ill-omened barber of King Midas notwithstanding. Do not all, who hungrily seize upon every manifestation of their inner souls, who long to hear the soundless voices of their higher minds, know how difficult, how impossible it is to impart these shapeless, evasive, yet intense and real impressions to our most intimate, most loved friend, unless this friend can see and hear for himself? The Mysteries remained secret throughout the ages, not because this or that hierophant wanted them to remain so, but because it is a part of their most essential nature to be and to remain secret.

Surely the penalty of death could be applied only to those of the revealers who had something to reveal, the initiates of the second and third degree; possibly only the latter, as history tells us that Aristotle had revealed the Epoptic Mysteries and lived to die his natural death.

For the millions and millions of people who had witnessed the Eleusinian and other Mysteries, they most probably remained only what they apparently were, that is to say, to use Plutarch's words, "marvellous illumination, elegant decorations of the whole place, singing and dancing which tempered the majesty of sacred words and holy apparitions." That is to say, pretty much the same thing as in most established churches, whether Christian or heathen, on the whole extensive surface of our extensive globe.

And so when my thinking apparatus was asked the question: What

are the Mysteries? it was given a problem much greater than it—or any other thinking apparatus indeed—could possibly solve, so long as it remained unhelped by other constituents of the human mind. And it is exactly these other constituents of the human mind the Mysteries of all countries and all epochs address in their veiled yet intense and beautiful language.

Here are several quotations from several ancient and modern authors to testify to the truth of this statement.

Synesius, the rare example of a Neo-Platonist and Christian bishop combined, says:

"Aristotle is of the opinion that the initiates did not learn anything in a precise way, but that they received impressions; that they were put into a certain disposition, for which they were prepared."

Prepared, we may add, by a certain training, about which no one is positive, and by a certain diet about which everything is known, and which most strictly forbade flesh either of mammalian, bird or fish, for the time being, as well as certain vegetables. And as a French writer remarks, "these abstinences were not founded, as with the Christians, on a principle of mortification; coming rather from certain mystical notions attached to the aliments, the use of which was forbidden."

In the following words of Plutarch there also is to be found an indirect allusion to the Mysteries:

"I listened to these things with simplicity, as in the ceremonies of initiation, which carry no demonstration, no conviction operated by reasoning."

Gallienus speaks thus on behalf of Nature:

"Give me, therefore, all thy attention; more than if, in the initiation of Eleusis or Samothrace, or some other sacred Mystery, the whole of thee was in the performed acts, in the words spoken by the hierophants; not considering this other initiation [the study of Nature] inferior, neither less capable of revealing either the wisdom, or the providence, or the power of the Creator of the universe. . . . For, to my mind, amongst men who honor Gods, taken either in the totality of their nations, or individually, there is nothing comparable to the Mysteries of Eleusis and Samothrace. And yet these Mysteries show what they propose to teach only in a kind of twilight, whereas in Nature everything is in perfect brightness."

Then the Frenchman Guigniaut, in his *Religions de l'Antiquité*, says that "this was not a direct, rational, and logical teaching, but a teaching indirect, figurative, symbolical, which for all this was not any less real."

In the German work of Erwin Rohde is to be found a statement that "symbols, as well as dramatic performances, aimed at representing the state of bliss which was to be reached by the initiates after death."

All this answers more or less the question as to the subjects of the Mysteries. But needless to say, no one knows exactly what were the glorious sights and sublime words spoken of in a dim way by many initiates, including Plutarch.

Now to the second question one's bewildered eyes beheld in the cloud of dust, a question the more important as before answering no one could seriously and honestly talk about anything like the restoration of ancient Mysteries. What is to be done to restore them?

At this point, I must ask all sincere and straightforward people to try and help me out of this very difficult situation by looking for the answer to this in their own hearts. If they promise to do so, I shall feel encouraged to say that, though I have no "direct, rational and logical" data for the following statement, yet my answer most decidedly is: *The resurrecting of our dead higher imaginations is strongly to be recommended.*

When a man accomplishes the task of bringing back to life his inherent capacity of seeing through and behind the symbols of any Mysteries, whether they be of Eleusis, or life, or Nature; when this dead centre of his mind's activities is once more ablaze with living fire, his time would come to be hierophant to us all. He will be entitled to give us object-lessons kindred to the Eleusinian Mysteries, and, by gradual and indirect suggestion, to lead our thought away from things gross and temporary, restoring it to its natural elements of direct perception and life amongst things immaterial and infinite.

This may seem a very high-sounding utterance, at the same time next to devoid of any practical and rational meaning. I must try to make my words clearer by the following illustration.

As I have said before, modern students cannot possibly make sure of either the subjects or the methods of the ancient Mysteries. But of one hint we may be sure, however, as all the learned heads of Europe seem to agree as to its authenticity. The symbolical mystery-dramas enacted by the priests at the Mysteries of Eleusis, with all their many-colored pomp of light and sound, invariably ended by a plain ear of corn being shown to the spectators, in perfect silence and with all simplicity, which, nevertheless, was considered as "the greatest, the most marvellous, and the most perfect act of the Mysteries." Once more, I have no "direct, rational and logical" data for the following statement, but my sense of things "indirect, figurative and symbolical," prompts

me to suggest this was a way of the hierophants to remind their initiates of the many lives for every human soul.

How did I come to receive this impression? The answer is: By gradual and indirect suggestion, the image of more gross and temporary things being gradually supplanted by other images and words more refined and spiritual.

This is how I trace the gradual change:

(1) An ear of corn, a thing of straw, a little starch and a little water.

(2) Pictures I saw of ears of corn represented on very ancient funereal monuments and urns of Greece.

(3) An article on ancient Egypt in which, amongst other things, I read that in that country a dead man often was represented as a solitary grain falling into the earth from a complete ear of corn.

(4) The great words sacred and dear to any person brought up in a Christian country: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

(5) Similar symbols of the Vedantins, the thread-Self, the golden string going through the hearts of many pearls to form one complete jewel.

(6) The Self, the soul of the soul, remaining one and the same through all births of all humanity.

(7) Many lives for every human soul.

The Mysteries of Eleusis must have been only a sort of glorified and magnified elder brother to the thinking process by which I have thus reached things immaterial and eternal, having started from things gross and temporary.

Now comes the turn of the third question my thinking apparatus was worried with: Who is to do it?

The great Teachers who work through the Theosophical Society, say the members of this Society. But I make so bold as to say that their efforts would prove of no avail whatever unless they received active, though sometimes unconscious, help from the huge crowd of ordinary men and women, who are so incomparably beneath them.

And this active help *is* given them by all sincere people without distinction of sex, race or creed, who long for something more stable, more true, and more real than the life we lead on this earth of ours. And whether these men and women belong to the Theosophical Society or not, whether they love it or hate it, even whether they know that there is such a thing in this world as this Society or not, in this instance

is of no very real importance. They are sure to help the restoration of ancient Mysteries, though, in most cases, unconsciously and indirectly, sometimes involuntarily, so long as there thrills a responsive echo in their hearts to the following words of the great initiate Plutarch:

"To die is to be initiated to the Great Mysteries. . . . All our life is nothing but a succession of errors, of painful wanderings away from the road, of long tramps on crooked paths without issues. At the moment we are to leave it fears and terrors, shivering, deathly perspiration and a lethargic torpor assail us. But once we are out of it we pass into delicious meadows, where one breathes the purest air, where one hears melodies and sacred discourse, where one beholds heavenly visions. It is there that man, having become perfect by his new initiation, returned to freedom, really master of himself, celebrates, crowned with myrtles, the most august of all Mysteries, conversing with other souls just and pure. . . ."

So a group of modern nineteenth century Americans, with a sprinkling of English and Irish people amongst them, have not undertaken such a completely impossible thing. For, I dare say, it will not be an exaggeration to hold that there are a good many such men and women.

Maybe a long time is required, deception and pain are sure to be met with on the path of all who are eager to accomplish the task, but final success is far from hopeless.

And, to use an expression of a very good book, though not a Greek one, merely to meditate on such things is "to build for eternity, it is to build for eternity."

VERA JOHNSTON.

AN ALLEGORY.

A MASTER sat working in his chamber in the heart of a great mountain. He looked up from his work at the clock of the great cycles. He saw from it that the time of the conjunction of the cycles was at hand. He arose and departed.

Far through the earth he wandered, seeking virtue and unselfishness. There was none to be found. At last in a simple village he found one man pure and good. Him he took back to his mountain chamber.

Two sat working in the heart of the mountain. The clock showed the hour of the meeting of the cycles to be near once more.

"Hast thou finished all thy tasks?" asked the Master.

"Yea," replied the other, "my work is complete. Behold! I am ready for initiation. Is the time not at hand?"

"Yea, it is the hour," answered the Master; "but first thou shalt bring me other six, taught and prepared as thyself."

The pupil went forth. Far and wide he searched, with many souls he labored. At last he found one fit, him he taught. Together they found a third. Him they taught.

At length in the course of many lives there were seven. They were taught and prepared. "Come," said the first, "let us seek out the Master." They found their way.

The cycles were again conjoined. The seven stood before the Master. He looked and found them perfect. They were ready.

"Master," said the first, "is it now time that we receive initiation?"

"How left ye the earth-people?" asked the great one.

"In ignorance and darkness, full of sin."

"Carry them truth and light and liberation, and save all possible. When each of you has freed from illusion seven pupils, and taught them wisdom; when ye and they have sown the seeds of Truth throughout the world; when each has given seven times his life to save mankind, return, the temple shall be ready."

Ages went by. Once more the Master looked up from his work. He saw that the great cyclic hour was fast approaching. He arose and departed, but went not to the world of men.

To the secret, holy temple he made his way. Unused it had stood silent throughout the æons. The Master opened wide its gates. He made it ready.

The secret hour had drawn still nearer. The Master stood waiting by his mountain. A mighty multitude approached. At their head were his first seven pupils.

The Master led them on towards the temple. The seven and all the others followed, silent. They reached the outer courts and entered in. There in the outer court were many stationed.

They entered into the inner court. Here others found or were given their places. They entered the great hall, and the hall beyond. In each were left the guardians and those who there belonged.

The few who were able entered the sacred court. The Master and the seven went on to the inner chamber. The Master alone entered the inmost, holy place. The secret moment came.

The seven sounds resounded through the temple. At the seventh there came a silent change. The seven found themselves in the inmost chamber. Their place was filled by those in the sacred court.

Those who were in the halls found themselves beyond. Those in

the courts had passed likewise a step ahead. The outer court alone was empty. But without was a mighty surging.

A sound as of thunder rent the air. The outer court was no more to be seen. The whole world had entered the outer court. All mankind had entered the temple. MELCHIOR.

THE OUTLOOK.

General Remarks. To "fill the air with Theosophy" is to use the new force wisely. Each Branch and Centre has a definite work to do. All members should be partakers in that work. This is the way to bring about true unity. Personality fades out of sight, and all are merged into one in a single purpose—work for Theosophy. It is no use paying too much attention to fits of gloom. Some people seem to be perpetually busy making extensive preparations for the reception of passing moods of this order; some go further still, and reserve special seats for their accommodation. This interferes with the work; it is better to let such moods pass on. Nature has a place for them somewhere. Look how great Nature does her work. She has been at it a long time. Watch carefully; reflect; and when we act let us work with her.

Many people are anxious to hear all they can about Theosophy, but, to begin with, are naturally not prepared to make any sacrifices. They don't care to attend theosophical meetings, in case they may be found fault with by their friends, or their business prospects affected. It is well to meet such people more than half-way; many of them are perfectly sincere; if they will not come to us we may go to them.

The Crusade. Good work has been done in Paris by the Crusaders. Several meetings were held at their hotel, besides a large public meeting. The inevitable interviewers were around and the press gave friendly notices. Another National Branch has been added to the T. S. E.—the T. S. E. (France). It is the dawning of a new light that will in time shed its influence through France. Madame Peterson was a force of help, and will continue so to the new Branch during the winter months. News also reaches us of a very successful Convention of the T. S. E. (Germany), Dr. Hartmann being elected President and Herr Reuss Vice-President. Strengthening established Centres and starting new Branches where none already exist; so the work of the great Crusade goes on, yes, against all attempts to stop its progress.

Branches and Centres. The holidays still interrupt work somewhat, but everything is being got ready for a busy winter. Miss Hargrove, of the H. P. B. Lodge, has been around with the Crusaders a good deal, getting much insight into their methods, and at the same time quietly

maturing plans for the work of the coming session. Undoubtedly the work in London is hard, but where even a few work together with their whole hearts it is wonderful what can be accomplished.

At Bow the watchword is "Unity." A house has been secured for headquarters and printing and publishing business. There will also be a room set apart as a reading and reception room for visitors and enquirers. The Lotus Circle goes on well and promises further expansion. "Brotherhood Suppers," too, form an important item in the winter's programme.

Mrs. Foster is busy looking after the interests of the Halifax Centre. Systematic study of the philosophy is being carried on under her care. A room will soon be engaged for public meetings. The Halifax Centre has a big future before it if things keep going on as they have commenced.

Things are getting shipshape at Ventnor under the hand of Bro. Ryan. Good articles have appeared in the local press by Bro. Edge, who is at present staying in Portsmouth. Much prejudice still exists but it is gradually giving way. Bro. Ryan finds much opposition is disarmed by emphasizing the Christian aspect of Theosophy.

Like other Centres Ilford is busy. Bro. Jameson makes his home a theosophical headquarters, and in his own quiet way is doing much good. He suggests, in order to dispel the stupid notion that "every man's house is his castle," that T. S. members who happen to have friends near any Branch or Centre should assure them of their being *absolutely* welcome by those in charge, and that they should be advised to write or call. He thinks many are kept away by fear of intruding, or by waiting on some formal introduction do not think it right to call.

Lady Malcolm is a theosophic centre without periphery. For long she has been setting others in motion, and doing a great deal of work by means of correspondence. An article on, "Hints on how to Conduct T. S. Correspondence," would be good reading and full of the suggestions experience alone can give. In about fifty places throughout England and Scotland Lady Malcolm has placed T. S. books, leaving Karma to attract to the literature those who are prepared for it. This is the method of the sower of the seed, forgotten too often. The sower does not expect each seed to germinate; he knows a lot will turn out failures, but not knowing which will grow and which will not he sows broadcast, and leaves the result to other influences. Lady Malcolm is always glad to "coach" those seeking light on Theosophy.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne Bro. Moore is laying the foundations for a good Branch before long. He does not want anything of mushroom

growth and he is right. He says he has a "sort of rudimentary feeling like a tadpole getting legs and still retaining the tail," but he will soon be well on his legs, I know, and have others there also, and where will the "rudimentary feeling" be then? A "forward" policy for Newcastle, Bro. Moore. Help the "special Crusade fund" and get Bro. Crooke along.

In Bentley, near Colchester, Bro. Went and his wife are the light-bearers. They propose to open their house to those interested during the winter, and meantime are lending books and spreading what knowledge they can as widely around their district as possible. The work is sure to go on wherever one or two are found who do what they can for Theosophy.

Activity at Liverpool and Southport since the visit of the Crusade (it is not without significance that the Crusade began its English work in Liverpool) goes on splendidly. The Centres on north and south sides are doing excellent work, and before long there may be two or three full-blown Branches in Liverpool. Outdoor meetings are being held—the crowd being gathered together by the display of a large purple flag with the word "Theosophy" boldly set out. Around this speeches are made on theosophical subjects, and much interest is thus aroused among a class otherwise untouched. As in the case of Bow Branch, "Brotherhood Suppers" are being organized for the winter months. Such activity is worthy of emulation.

Earl's Court is a perambulating T. S. Centre at present, but before long it will have found a local habitation and a new name. Travelling Centres a good idea.

Things look in a fair way to prosper at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Bro. Crooke paid a visit to both places and gave them a lift. The By-Laws of the T. S. E. (Scotland) have been fixed up, and Bro. Andrew Neilson, of Glasgow, appointed President of the National Branch for Scotland. Under the old *régime* Edinburgh was peculiarly select in its methods, and Glasgow was too closely allied to a purely spiritualistic element. It is well to see an active propaganda started. Experience goes to show that true occult development is brought about by spreading the ideas of brotherhood, and acting up to this principle by working unselfishly for others. The time for closed doors is long past; the "house-top" is the place now. So up, Glasgow and Edinburgh, all Scotland lies before you.

Travelling Lecturer. A circular has been sent round with reference to this matter and asking for funds. It is a matter of much importance at the present juncture, and should meet with a ready response. What-

ever help can be given should be given, and with as little delay as possible. Meantime if any Branch or Centre wants a visit from Bro. Crooke, and can pay his travelling expenses and put him up free, they should communicate with him at 67, Lord Street, Liverpool. If he can arrange the matter he will, I am sure. I have been in touch with him during his travels lately, and know no one better fitted for the work briefly outlined in the circular referred to.

Literature. In the last issue of *Borderland* someone has written some nonsense about H. P. B., Mrs. Tingley, and matters affecting the "split" in the T. S. organization, brought about through the action of Mrs. Besant. *Lucifer* says: "We may feel thankful to Mr. Stead for putting the matter so plainly," and so *we* do. According to the writer, H. P. B. stated that in her next incarnation she would "inhabit the body of an eastern man," but on reading further we find if this Oriental ("anyone" is the word) claims that H. P. B. is speaking through "him" we may be sure "he is telling a lie." I have been told on the best possible authority that H. P. B. always coupled her reference to "the eastern man" with the statement that he would be an *imbecile*. In that case it is obvious he is better dumb. The article as regards Mrs. Tingley is almost entirely inaccurate.

Some well-meaning friend in Benares has sent me *Prasnottara*, No. 66 (the "Forum" of the Indian Section T. S., Adyar). I wondered why, but on opening it found an article about Mrs. Tingley somewhat on the same lines as the one in *Borderland*, which he evidently wanted me to read. Some people seem to be much afraid of Mrs. Tingley's influence, and think this is the best way to check it; but it is a short-sighted method, and really fails in its purpose; the intention is too obvious.

Lucifer (August) is dull, but respectable as usual. *Theosophy* (August) republishes part of an old tale by W. Q. J. from *The Theosophist*, which is full of interest. It will be concluded in this month's issue. *The Lamp* is one of the brightest T. S. journals we have. It would be a good thing to circulate free in every district where a T. S. Branch or Centre exists. Put a local cover round it with local Branch announcements and it will be complete for this purpose. Bro. Smythe, if approached, might give a supply at cost price. *Isis* I like, excepting illustration on cover and the arrangement of title on inside front page. It is worth getting every month to read Dr. Coryn's articles alone.

"It meets a long-felt want," is a common expression, but it really fits *The Theosophical News*. To publish a paper every week to report T. S. activities everywhere is a big undertaking, but who will say that

it is not needed? It deserves support. With one or two theosophical articles popularly written and general "tit-bits" and extracts of a theosophical character it would be an ideal weekly for the public, and special news-boys might be induced to take it up and push it vigorously in all busy thoroughfares.

The Child, its Spiritual Nature, is the title of a new book by Mr. H. K. Lewis. Many interesting children's stories are told in it. Here is one taken at random. Babs (two and a half), Enid (four and a half), modelling in clay from a pea-pod. *B.*—Enid, did God make this pea? *E.*—Yes, Babs, God makes everything. *B.* (pulling a maggot out of one of the peas).—He didn't make much of a one of this, did he, Enid? We find the inventions of the telescope, stethoscope, and the valve motion of the steam-engine were due to children.

Talking of children reminds me that Dr. and Mrs. Hyatt, of Brooklyn, New York, are starting a monthly magazine for children. It has been "christened" *Child-Life*, and the first number will be issued in October. It is difficult to find "big" people who can write satisfactorily for "little" people. For this reason such a magazine as that proposed is largely in the nature of an experiment to begin with, but a sufficient number of good writers ought to be found in the T. S. to make the venture a success. Under Mrs. Hyatt's skilful leadership this will, no doubt, be brought about in time, and the children may learn to look month by month for something quite their own, which they will find interest in and understand. I believe Mrs. Tingley has something to say in the first number. I wish every success to *Child-Life*.

D. N. D.

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The air is full of plans for continuing the various lines of effort inaugurated and suggested by recent events here, and a new departure has already been made with the free public lecture given on Sunday evening, the 13th inst., in a hall centrally situated. Albeit the members have barely recovered their breath after the late outpouring of energy, and in matters pecuniary the going is a bit slippery.

The regular public meetings on Wednesday evenings are continued: Sep. 16th, *Theosophy in Practice;* 23rd, *The Teaching of Art;* 30th, *Spiritual Footprints;* Oct. 7th, *Compensation;* 14th, *The Purpose of Life.*

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